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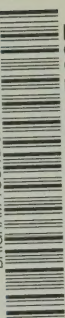
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THE BOOK OF THE
QUEEN'S DOLLS' HOUSE

VOLUME II



HIS MAJESTY THE KING

FROM THE PAINTING IN THE SALOON BY SIR WILLIAM ORPEN, R. A.

(The sight size of the original is 7 inches by 3½ inches)

THE BOOK OF THE
QUEEN'S DOLLS' HOUSE
LIBRARY

EDITED BY
E. V. LUCAS

WITH TWENTY-FOUR PLATES
OF WHICH EIGHT ARE IN COLOUR

METHUEN & CO. LTD.
36 ESSEX STREET W.C.
LONDON

BY PERMISSION OF H.M. THE QUEEN

*This edition, published in 1924,
is limited to 1,500 copies, of
which this is No.*

*This is a presentation
copy for
C.W. Chamberlain, Esq.*

Printed in Great Britain

UPB

PREFACE

The story of the origin and growth of the Queen's Dolls' House is told fully elsewhere, in a companion volume; but it may be summarised here for the benefit of those who see this volume only. In 1920, the suggestion was made that it would be very interesting to present to Her Majesty as complete and exquisite a model twentieth-century residence as art and craft and devotion could contrive. Whether or not there was an eye to the requirements of her grandchildren I am unable to say; but the circumstance that the term "Dolls' House" was always used seems to point that way. The suggestion coming to the ears of that most frolicsome of men and architects, Sir Edwin Lutyens, he at once took fire, and although engaged at the time on providing the new Delhi with palaces, he instantly set to work and designed a plan. Everyone to whom he communicated the scheme took fire too, and the enterprise was begun, the foundation stone, so to speak, being laid somewhere in the spring of 1921. Everything was to be as perfect as it could be made; nothing was to be forgotten; nothing was to be out of scale—one inch to the foot. Certain small things obviously can hardly be reduced as much as that; but with very few exceptions this minute but splendid abode lacks nothing that a big house would have, and really is such a home as the King and Queen might fittingly inhabit, were some enchanter suddenly to diminish them. Nor would they be unhappy; for there is the most beautiful furniture in every room—the bathrooms are more than inviting, the garden is full of flowers, and the garage has cars for town and country. From fountain pen (to scale) to lifts, everything is there. It is, indeed, more than fully furnished, for many a house would be described in that way and yet possess no portraits by Sir William Orpen, Sir John Lavery and Sir Arthur Cope, no mural decorations by Mr. Nicholson, Mr. Sims and Mr. Dulac, and no sculpture by Sir George Frampton and Mr. Haseltine.

Lastly, to come to the Library itself, with which the present volume is solely concerned, how many London residences, even in Berkeley Square and Park Lane, have a library consisting of two hundred books written in their authors' own hands, and a collection of over seven hundred water-colours by living artists? I doubt even if you could find the counterpart of these in the real Buckingham Palace.

When the formation of the Library was decided upon—for what is a home without books?—an invitation was sent by Her Highness Princess Marie Louise, who has acted throughout as the tutelary spirit of the Dolls' House, asking authors in every department of letters to contribute

THE DOLLS' HOUSE LIBRARY

to the shelves. The invitation was for either original work or for something already published, and the request was accompanied by a little blank book in which the author was to write, as small as he could, with his own hand; or if he could not reduce his calligraphy minutely enough, he was to provide the material and it would then be transcribed professionally and he would be asked to sign it. The response to these invitations was instant; and in the following pages all the books sent in are mentioned, and most of those that contain original matter, or, in the case of the poets, a new and personal choice of their verses, are printed in full. Alphabetical order has been followed and sometimes a page or so is facsimiled. Reproductions of a number of the most attractive of the bindings are also given, with a few of the original drawings in the books that the authors themselves have illustrated. Mr. Kipling, for instance, has embellished his verses with decorative designs. The dolls, it will be seen, are not to be pitied when a dull day drives them to the bookshelves, for every taste has been considered. They can be sombre with Mr. Hardy, gay with "Fougasse" and "Anthony Hope," sententious with Professor Saintsbury and Lord Esher, philosophical with Lord Haldane and Mr. Arnold Bennett, fanciful with Mr. Max Beerbohm and Mr. De La Mare, and agreeably cynical with Sir Arthur Pinero and Mr. W. S. Maugham. It is a wide range.

I ought to say here that but for the courtesy of the publishers of the many books from which selections have been made, this volume could not be the richly representative work that it is. A full list of its debts to them and to others will be found at the end.

One of the earliest friends of the Dolls' House was the late Sir Walter Raleigh, who attended the dinner at which were first decided the lines on which the scheme was to proceed. Unfortunately his latter days were filled by work of such pressing importance, both in his capacity as Professor of English Literature at Oxford and as historian of the Air Force, that he found no time to write the little book that he had promised; and then came his sudden and ever-to-be-lamented death. But two letters from him exist to prove his interest in the Library. The first is to Sir Edwin Lutyens :—

The Hangings,
Ferry Hinksey, nr. Oxford,
12th November, 1921.

Dear Old Man,

When I have time (if ever) I will write *The House Wisdom of Solomon Doll* for the Library.

PREFACE

Meanwhile I dine along with you some day soon; remember that me and Philippa are to see the Dolls' House.

Extracts from

The Wisdom of Solomon Doll.

Be a doll.

Remember that the main business of a doll is to be loved and that it must behave in a dolly way. Wax face and blue eyes are nothing if they are not loved.

A golliwog cannot be broken and is seldom seen on the rubbish heap. But I have no time.

Yours ever,
W. A. R.

And a little later Sir Walter wrote thus to Her Highness Princess Marie Louise :—

27th November, 1921.

Dear Princess Marie Louise,

It was that wonderful Sir Edwin Lutyens who said that I must write a book for the Dolls' House, and I said I would try, if it can be done quickly at odd times.

I should love to see the Dolls' House. It is exactly on the scale of the Lilliputs in Swift's *Gulliver's Travels*: that is, one inch to the foot. Swift keeps to the scale almost exactly, but not so exactly, I dare say, as the Dolls' House.

I am so glad to hear that the Queen takes pleasure in the Dolls' House, and I do hope I may find the time (and the inspiration) to write a tiny book that shall be honoured by standing on its library shelves.

Yours sincerely,
W. A. RALEIGH.

The ceiling of the library is the work of Mr. William Walcot, and over the fireplace is a portrait of Queen Elizabeth by Mr. Ranken. At one end hangs a portrait of Henry VII by Mr. Frank Reynolds, and at the other Henry VIII by Sir Arthur Cope, R.A. In a glass case is the smallest double-barrelled gun in the world, with cartridges that might even deal death (to a fly), built specially and marvellously by Purdey. Whereas all else in the Dolls' House is free to the inhabitants, the King, and the King alone, may handle this weapon. The room is furnished with red leather chairs, very comfortable if not actually soporific.

THE DOLLS' HOUSE LIBRARY

Among the original miscellaneous volumes in the Library is a Birthday Book which Lady Lloyd has prepared, with some very charming water-colour illustrations; a Sandringham Stud Book, scrupulously compiled by Major Fetherstonhaugh; two stamp-albums, the gift of Mr. C. T. Phillips, with a few infinitesimal stamps stuck in; and a cellar book, prepared by Mr. Francis Berry, full of practical counsel to the dolls as to the care of their wine. There are also albums containing the names of eminent callers in all walks of life: one, for instance, devoted to the Stage, with Miss Ellen Terry's name on the first page and Sir Squire Bancroft's on the next. Another album has been prepared by Mr. Oliver Hill under the title *The Garden of Adonis*, consisting of poems illustrated by tiny photographs. Miss Dorothy O. Shilton and Mr. Richard Holworthy have prepared the Queen's Ancestral Roll, and that also is to be kept in this room; while there arrived at the last minute, too late to be put in its right place in the volume itself, a tiny history of St. Bartholomew's Hospital by Sir D'Arcy Power.

Another section of the Library belongs to music. Here we find original works by a number of leading living composers who have been rallied to the effort by Mrs. Adela Maddison. Mr. E. J. Dent describes this section with much eloquence and learning in *The Book of the Queen's Dolls' House*.

One very beautiful printed book that has been specially prepared is the little copy of Horace which Mr. St. John Hornby set up for his own pleasure and then photographed down for ours. Mr. Hornby, who has long been famous for the products of his private press, which only the favoured few can obtain, has kindly put his knowledge and taste at the disposal of the publishers of the present volume and its companion, the selection of type and general arrangement being his.

The Library contains, in addition to the books expressly prepared for it a number of tiny printed books, including a set of Shakespeare and a set of Burns (measuring $1\frac{1}{8}$ inch by $\frac{3}{4}$ inch), the gift of various persons whose names will be found at the end of this volume. One of the most interesting is *The Mite*, said to be the smallest book ever printed from type, and published by its donor, Mr. E. A. Robinson, in 1891.

The binding of the books is the work of several firms, all of whom very kindly gave their services. The bookplate, reproduced on page x, but many times larger than in the books, was designed by Mr. Ernest H. Shepard.

On one of the tables of the library are a tiny *Bradshaw* and *A.B.C.* in

PREFACE

case a journey is contemplated; and other books of reference are not wanting, such as *Whitaker's Almanack* and *Who's Who*. A minute copy of *Punch* will beguile the time, while in the King's bathroom are framed cartoons by Mr. Bernard Partridge and Mr. Raven Hill. The morning papers are also in one room or another: the *Times*, the *Morning Post*, the *Daily Mail*, such weeklies and monthly magazines, too, as the *Field*, the *Saturday Review*, the *Times of India*, *Country Life*, *Tit-Bits*, the *Strand* and *Pearson's*; but it is not, I believe, proposed to keep these up to date. Indeed, one must think of the Dolls' House as in a state of arrested life, like the palace in *The Sleeping Beauty*: its day is but one day. That, however, is unending. Indeed, it is because it is so remarkably the memorial of one day or of one epoch—English domestic taste and culture in 1924—that it will have in the future such inestimable value to social historians.

Books are not all. The imaginary occupier of this minute palace is a virtuoso of art as well as literature, and in addition to manuscripts he treasures drawings. In the centre of the library are two desks, each containing four drawers, and in these drawers is a collection of seven hundred and seventy water-colours, drawings and etchings, made especially for the Queen's Dolls' House by British artists. Some hundred of these, in facsimile, will be found among the illustrations in *The Book of the Queen's Dolls' House*, edited by Mr. A. C. Benson and Sir Lawrence Weaver, while a few are given in this volume too. A catalogue of these drawings, prepared with solicitude by Mr. F. Muller, is among the books.

E. V. LUCAS.



EX LIBRIS

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Mark Gertler	Marianne Stokes



THE LIBRARY
WITH THE PORTRAIT OF QUEEN ELIZABETH BY WILLIAM NICHOLSON AND HENRY VIII. BY SIR ARTHUR COPE, R.A. THE CEILING IS BY WILLIAM WALCOT, R.B.A.
ON THE RIGHT IS ONE OF THE CABINETS CONTAINING DRAWINGS AND ON IT THE GOVERNMENT DESPATCH BOXES

THE BOOK OF THE QUEEN'S DOLLS' HOUSE LIBRARY

MADAME ALBANESI

The author of *The Glad Heart* (1910) has copied from that delightful book a passage entitled "About the Children."

F. ANSTEY

Mr. Anstey has copied, with delicate minuteness, a number of the sayings of Piljosh, "translated from the Cryptic," under the title "The Wisdom of Piljosh," from his very amusing book, *A Bayard from Bengal* (1902).

THE RIGHT HON. H. H. ASQUITH, M.P.

Mr. Asquith selects the following fine passage from his work, *Culture and Character* (1910):—

To be open-minded: to keep the avenue of the intelligence free and unblocked: to take pains that the scales of the judgment shall be always even and fair: to welcome new truths, when they have proved their title, despite the havoc they make of old and cherished beliefs—these may sound like commonplace qualities, well within every man's reach, but experience shows that in practice they are the rarest of all.

F. W. BAIN

The contribution of this author to the Dolls' House Library is a tiny MS. entitled "Leaves of the Lotus," composed of what the French would call "*pages choisies*" from that sequence of Indian love-stories commonly known as the *Digit of the Moon* series, ending with one little new fable (which is given here) added "just to complete the space available," says Mr. Bain. From one of his letters to Princess Marie Louise I extract a passage containing yet another little story of real life:

"Your Royal Highness will, I am sure, absolve my want of ceremony from any touch of disrespect when I tell you than I am *plus royaliste que le Roi*—that I have written a book to vindicate our Monarchy from the scandalous abuse poured over it by the rascally Whigs and Liberals—and that I may even claim to have been in a small way a martyr to the Royal Family. Your uncle, the late King Edward—when he was Prince of Wales—once stood unconsciously upon my toe for about three

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minutes, during which time I bore without complaining the weight—no light one—of H.R.H., till he moved. That is the only time I ever had the honour of being in close proximity to the Royal Family, and I cherish the recollection as a unique experience.”

This is the new fable :—

A BITER BIT

There was once a King of the Great Desert, whose subjects could never open their mouths without bragging of the beauty of the King's daughter ; till, wonder though she was, the three worlds grew very weary of hearing her praises, buzzing incessantly in their ears. For who can endure a surfeit, even of salt or honey? And then, all at once, the watchman on the city wall that went his rounds at night, was found in the morning lying dead. And all the others followed him, and every night a watchman died: as if the God of Death had stationed himself on the city wall, to take toll of the citizens, and devour them all, one by one. And this went on, day after day, till the King was ready to cry, saying, Now, very soon, at this rate, there will be nothing left but an empty city. And then, one day, a young Rajpoot came to him and said: O Maharaj, a bargain. Give me thy daughter for a wife, and I will rid thee of this Death, that haunts thy city wall. And the King said: Do it, and she is thy wife. For he was at his wits' end.

So when the next night came, that undismayed young Rajpoot went out on the wall alone: and suddenly, there stood in the air before him a great grim Rakshasa; and he said: Quick, who is the most beautiful woman in this city? And the Rajpoot said: Aha! Didst thou imagine I should say the King's daughter, like all the fools that went before me? Know, O thou that puttest silly questions, that there is no such thing as a most beautiful woman, either in this city or the three worlds. For just as the moon's ray, falling on one only of ten thousand lotuses growing together in a dark pool, makes that alone as lustrous as a lonely star, so is almost any woman beautiful beyond all her sex, in the eyes of the man that loves her, which clothe her, as the moon the lotus, with lustre not her own.

Then said the Rakshasa: Take thy life, in compensation for thy reply. But out on all those that I slew, with their parrot-cry of the King's daughter !

And the Rajpoot looked him in the face. And he said: Thou didst well to slay them. But as to the King's daughter, I shall marry her to-morrow, since I am the moon her lover, and she is the lonely lotus that is favoured by my silver ray.

C. H. COLLINS BAKER

And hearing that, the Rakshasa gave a shout of laughter, and he exclaimed: Victory to thee, Rajpoot, for she will have a clever husband. And I myself will be thy friend, and come when I am called by thee, to help thee in thy need; if need there ever be. For after all, a man's best friend is his own motherwit, and see, how thine has won for thee these five things: Thy own life, first, and me, for thy friend, next: and the King for thy father-in-law, and his city for thy capital, and his daughter for thy queen.

C. H. COLLINS BAKER

Mr. Baker, who is Keeper and Secretary of the National Gallery, has prepared a little work of great erudition and much satirical mischief entitled "Art seen through Dolls' Eyes," in which he analyses the credo of a Chicago doll critic, writing for doll readers, named Buster Brown, author of *The Plastic Significance of the Significantly Plastic*, the leading proposition of which states "That monsters [*i.e.* human beings] seldom enter into our feelings and appreciate our tastes, as regards pictures and furniture, is doubtless due to their coarse nervous systems and crude sensibility." Mr. Baker's thrusts require for their just appreciation a more intimate knowledge of artistic movement and coteries of the moment than the ordinary reader possesses; but I may quote in full Chapter V:—

So far we have considered only the Doll view on pictures. But if we would get a more complete idea of Doll taste we should glance at a little work on craftsmanship as related to the home.* The general trend of these essays is to attack the firmly rooted belief, held by Monsters, that Dolls admire inefficient furniture, a plethora of knick-knacks, highly ornamented Venetian glass, filigree, and in short all the unpractical futilities which in the Victorian era and to-day are considered "artistic." One writer characterises the best modern bathrooms as the model on which, *mutatis mutandis*, the whole house-furnishing should be planned. "Here," he says, "each article does its job efficiently and cleanly. The bath holds water and does not break down when even a full size Teddy Bear sits down in it. The ruling passion of a bath room, affecting everything therein, is efficient and labour-saving cleanliness. And the aspect of such a room, with its simple shapes and natural lines, is incomparably more pleasant than the spectacle of a soi-disant 'artistic' boudoir or drawing room, where spider legged chairs afford the minimum of comfort before they collapse; where the belief prevails that ornament is given to conceal honest purpose, and where every space is

**Practical Furniture: Essays and Illustrations*. Published by the Brothers Benn, London, 1922.

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filled with miscellaneous jumble—lots of gew gaws, apparently made by idiot dwarfs and collected by jackdaws.”

In this amusing little book we find, over and over, the creed that true beauty comes of efficient work and the designer's and craftsman's thoroughness in making whatever he is making as perfectly serviceable as possible. This is the more interesting to us in that it closely parallels the aim of such Monster associations as the Design and Industries Association, the Civic Arts League and the British Institute of Industrial Art.

And here is a passage from Chapter VI:—

In Doll circles General Knowledge papers in school examinations always contain questions relating to Art.

The following replies to an examination paper set to the upper forms at Bee-Vale school are given here, not because they are invariably correct, so much as to illustrate the liveliness of Doll interest in Art.

Q. Which is your favourite Gallery in London?

A. The Tate Gallery, so called because it is full of sweet pictures.

Q. Who is the painter of “Harmony” and “The Two Crowns” in the Tate Gallery?

A. Charles Garvice.

Q. What is the best rendering of Doll life at the Tate Gallery?

A. “Alleluia,” by T. C. Gotch; “A Favourite Custom,” by Alma Tadema. But the Dolls are inferior imitation French Dolls, probably made in St. John's Wood.

Q. Is there good drawing in the Tate?

A. Yes. Bone's “Charing Cross Station.”

Q. Who is the most beneficent trustee on the National Gallery Board; and why?

A. Sir Philip Sassoon, because he put a gold-fish in the fish pond.

THE HON. MAURICE BARING

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF JULIET'S OWL*

Juliet has lost her little downy owl,
The bird she loved more than all other birds.
He was a darling bird, so white, so wise,
Like a monk hooded in a snowy cowl,

* From *Poems*. 1918.

THE HON. MAURICE BARING

With sun-shy scholar's eyes,
He hooted softly in diminished thirds ;
And when he asked for Mice,
He took refusal with a silent pride—
And never pleaded twice.
He was a wondrous bird, as dignified
As any Diplomat
That ever sat
By the round table of a Conference.

He was delicious, lovable and soft.
He understood the meaning of the night,
And read the riddle of the smiling stars.
When he took flight,
And roosted high aloft,
Beyond the shrubbery and the garden fence,
He would return and seek his safer bars,
All of his own accord ; and he would plead
Forgiveness for the trouble and the search,
And for the anxious heart he caused to bleed,
And settle once again upon his perch,
And utter a propitiating note,
And take the heart
Of Juliet by his pretty winning ways.
His was the art
Of pleasing without effort easily.
His fluffy throat,
His sage round eye,
Sad with old knowledge, bright with young amaze,
Where are they now ? Ah ! where ?
Perchance in the pale halls of Hecate,
Or in the poplars of Elysium,
He wanders careless and completely free.
But in the regions dumb,
And in the pallid air,
He will not find a sweet, caressing hand
Like Juliet's ; nor in all that glimmering land
Shall he behold a silver planet rise
As splendid as the light of Juliet's eyes.
Therefore in weeping with you, Juliet,
Oh ! let us not forget,

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To drop with sprigs of rosemary and rue,
A not untimely tear
Upon the bier,
Of him who lost so much in losing You.

Written by Maurice Baring during the Great War on October 19, 1916,
at R.F.C., H.Q., Fienvillers, and copied out on March 14, 1922.

SIR J. M. BARRIE, O.M.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

CHAPTER 1

At six 'twas thus I wrote my name,
James Barrie

CHAPTER 2

At twelve it was not quite the same,
James M. Barrie

CHAPTER 3

At twenty thus, with a caress,
James M. Barrie

CHAPTER 4

At thirty I admired it less,
Jas. M. Barrie

CHAPTER 5

At forty-fifty it was so,
J. M. Barrie

CHAPTER 6

And soon I think the *M.* will go,
J. Barrie

CHAPTER 7

(*L'Envoi*)

One tear for twenty's youthful swank,
And then the name becomes a blank.

THE END

(*See facsimile opposite*)

Autobiography
of
J. M. Barrie
Munich, 1922

At six twas
thus I wrote
my name,
James Barrie

At twelve it
was not quite
the same,
James M. Barrie

At twenty
thus, with a
dash,
James M. Barrie

At thirty I
advised it-
less.
J. M. Barrie

At forty-fifty
it was so,
J. M. Barrie

And soon I
think the M
will go,
J. Barrie

Chap 7,
L'Envoi.

One tear for Twenty's
youthful swank,
and then the name
becomes a blank.

MAX BEERBOHM

MEDITATIONS OF A REFUGEE

How good it is to be here!—working in this perfectly delightful library, and writing in this perfectly delightful book!

For as long as I can remember, I had wished to be very small. I began by actually being so, of course; but I have no memory of that good time. When I reached the fourth year of my age, I was already $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet or so in height. My dimensions seemed to me excessive. I felt, in my modesty, that I took up too much space in the world and attracted more notice than I deserved. I hoped I might grow smaller.

Instead of which, I increased.

By the time I was twenty-two I measured 5 feet $8\frac{3}{4}$ inches. This was no great height, but it was immensely greater than I desired. People couldn't help seeing me, looking me in the face, clapping me on the back, and generally treating me, who was so inferior to them, as an equal. So I avoided people. I stayed indoors. I became—not from any innate talent, but by sheer force of sedentary habit—a writer. I wrote books—very small books. These were published, from time to time, in the smallest possible *format*. But always the smallest *format* that my publishers could achieve seemed to me immensely too large for my talent.

Meanwhile, people insisted on intruding into my Study and embarrassing me by their equalitarian airs. I never got used to them. My life was intolerable. Suicide or diminution—I could perceive only these two alternatives. I was not morbid; : there was always something repellent to me in the notion of self-slaughter. But how achieve diminution?

I appealed to the Fairies, who are as puissant as they are small. They ignored me. I thought I might secure their interest and favour through men more closely in touch with them than I. I approached Mr. W. B. Yeats. He looked down at me and said that I seemed to him quite small enough already. I approached James Barrie. He looked up at me, said that I seemed to be unaware that I was addressing a Baronet, and disappeared in a dense cloud of tobacco smoke.

Sighing, I fell back on my will-power, which is less slight than my brain-power. I steeped myself in the latest American books about Auto-psychopseudometamorphosis. I looked at myself in the mirror, and, with all my might, day after day, willed myself to become tiny. Suddenly, one fine morning, while I was thus engaged, I ceased to see my reflection. What I saw was the wainscot. Hurrah! My eyes were hardly level with the top of that 6-inch wainscot. Henceforth all would be well!

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Not so. Graver troubles than I had yet known lay in wait for me. Unable to handle a knife and fork bigger than myself, I had to eat without instruments; nor would my cook be at pains to chop my food small enough for me. And all the while I had the sense of living in the Cathedral of Milan, or in the Opera House of that city. In fact, I was worse off than ever, and had I been able to obtain a pistol or dagger suitable to my size, there is no doubt that I should not be alive here, in this perfectly delightful library, to tell the tale.

I know I have no business to be here, hiding behind these curtains and scribbling in this volume filched by me from its shelf. My position is not unlike that of "the boy Jones," as described with so much dramatic insight and sympathy by Lytton Strachey. Like Jones, I intrude, I skulk, I lawlessly luxuriate. Blame me not. When I heard this morning that Edwin Lutyens had built for the Queen "a one inch scale model of a twentieth century mansion," was it not natural that I should start to my feet, exclaiming, in the words of the poet, "There is my refuge, there my haven is!" I came straight to Buckingham Palace. Blame not the sentries for overlooking me as I passed in. I found the mansion. I have been all over it. It is all perfectly delightful. Lutyens has never done anything better. And I like the inmates very much—all so quiet, so decent, so mindful of their own business. Would that there were no external and palatial fussy giants for me to fear! Someday, maybe, I shall be caught—between finger and thumb—by some high official, and thrown back with contumely into the great gross world again. But no! I have a presentiment that I shall abide here always.

And now I am going to indite, if I can, something worthy of this royal tome—some magical piece of prose or poetry, which a Queen would not disdain, something which she will wish to learn by heart, something. . . . I hear gigantic footsteps. . . . I——

[Here the MS. breaks off. The interloper was caught and ejected by the Comptroller of the Household.]

HAROLD BEGBIE

THE UNTRUTH THAT CAME TRUE ; OR, THE BITER BIT

I

Once upon a time there was a young and earnest Microbe who conceived an uncontrollable passion for an Electron who had no fixed principles. This Microbe came of a distinguished family which had slain

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thousands of fashionable people, had twice closed the Public Schools of England, and had once confined a Prime Minister to his bedroom for the three most critical days of a singularly critical session. As for the immediate father of this young and earnest Microbe he had gallantly sacrificed his life to reduce a mezzo-soprano to silence for eight weeks and to attenuation for three. Concerning his mother I prefer to say nothing, as she never played a part in any of the great epidemics which have made history.

II

It came to pass that the hero of our chronicle was making a most determined attack on the vital forces of a Bishop famous for his skill in raising money and laying foundation stones, when, coming to the surface for a breath of fresh air and a good laugh at the regiment of medicine bottles on the table beside the Bishop's bed, his eye was caught by a flash of light which almost blinded him. This brilliant illumination proceeded from one of the most beautiful Electrons who have ever irradiated Matter. She inhabited an atom which helped to compose a pencil belonging to the Bishop's Chaplain. There were millions of atoms in that pencil and millions of Electrons in each atom, but this particular Electron shone with a dazzle which was all her own. Thousands, nay, tens, scores, hundreds of thousands of Electrons had pursued her round the known confines of the atom which was her world and theirs, but ever she had evaded them all, saying La, la, to the men, and Scratch-me-if-you-can to the envious ladies.

III

To the young and earnest Microbe, gazing into that radiant cosmos, the sight of so beautiful a creature leading the giddy whirl of Electrons, dancing there like Venus in a sky of gold, was comparable to a revelation. He forgot the Bishop. He abandoned the attack. He deserted the episcopal field of battle. "Wilkinson," said the Bishop, to his chaplain, "I feel strangely easier. It is as if my blood pressure has ceased to rise, as if my phagocytes have begun to assert themselves, as if the vitamins in my new diet were doing me good." "Perhaps I should leave you, sir," said the Chaplain, who was in love with the only daughter of a rich manufacturer in the town. He closed his notebook. "A little sleep, sir," he said, "may peradventure complete your cure." At that moment the Microbe flew towards the twitching pencil of the young clergyman. It was in a frenzy of love. Alas, poor Microbe!

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IV

Picture to yourself, Madam, the agony of that young Microbe when he found that, beat as he would, and rage as he would, and even swear as he would, he could by no means penetrate into that radiant world of pure and inviolable electricity. Picture also to yourself, Madam, the poignant anguish of young Mr. Wilkinson when the Bishop replied to his beseeching suggestion in the following words, "On the contrary, my dear Wilkinson, I feel so much clearer in the brain that I should like to dictate to you, if you will be so kind, a few notions which have been passing through my mind, ever since I came to lie here, on the difficult but not insuperable subject of Relativity."

V

Most chaplains would have said something useful and untrue on hearing these dreadful words, but poor Mr. Wilkinson was not only in love with all the force of his nature, he was also horribly jealous of a young Captain who Therefore he could not conceal his mortification. He jerked up his right hand to his face, slipped the pencil between his lips, and nibbled it to prevent himself from saying, "Relativity be hanged." Then, alas, alas, alas, he told an untruth that had no flattery for its excuse.

VI

"Will you forgive me, sir," he stammered, ceasing to nibble the pencil, "if I ask you kindly to excuse me? The truth is I am not feeling very well. I think perhaps I may have caught it. My blood pressure . . ." "What a pity!" sighed the Bishop, "for I think I might have dictated an article of 10,000 words on a subject which would have given weight and dignity to the pages of our diocesan magazine. For, look you, Wilkinson, while I am ready to agree that Herr Einstein has proved that time is of By the way, my dear fellow, would you mind taking down what I am now going to say; for I think it is rather good, and it may perhaps elude me if postponed; strange how remarkably well I feel; upon my word, Wilkinson, I feel almost athletic." He stopped dead, and turned a horrified gaze upon his Chaplain.

VII

With the first pressure of Mr. Wilkinson's teeth, the atom had been broken down. The lovely Electron vanished into space. The Microbe found itself clinging for dear life to the vital tissues of Mr. Wilkinson.

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For a moment he cried out to the invisible Electron. Then, abandoning his dream, like a sensible fellow he settled down to business. "Yes, Wilkinson, you had better go straight to bed," said the Bishop; "I can almost hear the boiling of your blood pressure." And that night the Captain proposed.

H. BELLOC

PETER AND PAUL : A MORAL TALE *

CHAPTER I

No Youths ever seemed to embark on life more equally matched than Peter Culverton and Paul Read. Peter from Magdalen College at Oxford, Paul from Kings at Cambridge, each left the University for the great world under conditions of equal promise and brilliance.

Yet in the issue the fates of the two were to be widely dissimilar; and the wise will determine that this tragic contrast was not due to *chance* but to *character*, for the two young men, outwardly so much the same in circumstance, differed inwardly through a profound disassociation of *Soul* which betrayed itself in every habit.

Peter would enjoy fits of extravagant Piety which even led him, in his wildest moment, to worship in the Church of Dr. Parey.

Paul received Communion twice a year, at Easter and Christmas, subscribed £5 each to the C.M.S., the C.E.S. and C.A.F. and was careful to avoid those vain disputes on ritual and doctrine which engrossed the volatile intelligence of his Colleague.

Peter, to a brilliant but erratic knowledge of the Classics added much attempt at versifying on his own account, and even had the temerity to publish a book of Parodies upon the sublimer passages of Mr. Wordsworth before he was twenty-five years of age.

Paul, with a much riper scholarship, contented himself with eating dinners and receiving a call to the Bar, where he did not intend indeed to practise, but membership of which was, he knew, useful in any career.

Neither had a fortune, but Peter, moved by a mixture of whim and laziness, was foolish enough to attempt earning with his *pen*, and was further lured along this fatal course by the *succès d'estime* accorded to his first book, a record of travel in the wilder parts of Ireland. This volume caused him, for a few weeks, to be received in the Houses of the Great.

* Published by Lyfreely and Cozen : Paternoster Row.

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It was quoted in Parliament and flatteringly referred to by a leading critic as being full of promise.

Unfortunately this episode intoxicated the young aspirant to literary honours. He thought his future assured and already saw himself the honoured recipient of a large income and public veneration. He would have done better to consult his accounts (had he kept any). They would have shown him that his total royalties from this volume amounted in a whole year to less than £56, and that its sale had in that space of time been exhausted.

His next effort, a satirical novel, was completely neglected. For his third, a tragic story, he could not even find a publisher, and he was already living as best he could, and most precariously, by selling cheaper articles to Reviews and weekly journals, when he was partly flattered, partly disturbed, by receiving an invitation to the table of his old friend *Paul*.

Paul had acted meanwhile, as may be imagined, with far more wisdom. He had formed the acquaintance of a charming young lady, the only child and heiress of Mr. Curtis, a wealthy linen factor in Belfast, a man already 75 years of age (his daughter was not 40) and suffering from a serious complaint which ensured his early demise. The young people's acquaintance ripened to no more than a warm friendship, but Paul nourished hopes as natural as they were difficult to conceal, and by emphasizing his prospects with perhaps some of the exaggeration due to enthusiasm he readily obtained the post of secretary to Mr. McEwan, a Member of Parliament for Belfast City and a recipient in his political capacity of much support in moral recognition and cash from the wealthy linen factor Curtis, whose daughter Maria was known to be expectant of an enormous fortune.

On learning that Paul was thus attached to Mr. McEwan, who had recently obtained office as Secretary for Education and bade fair to rise yet higher, Mr. Curtis could offer no objection to Paul's suit, while Miss Maria, seeing her prospective husband on the road to a political career, was as pleased as her father to conclude the match. The young people were wedded on the Feast of St. Charles the Martyr at St. Oliver's Church, in the City of Belfast, and after a honeymoon in the Midlands a seat in Parliament was provided for Paul by the borough of Glaston in the Reforming interest.

He took a house in Cumberland Place, and thither it was that his old friend *Peter* was summoned to dine on the occasion just recorded.

Poor Peter could with difficulty arrange the toilet necessary to the occa-

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sion and had to borrow a frilled shirt from an acquaintance before he dared set forth.

He arrived punctually, however, and found himself one of some twenty guests, a few of them of some prominence in public life. In spite of his humble station his old friend's wife put him quite half way up the table and in the evening talked to him with kindly familiarity for some moments, while Paul patted him twice upon the shoulder and introduced him to the Under Secretary for the Post Office, a strikingly handsome gentleman with dark hair and eyes and an olive complexion, by name Tudela—an uncommon cognomen.

It is unfortunate but true that Peter's introduction to high life on this occasion bred in him thoughts which he should at once have put aside: which (upon the contrary) he indulged.

He contrasted the opulence of the deserving Paul with his own self-induced poverty. He felt no bitterness indeed at the contrast, but he could not forbear to regard his former friend as a source of relief and aid.

He had had the gross imprudence to marry a girl ten years his junior, the penniless daughter of an Irish exile whom her father had sent from Amiens (his miserable retreat) to be educated by an aunt, a Papist, in Marylebone. Worse, a child was born, within a year of this criminally rash union, and it may be imagined with what difficulties the miserable ménage of the journalist in his wretched two rooms off the Vauxhall Bridge Road was beset. In his desperation he wrote to Paul begging for the loan of £100. Paul took the occasion with true Christian Charity and care. He wrote Peter a long letter of advice and friendly warning, pointing out the folly of allowing expenditure to exceed income, and the absolute necessity for one in his position to obtain regular employment. He went further, he enclosed a cheque for £10. So ill balanced had Peter become under his well-merited embarrassment that he wickedly and wantonly tore up his friend's kindly present and sent back the fragments in an unstamped envelope—a piece of madness which lost him, of course, for ever the acquaintance of the too generous Paul.

But there was worse to come. Peter's brief introduction to Political circles had made him the easy prey of intriguers. Mr. Tudela—I regret to say—used him during his conflict with Mr. Bottle, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and it was from Peter's pen that there appeared the pamphlet denouncing the secret selling of Government stock in large quantities by Mr. Bottle on his private account the morning after that

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statesman had made a most gloomy, nay, alarming speech, upon the National finances!

A Prosecution for Criminal Libel naturally ensued, in which it was clearly proved that Mr. Bottle had not ordered the Stock to be sold that morning, but had given the order in advance the day *before* he made his famous oration.

Peter was therefore condemned by the Judge, Sir Charles Huggin (Paul's wife's uncle by marriage) to five years' penal servitude amid the general applause of all right-minded men.

His unfortunate wife supported his three young children (for such was now their number) and herself, by the most heartbreaking drudgery at her needle. Her looks were long departed and her spirit broken. She died before the expiration of her husband's sentence.

That poor wretch upon leaving Dartmoor despaired. He first tramped the roads—in which occupation he lost his two youngest brats—and then obtained a place as odd man on a gentleman's gardens in Staffordshire, where he apprenticed his eldest child, now grown to 13 years of age, with a travelling show, and thus was relieved of a burden he could hardly support.

But the fatal consequences of Character still followed him. His master died, the place was sold, and Peter, now in his fiftieth year, broken in health and hardly knowing why he continued to live, took once more to the life of a tramp, and sank into the most abject conditions of that disgraceful form of penury.

I am ashamed to say that he was not above begging food from farm-houses (although more than once bitten by fierce dogs as he approached them) and would even take coppers and sixpences from passers-by.

What was worse, he fell to spending his miserable gains, when there were sufficient for the purpose, upon ardent liquors and thus wholly undermined the remaining wreck of his starved and miserable frame.

Paul in these years had prospered as he deserved. From an undersecretaryship he had risen to be Secretary of State for Home Affairs and later Postmaster-General, a position in which he was able to foster with the greatest success his own enterprise, the National Baggage and Parcel Delivery Co., in which he had invested the greater part of his wife's fortune.

This wealth soon multiplied tenfold. He bought Banters Park, the Duke of Maulton's magnificent estate in Surrey, and then, having obtained a

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peerage without any payment and purely as a recognition of his great position in public life, he settled down under the title of Lord Banters to enjoy the long remainder of a well-spent life with his white-haired wife and his heir, William Anstruther Godolphin Archley, now nearly twenty years of age.

By one of those mysterious incidences in which the Christian may well discern the hand and design of a special providence, Peter passed a winter night of his tramping round England, in the barn of the home farm upon the Banters estate. The season was bitterly cold, the barn exposed to the fury of storms of snow and sleet, and the unfortunate man, ill nourished and wasted to a skeleton, was found next morning dead in the straw which he had heaped up for his concealment.

The news was brought to Lord Banters, who, ever careful and methodical in his domestic affairs, went up with his son, after luncheon and a glass of wine, to view the body and to arrange for its removal.

Judge of his surprise when he recognised in the emaciated features those of his friend and companion in youth, Peter!

He shook his head mournfully over this shocking sight, drew its moral for his young heir, and piously provided that the remains should be decently interred at his own charges in the churchyard, with a small plain headstone inscribed

“I shall rise again.”

As they returned to the Mansion the Father continued to exhort the Son by the lesson of this shocking end; and the reader will agree that a fitting example of vice and virtue, folly and wisdom, with their necessary consequences of penury and affluence, degradation and respect, was afforded by the respective fortunes of

PETER AND PAUL.

ARNOLD BENNETT

CHRISTMAS EVE AND NEW YEAR'S EVE—

A little essay on the compensations of life and on the true nature of happiness.

There are few people who arrive at a true understanding of life, even in the calm and disillusioned hours of reflection that come between the end of one annual period and the beginning of another. Nearly everybody has an idea at the back of his head that if only he could conquer certain difficulties and embarrassments, he might really start to live

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properly, in the full sense of living. And if he has pluck he says to himself, "I *will* smooth things out, and then I'll really live." In the same way, nearly everybody, regarding the spectacle of the world, sees therein a principle which he calls Evil; and he thinks: "If only we could get rid of this Evil; if only we could set things right, how splendid the world would be!" Now, in the meaning usually attached to it, there is no such positive principle as Evil. Assuming that there is such a positive principle in a given phenomenon—such as the character of a particular man—you must then admit that there is the same positive principle everywhere, for just as the character of no man is so imperfect that you could not conceive a worse, so the character of no man is so perfect that you could not conceive a better. Do away with Evil from the world, and you would not merely abolish certain specially distressing matters, you would change everything. You would in fact achieve perfection. And when we say that one thing is evil and another good, all we mean is that one thing is less advanced than another in the way of perfection. Evil cannot be a positive principle; it signifies only the falling short of perfection.

And supposing that the desires of mankind were suddenly fulfilled, and the world was rendered perfect! There would be no motive for effort, no altercation of conflicting motives in the human heart; nothing to do, no one to befriend, no anxiety, no want unsatisfied. Equilibrium would be established. A cheerful world! You can see instantly how amusing it would be. It would have only one drawback—that of being dead. Its reason for being alive would have ceased to operate. Life means change through constant development. But you cannot develop the perfect. The perfect can merely expire. The average successful man whom I have previously cited feels all this by instinct, though he does not comprehend it by reason. He reaches his ambition, and retires from the fight in order to enjoy life—and what does he do? He immediately creates for himself a new series of difficulties and embarrassments either by undertaking the management of a large estate, or by some other device. If he does not maintain for himself conditions which necessitate some kind of struggle, he quickly dies spiritually or physically, often both. The proportion of men who, having established an equilibrium, proceed to die on the spot, is enormous. Continual effort, which means, of course, continual disappointment, is the *sine qua non*—without it there is literally nothing vital. Its abolition is the abolition of life. Hence, people who, failing to savour the struggle itself, anticipate the end of the struggle as the beginning of joy and happiness—these people are

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simply missing life; they are longing to exchange life for death. The hemlock would save them a lot of weary waiting.

We shall now perceive, I think, what is wrong with the assumptions of the average successful man. In postulating that happiness is what one has not, he has got hold of a mischievous conception of happiness. Let him examine his conception of happiness, and he will find that it consists in the enjoyment of love and luxury, and in the freedom from enforced effort. He generally wants all three ingredients. Now passionate love does not mean happiness; it means excitement, apprehension, and continually renewed desire. And affectionate love, from which the passion has faded, means something less than happiness, for mingled with its gentle tranquillity is a disturbing regret for the more fiery past. Luxury according to the universal experience of those who have had it has no connection whatever with happiness. And as for freedom from enforced effort, it means simply death.

Happiness as it is dreamed of cannot possibly exist save for brief periods of self-deception which are followed by terrible periods of reaction. Real, practicable happiness is due primarily not to any kind of environment, but to an inward state of mind. Real happiness consists first in acceptance of the fact that discontent is a condition of life, and, second, in an honest endeavour to adjust conduct to an ideal. Real happiness is not an affair of the future; it is an affair of the present. Such as it is, if it cannot be obtained now, it can never be obtained. Real happiness lives in patience, having comprehended that if very little is accomplished towards perfection, so a man's existence is a very little moment in the vast expanse of the universal life, and having also comprehended that it is the struggle which is vital, and that the end of the struggle is only another name for death.

"Well," I hear you exclaiming, "if this is all we can look forward to, if this is all that real practicable happiness amounts to, is life worth living?" That is a question which each person has to answer for himself. If he answers it in the negative, no argument, no persuasion, no sentimentalisation of the facts of life, will alter his opinion. Most people, however, answer it in the affirmative. Despite all its drawbacks, despite all its endless disappointments, they decide that life is worth living.

There are two species of phenomena which bring them to this view. The first may be called the golden moments of life, which seem somehow in their transient brevity to atone for the dull exasperation of intermin-

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able mediocre hours: moments of triumph in the struggle, moments of fierce exultant resolve, moments of joy in nature, moments of joy in human affection—moments which defy oblivion in the memory, and which, being priceless, cannot be too dearly bought.

The second species of compensatory phenomena are all the agreeable experiences connected with human friendship; the general feeling, under diverse forms, that one is not alone in the world. It is for the multiplication and intensification of these phenomena that Christmas, the Feast of St. Friend, exists. And on the last day of the Year, on the eve of a renewed effort, our thoughts may profitably be centred upon a plan of campaign whose execution shall result in a less imperfect intercourse.

A. C. BENSON

The Master of Magdalene College, in returning his book to Princess Marie Louise, wrote :

“It is a great pleasure to me to take part in so interesting a matter. I thought Sir Edwin Lutyens' little explanation of the affair in the *Times* was very timely, as I have heard much speculation on the subject; and the idea of making a model which will be an exact representation of a domestic interior of the present time is a very happy one. It is just the absence of knowledge as to the exact details of life—the details which everyone takes for granted and therefore are not recorded—which makes it so hard to realise precisely the conditions under which life was lived even a couple of centuries ago.”

THE LIMPET AND THE SANDPIPER

The sands were all dry, and the tide was out. The Sandpiper was in high spirits. It was a brisk morning and food was plentiful. Presently she came to some small rocks all fringed with bubble-weed.

On one of these sat an enormous old Limpet. The Sandpiper in a cheerful mood gave the Limpet a sharp little peck on the very point of her wrinkled shell. A drowsy voice from inside said, “Go away, do!” Then a moment later, the voice said, “Who are you and what do you want?”

“Look and see!” said the Sandpiper with a twinkle in her eye.

“No, that won't do!” said the Limpet hoarsely. “That was what the Gull said to my great-uncle, and when he looked out—well, it was all up with him, you know—a bad business!”

“Oh, it's all right!” said the Sandpiper. “It's the last thing I should think of, to attempt to eat you. Why, you must be a hundred years old at least!”

“I'll tell you another story,” said the Limpet. “My great-grandfather

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lived on this rock, and had his door open one morning, when a silly little bird, a Sandpiper, I believe, put his beak in. My great-grandfather shut his door and held on for all he was worth. The Sandpiper could not get loose, and when the tide came up he was drowned.

"What a horrible story!" said the Sandpiper. "Such things ought not to be allowed! Your great-grandfather ought to have been ashamed of himself!"

"The Limpets are never ashamed," said the Limpet. "But come, I will have a look at you, if you can promise me that there isn't a Gull about!"

"It's all right," said the Sandpiper.

The Limpet gave a little heave of her shell, and looked out cautiously. Then she laughed. "Oh, it's you, is it?" she said. "Well, listeners never hear any good of themselves. You would not like to put your beak in, just for fun, you know?"

"No, thank you," said the Sandpiper. And she took two or three little pirouettes on the sand.

"You make me giddy," said the Limpet. "What a dreadful life you must live! No shell, no rock, no peace—in fact, nothing worth having."

"I was just thinking the same about you!" said the Sandpiper. "I can't think what you do with yourself."

"Oh, I just hold on," said the Limpet. "It's grand to feel the waves come roaring and slapping all over one! 'My good friends,' I say, 'you may do that till you are tired! Here I am and here I stay!' They are furious with me, but they can do nothing to me. 'Hold fast' is our family motto. The fact is that I am as busy as the day is long, and I don't know what it is to be ill. I can digest simply anything."

"Never mind about all that," said the Sandpiper. "It isn't good manners to talk about your inside! But perhaps your life isn't *quite* as dull as I thought, though it is a dull affair at best."

"But pray, what do you do?" said the Limpet.

"Well, I will tell you," said the Sandpiper. "I live up in the valley there, where the stream comes down. It is much nicer water than this old sea. There's no salt in it to begin with, and the salt always makes me sneeze."

"No salt in it," said the Limpet, "that's a very poor sort of water. But you chatter on and never tell me what you do."

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"Well, I have a husband to look after," said the Sandpiper. "And half a dozen chicks. They take up all my time—they are so clever and affectionate, but naughty sometimes—not very often; I can tell you I keep them in order. I have to find food for them and they are rather particular; and I can hardly induce my husband to leave home. He says there's no place like home; and you know what men are—much too fond of their own comfort."

"Horrible, horrible!" said the Limpet. "You will excuse me if I say that there is nothing satisfactory about that sort of life! It is all so restless and tiring—so uncertain and unpunctual. Why, you don't even go by the tides, I suppose?"

"Certainly not," said the Sandpiper; "and I trust I never shall! But when you call it restless, you don't know what freedom means. Here you sit day after day in the dark. Haven't you any wish to see what the world is like?"

"None at all," said the Limpet. "I am a very busy person—you seem to have no idea of the value of time. Why you have to fly and run to get anywhere, and then you have to fly and run to get back! That's a wicked waste! Every minute of my day is laid out beforehand."

"I never heard such a dreary business in the whole course of my life," said the Sandpiper. "To sit still, feeling muscular, in a close cell, and thinking all the time about your poky relations! That's not living!"

"Excuse me," said the Limpet; "there's a whole side of it which is hidden from you. You don't know what it is like to be under water. You can't breathe there, you know. The fact is that I have two lives, quite distinct, and you have only one!"

"Well, well," said the Sandpiper. "One lives and learns. So a Limpet can be contented after all. I must try to remember that. Well, I don't envy you," she went on, "but I see I need not pity you."

"But I can pity you," said the Limpet, "and I do so with all my heart. I can tell you this, that I am glad to have had this talk. It will make me happier than ever, if that is possible, when I sit snug in my shell, with the waves breaking over me, to think of you, poor creature, in the wind and the rain, always on the move—the life of a mere tramp, in fact. The idea of your poor husband talking about 'home'—I could laugh, if it wasn't so tragic!"

"Well, hold on tight," said the Sandpiper, laughing. "That's your family motto, I believe? I shall go for a short run. I admit I have been

E. F. BENSON

interested, too, by our talk. It did not occur to me that a Limpet could have a point-of-view. I'll look in again some day, and have another chat, to keep you from getting dull."

"Dull," said the Limpet to herself, as the Sandpiper danced off. "Dull—I don't know the meaning of the word. I earnestly hope, however, that that little feather-headed gossip will do nothing of the kind. It's poor work talking—and here's half the morning gone already. My mouth feels quite dry. Talk tires me, and it isn't a wholesome kind of tiredness either. Drat the tide ; it seems to be late to-day!"

And the Limpet turned in her shell, and was soon fast asleep.
The shore was silent, and the tide crept slowly in.

E. F. BENSON

POEMS

PREFACE

I never wrote a preface in my life, and I cannot see why I should begin doing so now . . . So though the index says that this is a preface, it is nothing of the sort. It is just a powerful well-balanced piece of English, the object of which is to deny that it is a Preface.

But I will not detain the Reader any longer from the perusal of my beautiful Poems. . . . One of them appeared in the *Westminster Gazette* (or was it *The Globe*?). But, since I have reproduced it here without the consent of either of the Editors, it does not matter where it appeared. In fact, this particular poem ought to be read in a whisper, for fear one of these gentlemen should overhear, and bring a copyright action against me before some jocular judge. But very unfortunately I can't remember which poem it was. So it would be safer to read them all in a whisper, and safer still not to read them at all.

E. F. BENSON.

Four of Mr. Benson's poems are Limericks, of which this is the last :

There once was a person called Benson
Who couldn't tell mutton from venison.
But yet at odd times,
He wrote all these rhymes,
So he's not such an awfully dense 'un.

The other is a version of the "May Queen," of which here are two stanzas :

I shall shiver and shake in bed, mother
And long shall I lie awake,

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Till I hear you come in at morning
The ice on my bath to break :
Then I shall put on my thickest gloves
Trimmed with rabbit's fur grey,
For I'm to be Queen of the May, mother,
I'm to be Queen of the May.

Get out my skates for it's freezing hard
And the lake is sure to bear,
And in any case put out, dear Mother,
My thickest underwear :
And my Aquascutum in case of rain
(It lies in the topmost tray.)
For I'm to be Queen of the May, mother,
I'm to be Queen of the May.

J. D. BERESFORD

BEAUTIFUL MARGARET

CHAPTER I

She was a King's daughter, but she has never borne the title of Princess. This may have been due to the thought that it could give her no dignity less than that of Queen; or it may have been that some strange foreknowledge of her destiny preceded the hour of her birth. Whatever the explanation we know that she has never borne any name or honour other than that of Beautiful Margaret.

CHAPTER II

The Kingdom rejoiced greatly at the news of her birth; for although the King had six sons, he had no daughter; and it was known that once the succession had been assured both he and the Queen had ardently desired a girl child.

For seven months before her birth, prayers had been offered up each Sunday in every Cathedral and Church and place of Worship throughout the Kingdom, humbly beseeching Heaven that the great wish of the King and Queen and of all their devoted subjects might be granted.

Wherefore on the appointed day of Thanksgiving, the gratitude of a whole people broke into a great fervour of acclamation; so that a stranger coming to the country on this day had thought that the nation were newly delivered from the threat of some overwhelming

J. D. BERESFORD

danger. For it seems that a people will rejoice more fervently at the release from evil than at the promise of prosperity ; fearing in the latter case to provoke the jealousy of the high gods that rule under Heaven.

And it may be because that on this occasion the people forgot the danger of challenging the gods, and acclaimed the birth of Beautiful Margaret without afterthought, the strange destiny fell upon her, though it is commonly believed that a beneficial albeit a mysterious purpose was served thereby; and that the birth and fate of Beautiful Margaret had been determined from the beginning of all things.

CHAPTER III

From the day of her birth it was accepted of all that Beautiful Margaret was not as other children. This was the faith not alone of the King and Queen, of the noble and humble members of the Household, and of any privileged to look upon the form of this wonderful child; but it was the faith also of every man and woman throughout their Majesties' Kingdom. None could be found from one end of the realm to the other who would asperse her quality or belittle the rumour of her beauty.

And this great faith increased with every year so that it presently took strange forms. It is known, for example, how in the remoter islands that fall within the King's demesne, islands in which owing to their distance from great centres of learning there remain still many traces of the barbarism that obtained in earlier ages, a belief was current among the islanders, within seven years of Margaret's birth, to the effect that she was not born of woman's agony but had sprung to life miraculously at the wish of Heaven.

Yet even that belief is less strange than that which now remains with us who have the privileges conferred by access to the schools.

CHAPTER IV

It must have been in Beautiful Margaret's eighth year that the rumours concerning her were first openly spoken; and men began publicly to dispute as to the nature and colour of her beauty.

At first the dispute was in this wise—namely, as to whether she favoured the Queen, her mother, who was fair as the day, with flaxen hair and blue eyes; or the King, her father, whose eyes and hair were black as the winter's night.

And this dispute was by no means confined to those who could never

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have looked on the subject of their controversy; for it appeared that no reliance could be placed even on the witness of those who lived within the Palace enclosure. Furthermore, it was reported on good authority that the Queen declared her daughter to be as dark as her Royal Father, while the King maintained that she was as divinely fair as his now beloved wife.

But presently another school arose which upheld that the Beautiful Margaret had brown eyes and hair; and this school was followed by others, so that at last there were as many descriptions of her as there are varieties in the tastes and wishes of men. And some have been known to assert even that she had a homely face and bearing, an assertion that seemed to others little short of the crime of *lèse-majesté*.

CHAPTER V

Now this great controversy instead of fading as the years passed, increased in ardour and bitterness as the subject of it grew in grace and beauty; so that men ceased to find satisfaction in a conflict of words that for ever lacked final confirmation and sought the arbitrament of sword.

In the beginning many duels were fought and many men were killed, but by the time Beautiful Margaret had attained her fifteenth year her champions in each sort would league themselves together to fight the partisans of any other grace or colour, which encounters continually multiplied to the exceeding detriment of the welfare of the realm.

Nor did the trouble end here, for by now the King and the Queen had quarrelled over the same issue; the Government of the country was relaxed, and there was no authority to determine the controversy or forbid the resort to arms. The very Church itself was split into factions. Thus in that sect which upheld the assertion of a golden Margaret, it was regarded as heinous sin to hold communication with those who held other views though the differences were no more than a half shade. And in like manner was it, also, with the other sects.

CHAPTER VI

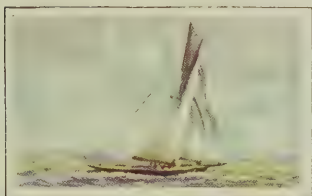
So the trouble grew until the country from one end to the other was plunged into Civil War, in which the antagonists were known as the champions of the Golden and of the Black Margaret. For soon after the issue had been joined, the followers of all intermediate shades of opinion temporarily sank their differences, and allied themselves with one or other of the two main forces.



F.W.S. Le Maistre, R.O.I.



Lord Northbourne, R.E.



R. Clouston Young, R.S.W.



J. Hamilton Mackenzie, R.S.W., A.P.E.



G. Hilyard Swinstead, R.C.A., R.I.



E.W. Haslehurst, R.B.A.



S. Clarke Hutton, R.I.



Sir A.S. Cope, R.A.



Noel H. Leaver, A.R.C.A.

FACSIMILES OF SOME OF THE WATER-COLOURS MADE FOR THE LIBRARY

J. D. BERESFORD

Unhappily, it was due to these very alliances that the War was so fatally prolonged, since when one side or the other had gained the upper hand and hope appeared of a great Victory that should decide the controversy, beyond all further question, even although it might become necessary to exterminate the followers of the losing side with all their families and supporters; then the alliance of the conquerors was invariably weakened by internal disputes, and in many cases some party of the half-shades, believing their tenets and dogma to be in danger of neglect, would desert in a body to the losing side and thus restore the balance of power.

And for this reason it seems that the war might have continued interminably, or at least until none was left capable of bearing arms, had not the women rising in a great and unanimous protest raided the Palace, and abducted, or, as some say, destroyed the person of the Beautiful Margaret.

Whatever may be the truth in this matter, it is certain that since that time we have no credible witness that she was ever seen by two people at the same moment.

CHAPTER VII

Now this, indeed, is the story that has been handed down to us, varying little in form from one generation to another, but it has many interpretations.

For some maintain that the Beautiful Margaret died in infancy; and some that she was the expression of a great longing that was never satisfied save in the romantic fancy of the people.

Others, again, however, declared that her beauty blinded those who gazed upon her, so that, lacking any true account, they did but report the desire of each his own mind.

Yet whatever the interpretation, we know that she lives for ever in the thought of men, who have builded a house for her in their hearts; and have been inspired by her to write a very great number of books.

THE END

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LAURENCE BINYON

TO TIME

Time, Time, who choosest
All in the end well;
Who severely refusest
Fames upon trumpets blown
Loud for a day, and alone
Makest Truth to excel:

Shadow of God, slowly
Gathering words, long
Scorned, to make them holy,
And deeds like stars bright
That none perceived in the light,
Lifting the weak to be strong;

Shall I not praise thee,
Thou just judge? yet oh,
What so long stays thee?
Why must thy feet halt,
While our tears grow salt
And our old hopes go?

Beauty is throned at last:
Truth rings Falsehood's knell:
But our strength, our joy is past
While our hearts wait thee.
Time, Time, I hate thee,
Hate thee, and rebel.

IN THE FOREST

The beeches towering high
Greenly cloud the sky.
The shadows all are green
With living sun unseen.
O wonderful the sound
Of green leaves all around,
When nothing yet is heard
Of windy branches stirred

LAURENCE BINYON

But wavering lights alone
Innumerably blown
Come trembling, and then cease
Upon a trembling peace.
What breathed in it? A sigh
Or something yet more shy
Of speech? A spirit-kiss?
A waft of fairy bliss
That seeks for voice on our
Lips, there to find its flower,
In some sweet syllable?
O love, I cannot tell;
But light brims in your eyes
And makes divine replies.

A SONG

For Mercy, Courage, Kindness, Mirth,
There is no measure upon Earth;
Nay, they wither, root and stem,
If an end be set to them.

Overbrim and overflow
If your own heart you would know,
For the spirit born to bless
Lives but in its own excess.

LITTLE HANDS

Soft little hands that stray and clutch,
Like fern-fronds curl and uncurl bold,
While baby-faces lie in such
Close sleep as flowers at night that fold,
What is it you would clasp and hold,
Wandering outstretched with wilful touch?
O fingers small of shell-tipped rose,
How should you know you hold so much?
Two full hearts beating you enclose,
Hopes, fears, prayers, longings, joys and woes—
All yours to hold, O little hands!
More, more than wisdom understands,
And love, love only knows.

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NOTHING IS ENOUGH

Nothing is enough!
No, though our all be spent—
Heart's extremeſt love,
Spirit's whole intent,
All that nerve can feel,
All that brain invent,
Still beyond appeal
Will Divine Deſire
Yet more excellent
Precious coſt require
Of this mortal ſtuff—
Never be content
Till ourſelves be fire.
Nothing is enough!

WE HAVE PLANTED A TREE

We have planted a tree,
And behold, it has flowers.
How lovely their joy!
Yet they know not of ours,
Who have ſhared in dull cares
And the ſharpneſs of pain
Yet feel in our kiſſes
The firſt kiſs again,
And with hand claſpt in hand
We turn and we ſee
The ſweet laughing flowers
On our own fair tree.

LOSE ME, FULL, FULL MOMENT

Lose, me, full, full moment
Like a ripple round,
Widening into worlds
Beyond earth's bound.

I was walking a grey road
Dulled to an old aim;
Now I ſeek nothing,
Now I have no name.

SIR JOHN BLAND-SUTTON

How came you to me,
Opening timeless skies
Like a heaven within me
That is all sunrise?

“GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM”

For the Queen's Dolls' House Canon Hannay has copied out the chapter on the Curragh from his diverting Irish novel, *Inisheeny* (1920).

ALGERNON BLACKWOOD

Mr. Blackwood's contribution is “The Vision of the Wind,” from *The Education of Uncle Paul* (1909).

SIR JOHN BLAND-SUTTON

PRINCIPLES OF DOLLS' SURGERY.—The famous surgeon, who says that he obtained much of his information in Mr. Maxwell Lyte's Hospital for Dolls, in Westbourne Grove, comes to his subject with all the incisive directness of his profession. I quote the section entitled “Injuries to the Eyes” :—

Dolls with movable eyes are great favourites. Unfortunately their eyes are often injured. They are removed and replaced by a complicated operation. The wig is removed after softening the glue with warm water. The roof of the skull is cut off with a sharp knife, as the head of a doll does not possess a brain ; the eyes are easily exposed by removing the roof of the skull. Then the eyes, eye-stalk and the counterweight (see Fig. 1) are



FIG. 1

easily removed after the plaster-of-paris which holds them in position is chipped away. The surgeon then selects a pair of eyes, proper in shape and colour ; they are placed in position and some freshly mixed plaster is laid around each globe with a small spoon. While the plaster remains soft the eyes are gently moved up and down to mould a socket. The plaster sets very quickly, and in this way each eye moulds its own orbit. The vault of the skull is placed in position with the help of glue and covered with the wig. Some doll-wigs are made of mohair and some of human hair.

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Care must be taken to put the wig on the doll from which it was taken because girls are indignant, and even refuse to own the doll, if it has not got its proper wig!

The eyes of some dolls not only open and shut, but move from side to side. The heads of such dolls contain very complicated machinery. This is outside the sphere of a dolls' surgeon, and needs a watchmaker when they are out of order, but the operation for exposing the interior of a doll's head is the same in all cases.

Talking dolls have a bellows in the body connected with an organ. When squeezed they say "Mamma." Squeezed too much they get short of wind. Then they require an abdominal operation to repair the leak in the bellows. This operation needs care. No anæsthetics or antiseptics are required.

SIR REGINALD BLOMFIELD, R.A.

Sir Reginald, who is not content to be a mere architect and designer of houses and public buildings, but is also an historian, an Hon. Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford, and a Litt.D., has prepared for the Dolls' House Library a fairy tale purporting to be translated from Perrault. He calls it—

THE HOUSE OF THE MARQUIS OF CARABAS

The Marquis was third in descent from the Miller's son, whose fortune was made by Puss in Boots and who married the King's daughter.

The Marquis was a notable gentleman, owning hundreds of thousands of acres, and millions of pounds per annum, and his house was the finest ever known; anyhow, the Marquis said so. Three miles out, at the end of the great Avenue, were two stone piers, as high as a house, with figures of Puss in Boots on the top, supporting shields with the Marquis's arms, all in lead and gilt; and between the piers were the entrance gates of wrought iron all scrolled about and gilt. The avenue was three hundred yards wide, with stretches of grass and double rows of lime trees on either side. It ran straight up to the "Grande Place," round which were congregated the houses of the Court, all of brick and stone, with flights of steps up to the front doors, wrought iron balconies painted and gilt, beautiful green shutters and nice tiled roofs.

In the middle of the square was a circular waterpiece sixty feet wide, with a fountain of marble on the sides of which were carved scenes from the life of Puss in Boots.

At the further end of the Place was the first entrance, a two storey building with a great arch running up to the cornice, above which were battlements with sham soldiers of stone; and a towering slate roof, above

SIR REGINALD BLOMFIELD, R.A.

which floated the standard of the Marquis of Carabas. Little brass guns poked their nozzles out of loopholes everywhere, and there was a real portcullis which let down with a wallop every night, after the warden had come out on the battlements and blown three hullabaloes on his long copper coach-horn. The main approach continued through a courtyard three hundred yards square, round which were ranged the lodgings of the coachmen, the grooms and the master of the horse, the huntsman, the whips, and the kennelmen, the keepers, the under-keepers, the woodcutters and the bakers and lots of others; for the Marquis prided himself on the completeness of his establishment. Thus he had stabling for 500 horses, though only three to four feet was allowed for each horse, but as they were comfortable horses, which rested by leaning against each other, this did not matter.

The Marquis was an enthusiastic hunter. He had his staghounds, boarhounds, fox-hounds, greyhounds, harriers, whippets, and other hounds; and there was a fine to-do when they all gave tongue at once.

In the Marquis's country they do not jump fences, but put on fine dresses and ride up and down the grass rides in the woods, blowing their horns and making wonderful noises. The Marquis himself was a noble sight when dressed for the Chase. In person he was short and corpulent, thick in the neck and red in the face; but he had an air that nobody could resist, when he appeared in his jack-boots with spurs of gold, his primrose-yellow riding breeches, his flowered silk waistcoat with buttons of pearl, a black bow round his neck, a full skirted coat of purple velvet laced with gold, and a three-cornered hat with three ostrich feathers fastened by the famous Carabas diamond brooch.

After being hoisted into his saddle, his hunting horn was wound round him, and when there was a kill the Marquis blew a blast on this horn, and all the field came up and listened while he expatiated on the merits of his own horsemanship, and the futility of theirs; for the Marquis, though always the great nobleman, was not always quite a gentleman.

Now we go back to the house. The side of the Court opposite to the gate-house was open, with a balustrade next to the moat. Here there was another gate-house, leading to the bridge over the moat. The moat was as wide as the Loire at Nantes, and was filled with clear water from a cascade in the N.E. corner. It was full of beautiful trout, and came right up to the walls of the house, so that you could fish from the windows; or if a guest misbehaved the Marquis could lower him into the moat till he became sober.

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The bridge was most remarkable. Instead of the usual Pont Levis, or Drawbridge, the last twenty feet or so slid in and out of a chase, and all you had to do was to touch a button. The Marquis, being determined that nobody else should possess this fine invention, made the inventor a doorkeeper and shut him up in a little box with a grille just inside the front door.

The House itself was in parts very old. Nobody knew who began it, but it was known to have once belonged to the Ogre, who was outwitted by Hop o'-my-Thumb or Le Petit Poucet. This was the Ogre who killed his daughters, the seven little Ogresses, by mistake for Le Petit Poucet, and his six brothers. Afterwards the house came into the possession of Bluebeard. The little Chamber at the end of the long gallery, where Bluebeard kept the bodies of his wives, still existed in one wing of the house. So did the high tower from which Sister Anne watched for the coming of her brothers, the Dragoon and the Musqueteer. Bluebeard, though an unpleasant person, possessed a cultivated taste. He enlarged the house, and furnished it with great magnificence, filling it with gold and silver, tapestries, beds, sofas, cabinets, tables, candlesticks, and mirrors in silver and gilt in which you could see yourself from head to foot. The first Marquis and his successors had completed the house, so that nothing was wanting. There was, first, the Great Entrance Hall, forty feet high, into which you could drive with a Coach-and-Six, no flimsy modern coach, but a great thing hung on leather bands, that swayed about between wheels seven feet high. The coachman's box was ten feet above the ground, and he had to be hoisted up and lowered by a crane, being too fat to get up by himself; and behind was a flat board on which stood two footmen with cocked hats and prodigious calves.

From this hall one entered the grand reception hall, at least a hundred yards long, and I forget how many feet high. The walls were lined with Siena marble, in front of which stood columns of Lapis Lazuli with gilt tops and bases. The floor was all of polished ebony, inlaid with silver, and between the columns were golden seats with cushions of black velvet on cloth of gold. The musicians' gallery was over the main entrance. The Marquis, who was fond of music, kept a private orchestra, with every sort of instrument: shawm, sackbut, psaltery, barrel organ, mouth organ, concertina, and Jews' harps, and when a tune hit his fancy, the Marquis would take it up, and the orchestra gradually eased off, till he was left bellowing by himself; when he had had enough of it, everybody cheered, and drinks were served all round.

SIR REGINALD BLOMFIELD, R.A.

The famous dances of Carabas were held in this hall. These always began in a stately manner, with Pavanes, Minuets, and Sarabandes, but as the Marquis warmed to his work—for he was a brave dancer—all formality disappeared. He took any partner he pleased; and the entertainment not infrequently ended in a general scrimmage, with the Marquis as a football. This was the time to get one in on him, wherever you could reach his person; for a man so prosperous and distinguished as the Marquis could not help having some enemies somewhere. It was to his credit that, after drinking three Magnums of Carte-Blanche Pumpernickel (1672 vintage) he became as genial as ever, so much so that he was known to have insisted on dancing with the butler, maintaining that he was the most beautiful girl in the room.

It would take too long to tell of all the other wonders of this house: the double staircases, one inside the other, the five Towers with pepperbox roofs and gilded vanes, the dining hall all in red lacquer with a frieze of cats pursuing mice, embossed with gold; the with-drawing room with its ivory and ebony panelling and its silver sconces, the powder cupboards, the secret chambers, the disappearing floors, the oubliettes and the dungeons now filled with royal wines, and the Chapel, all in white marble, with its stalls, pulpit, and reading desk of finest Spanish mahogany, inlaid with gold. Here on Sunday the Marquis used to read the Lessons, and when the Chaplain became tedious, the Marquis used to pull him down by his gown and finish the sermon himself, taking his time from an hour glass set in full view of the congregation, so that everybody knew how much they were in for.

Then, too, there were the bedrooms, gorgeously furnished with four-post beds, curtains and tapestries; and the suite occupied by the Marquis himself and selected guests, which contained the famous reversible chimney-breast, so that by pressing a button the whole chimney-breast turned sideways, and you could get from one room to another without anybody knowing.

I had almost forgotten the picture gallery, with its family portraits by Mignard and the illustrious M. Rigaud, and the Museum which contained the golden crowns of the Ogre, the Seven-League Boots, the tuft of hair of Ricquet à la Houpe, Bluebeard's beard, and the little fancy key of his cabinet, and the original boots worn by Puss in Boots when he went out hunting for the Miller's son.

In this splendid palace the Marquis kept open house for many years, till he succumbed to a surfeit of oysters and stout. So died Anne

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Claude Philippe Alphons de Pilbox de Pestle de Mortar, third Marquis of Carabas, Baron of the Empire of Good Fairyland, Knight of the Cordon Bleu, Commander of the Orders of the Golden Cucumber and the Fruitful Cups; a sound and worthy gentleman, if too much addicted to the pleasures of the table.

EDMUND BLUNDEN

BEHIND THE LINE

Treasure not so the forlorn days
When dun clouds flooded the naked plains
With foul remorseless rains;
Tread not those memory ways
Where by the dripping alien farms,
Starved orchards with their shrivelled arms,
The bitter mouldering wind would whine
At the brisk mules clattering towards the Line.

Remember not with so sharp skill
Each chasm in the clouds that with strange fire
Lit pyramid-fosse and spire
Miles on miles from our hill;
In the magic glass, aye, then their lure
Like Heaven's houses gleaming pure
Might soothe the long imprisoned sight
And put the seething storm to flight.

Enact not you so like a wheel
The round of evenings in sandbagged rooms
Where candles flicked the glooms,
The jests old times could steal
From ugly destiny, on whose brink
The poor fools grappled fear with drink
And snubbed the hungry raving guns
With endless tunes on gramophones.

About you spreads the world anew,
The old fields all for your sense rejoice,
Music has found her ancient voice,
From the hills there's heaven on earth to view;

EDMUND BLUNDEN

And kindly mirth will raise his glass
To bid with you dull care go pass—
And still you wander muttering on
Over the shades of shadows gone.

COUNTRY SALE

Under the thin green sky, the twilight day,
The old home lies in public sad array,
Its time being come, the lots ranged out in rows,
And to each lot a ghost. The gathering grows
With every minute, gaiters and gold pins,
Poverty's purples; red necks, horny skins,
Odd peering eyes, thin lips and hooking chins.

Then for the skirmish, and the thrusting groups
Bidding for tubs and wire and chicken coops,
While yet the women hang apart and eye
Old friends and foes, and reckon what they'll buy:
The noisy field scarce knows itself, and none
Takes notice of the old man's wavering moan,
Who hobbles with his hand still brushing tears
And cries how this belonged here sixty years,
And picks his brother's picture from the mass
Of frames; and still from heap to heap folks pass.

The strife of tongues even tries the auctioneer,
Who, by the dealer smirking to his leer,
A jumped-up jerky cockerel on his box,
Runs all his rigs and cracks his jokes and mocks,
"Madam, now never weary of well-doing;"
The heavy faces gleam to hear him crowing.
And swift the old home's fading. Here he bawls
The white four-poster, with its proud recalls,
But folks on such old-fashioned lumber frown:
"Passing away at a florin," grins the clown.
Here Baskett's Prayer Book with its black and red
Finds no more smile of welcome than the bed,
Though policemen turn the page with wisdom's looks;
The hen-wives see no use in such old books.
Here painted trees, and well-feigned towers arise,
And ships before the wind, that sixpence buys.

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All's sold, then scampering vanmen pile and rope
Their loads, and ponies stumble up the slope,
And all are gone; the trampled paddock's bare;
The children round the buildings run and blare,
Thinking what times these are! not knowing how
The heavy-handed fate has brought them low,
Till quartern loaf be gone too soon to-day,
Nor any for to-morrow—Long then, play,
And make the lofts re-echo through the eve,
And sweeten so the bitter taking-leave.

So runs the world away. Years hence shall find
The mother weeping to her lonely mind
In some new place, thin set with makeshift gear,
For the home she had before the fatal year,
And still to this same anguish she'll recur,
Reckoning up her fine old furniture;
The tall clock with his churchbell time of day,
The mirror where so deep the image lay,
The china with its rivets numbered all,
Seeming to have them in her hands—poor soul,
Trembling and crying how these, loved so long,
So beautiful, all went for an old song.

THE WARDER

Here's a dell that's sunny enough
For laughing joy,
Robins whistling clear enough
From mossy woodpiles near enough,
But where's my joy?

Blithe in truth looks frost's blue eye
And lovely blue the brook flits by,
Red-faced sun and jewelled sloe
And jests of old crow answering crow
Would all wake joy;

But old time slyly all the while
Checks the song and dims the smile,
And sense so eager turns to shade,
In silence stumbling through the glade.

ROBERT BRIDGES, POET LAUREATE

TO JOHN CLARE

Rest there, dear dust, beneath the lichened stone,
And, darling soul, rejoice and find calm weather
To contemplate, beyond time's clash and moan,
The lion and the lamb lie down together;
And if aught precious to the immortal soul
May be the yearnings of mortality,
Know, here is one that sees thy triumph whole,
And waits on death to win a path to thee.

MARJORIE BOWEN

Miss Bowen, author of so many popular historical romances, has written nothing new for the Dolls' House, but under the titles "The Emeralds" and "A Little Chronicle," she has copied out two episodes from *The Pleasant Husband* (1921).

LADY BRADFORD

whose very human war-book, *A Hospital Letter-writer in France* (1920), will be remembered by many readers, has copied some of the more amusing passages into a little book.

ROBERT BRIDGES

The Poet Laureate has made the following selection from his lyrics, and they have been copied into his little book in part by himself and in part by Mrs. Bridges.

1873-1920

I

Clear and gentle stream !
Known and loved so long,
That hast heard the song
And the idle dream
Of my boyish day;
While I once again
Down thy margin stray,
In the selfsame strain
Still my voice is spent,
With my old lament
And my idle dream,
Clear and gentle stream!

—1873

THE DOLLS' HOUSE LIBRARY

II

Spring goeth all in white,
Crowned with milk-white may:
In fleecy flocks of light
O'er heaven the white clouds stray :

White butterflies in the air;
White daisies prank the ground:
The cherry and hoary pear
Scatter their snow around.

III

Angel spirits of sleep,
White-robed, with silver hair;
In your meadows fair,
Where the willows weep,
And the sad moonbeam
On the gliding stream
Writes her scattered dream:

Angel spirits of sleep,
Dancing to the weir
In the hollow roar
Of its waters deep;
Know ye how men say
That ye haunt no more
Isle and grassy shore
With your moonlit play;
That ye dance not here,
White-robed spirits of sleep,
All the summer night
Threading dances light?

IV

Crown Winter with green,
And give him good drink
To physic his spleen
Or ever he think.

ROBERT BRIDGES, POET LAUREATE

His mouth to the bowl,
His feet to the fire;
And let him, good soul,
No comfort desire.

So merry he be,
I bid him abide:
And merry be we
This good Yuletide.

V

I have loved flowers that fade,
Within whose magic tents
Rich hues have marriage made
With sweet unmemoried scents:
A honeymoon delight,—
A joy of love at sight,
That ages in an hour:—
My song be like a flower!

I have loved airs, that die
Before their charm is writ
Along a liquid sky
Trembling to welcome it.
Notes that with pulse of fire
Proclaim the spirit's desire,
Then die, and are nowhere:—
My song be like an air!

Die, song, die like a breath,
And wither as a bloom:
Fear not a flowery death,
Dread not an airy tomb!
Fly with delight, fly hence!
'Twas thine Love's tender sense
To feast; now on thy bier
Beauty shall shed a tear.

VI

Thou didst delight my eyes:
Yet who am I? nor first

THE DOLLS' HOUSE LIBRARY

Nor last nor best, that durst
Once dream of thee for prize;
Nor this the only time
Thou shalt set love to rhyme.

Thou didst delight my ear:
Ah! little praise; thy voice
Makes other hearts rejoice,
Makes all ears glad that hear;
And short my joy: but yet,
O song, do not forget!

For what wert thou to me?
How shall I say? The moon,
That poured her midnight noon
Upon his wrecking sea;—
A sail, that for a day
Has cheered the castaway.

VII

When my love was away,
Full three days were not sped,
I caught my fancy astray
Thinking if she were dead,

And I alone, alone:
It seemed in my misery
In all the world was none
Ever so lone as I.

I wept; but it did not shame
Nor comfort my heart: away
I rode as I might, and came
To my love at close of day.

The sight of her stilled my fears,
My fairest-hearted love:
And yet in her eyes were tears:
Which when I questioned of,

O now thou art come, she cried,
'Tis fled: but I thought to-day
I never could here abide,
If thou wert longer away.

ROBERT BRIDGES, POET LAUREATE

VIII

A VIGNETTE

Among the meadows
lightly going,
With worship and joy
my heart o'erflowing,

Far from town
and toil of living,
To a holy day
my spirit giving, . . .

Thou tender flower,
I kneel beside thee
Wond'ring why God
so beautified thee.—

An answering thought
within me springeth,
A bloom of the mind
her vision bringeth.

Between the dim hills'
distant azure
And flow'ry foreground
of sparkling pleasure

I see the company
of figures sainted,
For whom the picture
of earth was painted,

Those robèd seers
who made man's story
The crown of Nature,
Her cause his glory.

They walk in the city
which they have builded,
The city of God
from evil shielded:

THE DOLLS' HOUSE LIBRARY

To them for canopy
the vault of Heaven,
The flowery earth
for carpet is given;
Whereon I wander
not unknowing,
With worship and joy
my heart o'erflowing.

IX

One grief of thine
if truth be confest
Was joy to me
for it drave to my breast
Thee, to my heart
to find thy rest.
How long it was
I never shall know:
I watcht the earth
so stately and slow,
And the ancient things
that waste and grow.
But now for me
what speed devours
Our heavenly life,
our brilliant hours!
How fast they fly,
the stars and flowers!

X

I love all beauteous things,
I seek and adore them;
God hath no better praise,
And man in his hasty days
Is honoured for them.
I too will something make
And joy in the making;
Altho' to-morrow it seem
Like the empty words of a dream
Remember'd on waking.

ROBERT BRIDGES, POET LAUREATE

XI

My spirit kisseth thine,
My spirit embraceth thee:
I feel thy being twine
Her graces over me,

In the life-kindling fold
Of God's breath; where on high,
In furthest space untold
Like a lost world I lie:

And o'er my dreaming plains
Lightens, most pale and fair,
A moon that never wanes;
Or more, if I compare,

Like what the shepherd sees
On late mid-winter dawns,
When thro' the branched trees,
O'er the white frosted lawns,

The huge unclouded sun,
Surprising the world whist,
Is all uprisen thereon,
Golden with melting mist.

XII

Why art thou sad, my dearest ?
What terror is it thou fearest,
Braver who art than I
The fiend to defy?

Why art thou sad, my dearest ?
And why in tears appearest,
Closer than I that wert
At hiding thy hurt?

Why art thou sad, my dearest,
Since now my voice thou hearest ?
Who with a kiss restore
Thy valour of yore.

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XIII

When Death to either shall come,—
I pray it be first to me,—
Be happy as ever at home,
If so, as I wish, it be.

Possess thy heart, my own ;
And sing to the child on thy knee,
Or read to thyself alone
The songs that I made for thee.

XIV

In still midsummer night
When the moon is late
And the stars all watery and white
For her coming wait,

A spirit, whose eyes are possest
By wonder new,
Passeth—her arms upon her breast
Enwrapt from the dew

In a raiment of azure fold
With diaper
Of flower'd embroidery of gold
Bestarr'd with silver.

The daisy folk are awake
Their carpet to spread
And the thron'd stars gazing on her make
Fresh crowns for her head,

Netted in her floating hair
As she drifteth free,
Between star-blossoming air
And starry lea,

From the silent-shadow'd vale
By the west wind drawn
Aloft to melt into the pale
Moonrise of dawn.

ROBERT BRIDGES, POET LAUREATE

XV

Since to be loved endures,
To love is wise:
Earth hath no good but yours,
Brave, joyful eyes:
Earth hath no sin but thine,
Dull eye of scorn:
O'er thee the sun doth pine
And angels mourn.

XVI

Weep not to-day: why should this sadness be?
Learn in present fears
To o'ermaster those tears
That unhindered conquer thee.
Think on thy past valour, thy future praise:
Up, sad heart, nor faint
In ungracious complaint,
Or a prayer for better days.
Daily thy life shortens, the grave's dark peace
Draweth surely nigh,
When good-night is good-bye;
For the sleeping shall not cease.
Fight, to be found fighting: nor far away
Deem, nor strange thy doom.
Like this sorrow 'twill come,
And the day will be to-day.

XVII

Love on my heart from heaven fell,
Soft as the dew on flowers of spring,
Sweet as the hidden drops that swell
Their honey-throated chalice.
Now never from him do I part,
Hosanna evermore I cry:
I taste his savour in my heart,
And bid all praise him as do I.

THE DOLLS' HOUSE LIBRARY

Without him noughtsoever is,
Nor was afore, nor e'er shall be:
Nor any other joy than his
Wish I for mine to comfort me.

XVIII

April a-dance in play
met with his lover May,
where she came garlanded.
The blossoming boughs o'erhead
were thrill'd to bursting by
the dazzle from the sky
and the wild music there
that shook the odorous air.

Each moment some new birth
hasten'd to deck the earth
in the gay sunbeams,
Between their kisses dreams:
And dream and kiss were rife
with laughter of mortal life.

But this late day of golden fall
is still as a picture upon a wall,
or a poem in a book lying open unread.
Or whatever else is shrined
when the Virgin hath vanishèd :
Footsteps of eternal Mind
on the path of the dead.

XIX

What fairy fann'd my dreams
while I slept in the sun?
As if a flowering tree
were standing over me;
Its young stem strong and lithe
went branching overhead
And willowy sprays around
fell tasseling to the ground

ROBERT BRIDGES, POET LAUREATE

All with wild blossom gay
as is the cherry in May
When her fresh flaunt of leaf
gives crowns of golden green.

The sunlight was enmesh'd
in the shifting splendour
And I saw through on high
to soft lakes of blue sky;
Ne'er was mortal slumber
so rapt in luxury.
Rather—Endymion—
would I sleep in the sun
'Neath the trees divinely
with day's azure above,
When my love of Beauty
is met by beauty's love.

So I slept enchanted
under my loving tree,
Till from his late resting
The sweet songster of night
Rousing awaken'd me:
Then! this—the bird's note—
Was the voice of thy throat
which thou gav'st me to kiss.

XX

Beautiful is man's home: how fair,
Wrapt in her robe of azurous air,
The Earth thro' stress of ice and fire,
Came on the path of God's desire,
Redeeming Chaos, to compose
Exquisite forms of lily and rose,
With every creature a design
Of loveliness or craft divine
Searchable and unsearchable,
And each insect a miracle!

THE DOLLS' HOUSE LIBRARY

XXI

POOR CHILD

On a mournful day
When my heart was lonely,
O'er and o'er my thought
Conned but one thing only,
Thinking how I lost
Wand'ring in the wild-wood
The companion self
Of my careless childhood.
How, poor child, it was
I shall ne'er discover,
But 'twas just when he
Grew to be thy lover,
With thine eyes of trust
And thy mirth, whereunder
All the world's hope lay
In thy heart of wonder.
Now beyond regrets
And faint memories of thee,
Saddest is, poor child,
That I cannot love thee.

XXII

FORTUNATUS NIMIVM

I have lain in the sun,
I have toil'd as I might,
I have thought as I would,
And now it is night.
My bed full of sleep,
My heart of content
For friends that I met
The way that I went.

These poems have
been chosen by the
Author for the Library
of the Royal Dolls
House, Windsor Castle

A. E. Housman

A. E. Housman

Sage Counsel
The Lion is
The brast he
fight;
He leaps along
The plain,

Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch

Sage Counsel

The Lion is
The brast he
fight;
He leaps along
The plain,

W. H. Davies

1.
A thousand
years by
land and sea
Our race have
served the
island Kings

Sir Henry Newbolt

Time, Time,
who chooseth
All in the end we;
Who severly
refuseth
Fames upon
trumpets blown

Lawrence Binyon

30
FORTUNATUS XXII
NIMIVM
I have lain in the sun
I have toiled as I
might,
I have thought as I
would,
Et now it is night

Robert Bridges

The Monk looked out
of the lattice
Saying "Why blow
ye so?"
And Robin laughed,
saying "Father,
Why, horns were made
to blow"

G. K. Chesterton

4.
Swift
Beauty of old
and beauty, yet
to be,
Stripped of occasion,
have security,
This hour it is search
the just must find

John Drinkwater

5.
When I was young I
dared to sing
Of every thing & anything,
Of joy and woe & fate & God,
Of dreaming cloud and
teeming God,
Of hell that thrust an
amber spear
Into the sunset, & the sheer

James Stephens

ROBERT BRIDGES, POET LAUREATE

I welcome fatigue,
While frenzy and care
Like thin summer clouds
Go melting in air.

To dream as I may
And awake when I will
With the song of the birds
And the sun on the hill.

Or death—were it death—
To what should I wake,
Who lov'd in my home
All life for its sake?

What good have I wrought?
I laugh to have learn'd
That joy cannot come
Unless it be earn'd :

For a happier lot
Than God giveth me,
It never hath been
Nor ever shall be.

—1920.

VICTOR BRIDGES

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

My brother William was due to arrive home from India on December 22nd. On the 19th I received a letter from my sister Alice entreating me to come down to Lynchester for Christmas and take part in the festivities which they were preparing.

I arrived the day before my brother, and nearly broke my neck assisting Alice to nail up "Welcome" in the hall.

The next morning was cold and snowy. In spite of some logical reasoning on my part, Alice insisted on my accompanying her to the garden gate to look out for William.

For ten frozen minutes we "looked" in shivering expectation. At last he drove up in a cab, twelve stone of him—big, brown and cheerful.

THE DOLLS' HOUSE LIBRARY

"And this," he said, when the first ardour of Alice's affection had sufficiently cooled, "must be little Jim. How are you, old boy?"

"Very glad to see you, William," I replied heartily.

We returned to the house, my sister quivering with delight over the sensation that "Welcome" would arouse in my brother's mind. Unfortunately the silly thing had fallen on to the floor, so William never saw it. I could have sworn I nailed it up firmly, but Alice was quite nasty about it later on.

We had arranged a little party for Christmas day, and William and I determined that it should be a success.

We asked two young men on Alice's recommendation, together with a couple of pretty girls whom we ourselves selected in Church on Sunday morning.

The party went off brilliantly. We had purchased some champagne from the local grocer, which lifted our guests into a sparkling humour. William and I drank whisky.

We played games and kept it up till twelve o'clock. Then our guests departed, bubbling with gratitude.

Mother and Alice went to bed, saying, "Don't sit up too late," and William and I settled down for a last whisky.

I don't quite know how it happened, but William was very interesting, and I was in good form, and somehow or other it was two o'clock before we moved.

We put out the gas in the dining room and the hall, locked the door, and went upstairs to our room. We were sharing the big bedroom where we used to sleep as boys.

In a few minutes we were undressed and between the sheets.

In a few more we were fast asleep.

I was awakened suddenly by a dig from William's elbow.

"Why can't you lie still?" I began rather crossly.

"Hush!" he whispered, "no noise!"

"What's the matter?" I inquired. "Was I snoring?"

"Sh!" he repeated, "keep silent. There are burglars in the house."

"How do you know?" I demanded.

"I have been lying awake listening to them. There are a gang of them in the dining room packing up the plate."

VICTOR BRIDGES

I began to feel rather nervous. Suddenly a happy thought struck me. "Shall I get out and lock the door?" I suggested. "Then we can talk it over."

"What!" he replied indignantly, "and leave Mother and Alice at the mercy of those brutes?"

"Oh!" I admitted, "I hadn't thought of that."

There was a moment's silence.

Then William sat up in bed.

"No," he said sternly, "I will go down and face them. Fetch me the poker."

"If you *are* getting up," I replied, "you might as well fetch it yourself. It's horribly cold."

"Fetch me the poker," he whispered savagely. I crawled out of bed. It was very dark and an icy draught blew gaily round the room.

Before I had gone two steps I ran my knee violently against a chair.

"Don't make such a noise," came a hoarse voice from the bed.

In speechless indignation I groped my way to the fireplace, and retraced my steps.

"You have given me the tongs," whispered William angrily.

"They were good enough for S. Dunstan," I objected.

"Fetch me the poker at once."

I set out again in the darkness, and avoiding the chair with some skill, struck the table violently with my hip. Of the two I preferred the chair.

"Here is the poker," I said sullenly.

"Now for my slippers."

"Hang it all!" I began.

"Slippers," he hissed.

This time I knelt on a tin tack. Fortunately it was the other knee.

He got out of bed and opened the door. The gas was burning in the hall.

"Well," I whispered, "they've got some cheek. I remember putting that out last night."

He stepped deftly into the passage, holding the poker ready to strike.

I followed with the tongs.

He laid his hand on my shoulder.

THE DOLLS' HOUSE LIBRARY

"Go back," he said kindly. "This is no boy's work."

I shook my head. "I will keep behind you in case they fire," I whispered. "But I mean to come."

"As you will," he answered briefly.

Slowly and cautiously we descended the stairs, which creaked loudly at every step. William kept on saying "Sh" as if it were my fault.

At last we reached the bottom and advanced on tip-toe to the dining-room door. There was no doubt about it. We could plainly hear the chink of silver, and the dull crash of falling metal.

"Crowbars," I whispered with a rather sickly smile.

William nodded grimly, and shifted the poker to his right hand. I took a firm grip on the tongs.

"When I say three," he whispered. "Don't give 'em time to think."

Very gently he caught hold of the handle of the door.

"One—two—three!"

With the last word he flung it open and we dashed into the room. The cook was laying breakfast and the housemaid was on her knees in front of the fire.

With a shriek of terror the former let fall the plate basket, and turning round made a dive for the window. She tripped over the housemaid, who had fainted, and collapsed headlong into the fireplace.

At that moment the clock on the mantelpiece struck nine.

OSCAR BROWNING

The author of these lines died while the book was at the printer's.

EDELWEISS

Take, dear Lady, take these flowers
Children born of sun and showers.
Summer heat and winter snow
Crushed the rock from which they grow.
Strength of immemorial chalk
Fed the fibres of their stalk,
Now a link in friendship's chain,
From the mountain to the main.

JOHN BUCHAN

Gleam and gloom with varying sway
Stained their petals ashen grey,
Which, like loving hearts, enfold
In their midst one spot of gold.
Nurslings of the Central Sea,
Such as late I gave to thee,
Lull the senses, charm the eye,
Breathe and wither, bloom and die.
These, by sterner process made,
Slow engendered, slowly fade
And they bring where'er they fare,
Just a whiff of Alpine air.
Lady, take these simple flowers,
Emblem meet of sun and showers.

JOHN BUCHAN

THE BATTLE OF THE SOMME

No great thing is achieved without a price, and on the Somme fell the very flower of our race, the straightest of limb, the keenest of brain, the most eager of spirit. In such a mourning each man thinks first of his friends. Each of us has seen his crowded circle become like the stalls of a theatre at an unpopular play. Each has suddenly found the world of time strangely empty and eternity strangely thronged. To look back upon the gallant procession of those who offered their all and had their gift accepted, is to know exultation as well as sorrow. The young men who died almost before they had gazed on the world, the makers and the doers who left their tasks unfinished, were greater in their deaths than in their lives. They builded better than they knew, for the sum of their imperfections was made perfect, and out of loss they won for their country and mankind an enduring gain. Their memory will abide so long as men are found to set honour before ease, and a nation lives not for its ledgers alone but for some purpose of virtue. They have become, in the fancy of Henry Vaughan, the shining Spires of that City to which we travel.

G. E. BUCKLE

Mr. Buckle has copied from his *Life of Lord Beaconsfield* a number of passages bearing upon Disraeli's relations with Queen Victoria and the Queen's trust in her Prime Minister.

THE DOLLS' HOUSE LIBRARY

GILBERT CANNAN

THE STORY OF A DOLL

When I left the factory I stared for months out of the window in Bond Street until one day the lid was put on my box and I was sent to Gwen. She had golden hair—the warmest strongest hands that brought one to life. She never went to bed without me and I lived in all her dreams. She had no mother, and was all the more a mother to me, so that sometimes I was more than a doll. She understood this and told me everything she thought, and her thoughts were strong and warm like herself. She could be happier than anyone else, and unhappier, which shows that she was a Princess. She used to talk a great deal about the Prince who would come one day and marry her and me. She would never dream of marrying a Prince who did not want me. Sometimes she used to call me her family.

Her father died, and it was very quiet in the house. He was very important in his death, and it made a lot of difference to Gwen. She began to grow up and her dreams changed, and though she dreamed about the Prince she never talked about him. She went to a Ball and an old man wanted to marry her. She cried a great deal and told me it was criminal. They took me away from her and made her look like a lady, but they could never make her look like anything but a Princess.

At last the wedding cake was ordered. I was shabby and dirty in the cupboard in the nursery. The wedding cake was too much. It was so vulgar.

Gwen found me and we ran away. We went to Paris and Brussels, and Munich where I was born. There used to be Princes in Munich, and we found one. He was an English one. He said in verse:—

How could I dream,
How could I live,
Without the gleam
Your love can give?
I am a Prince, but I am poor,
Can poverty open to me love's door?

And Gwen said in prose, "Yes, it can."

So they got married. They had nobody in the world but ME. The sun went quite pale with the thought of their happiness, and the moon went into retirement. It was unbelievable. I retired, too, and stared at the

G. K. CHESTERTON

ceiling, wishing they would remember me. But they never did for months, until one day the Prince went out and bought me a new frock. It was silver and pink charmeuse. The Prince said I must be very proud and happy because I was going to be promoted. I did not know what they meant until one day I was stuffed into a cradle where there was a Baby.

The Baby's name is Gwen, and at last I know a Doll's true happiness, for the new Gwen has a father and a mother and I can be a member of a real Royal Family, and no longer have thrust on me more than any Doll can bear.

Written in Paris by Gilbert Cannan, May 1st, 1922.

G. K. CHESTERTON

THE BALLAD OF THREE HORNS

An experiment in narrative verse in the metre of the old ballads

When Robin Hood in Sherwood shot
(Though prigs pretend to know
That not the bowman but the bard
Was drawing the long bow),

In Lincoln Green he gaily trod,
With sword and arrows keen
(Some say only the bard was sharp,
Only the hearers green).

Where the green wood grew thin and showed
A shimmer of pale gold,
He came out from the forest fringe,
Out on the great grey wold.

And as he went by the Franklin's farm
He idly wound his horn ;
And the Franklin cried from his banquet-hall
With a sleepy roar of scorn,

“What boots your barren horn, Robin,
Methought you blew it when
You laid the hounds to the hurtling deer
Or called up your merry men.

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"There is naught in your hollow horn, Robin,
But air and empty sound,
But my horn is full of the Gascon wine
That makes the world go round.

"I ride this bench, my wooden horse,
Happy as huntsman can,
Nor need I call to my merry men,
I am the merriest man."

"I drink of the brook," said Robin,
"Or the brown Nottingham ale;
But if you had come from Nottingham Fair,
When the reeling stars were pale,

"Dizzy among the dancing trees,
Treading the heaving ground,
You would know there's brew in Merry England
To make the world go round."

He went by the graven Abbey, grey
And wrinkled with ancient tales,
And blew his horn by the vaulted cell
Of the wise Monk from Wales.

The Monk looked out of the lattice,
Saying "Why blow ye so?"
And Robin laughed, saying "Father,
Why, horns were made to blow."

"Nay, horns were made for a hundred things,
Money or mead or beer,
And I have better than wealth or wine
Out of my ink-horn here.

"With naught but an old reed-pen to use,
A parchment-page to stain,
I dwell with Michael and Mary the Queen
And Arthur and Charlemagne.

"And he that knows not wind or wine
But only an ancient tale
Can blow the horn that Roland blew
And drink of the Holy Grail."

G. K. CHESTERTON

Silent a space was Robin
And his face was sad in the sun,
And he said "I am but a poor outlaw,
And have no horn but one."

And the Monk spake more slowly
And the reed in his fingers twirled
And his eyes grew stranger than the stars
On the under-side of the world.

"If ever you go to the North Country,
A thousand miles from home,
To the hollow homes of the creeping Picts
And the end of the roads of Rome,

"You shall find a castle and treasure-house
Having horns for ink and wine
Not to be matched with a mortal reed
Or grown of an earthly vine.

"The ink-horn and the drinking-horn
Who takes and pays the price,
His wine shall be as the purple seas
That break upon Paradise.

"His pen shall quicken with tales on tales
As a tangled thicket thrives,
Till a fool that hears has a hundred hearts
Lost in a hundred lives.

"The room is roofed with a burnished dome
And strewn with rushes free,
With an oaken pillar on either hand
And the horns are plain to see."

When Robin came to the North Country,
A thousand miles and more,
He crept down a craggy waste that sank
Like an endless shelving shore;

Pale rocks like faces featureless,
Rotting with leprosy,
And though the place was an endless shore
There came no sound of the sea.

THE DOLLS' HOUSE LIBRARY

Till he saw by a gate in a long grey wall,
Like the wall at the world's end,
A lone old man with a crooked smile
That was neither of foe or friend.

He opened the gate, saying "Enter ye
Who have come to the world's desire."
And the chambers of that great grey keep
Were lined with gold like fire.

The first room had a dizzy dome
Where moons and planets swim,
And the second room had a solemn dome
Stooping with seraphim.

The door of the third was strong and high,
And when it did open stand
There was naught beyond but the empty sky
And the endless falling land.

Only grey groves of Druid oak
Looked down on a rushy fen,
But through the mist came a monstrous shape
Shaking the bones of men—

An Ox; but in the fields of earth
Are no such oxen found:
And the horns of its head were a black crescent
Like the crescent of Mahound.

"Here is your boon," the old man said,
"Your vision come to pass,
For this is the Black Bull of the North
That has trampled spears like grass.

"Stones that were towns are in his track,
Bones that were hosts of war;
This is the door of the treasure-house;
Go where your treasures are.

"You have hounded the timid stag, Robin,
And the running deer in play,
Here is a deer that will not run
And a stag that turns to bay.

G. K. CHESTERTON

“The room is roofed with a shining dome
And strewn with rushes free,
There are oaken pillars on either hand
And the horns are plain to see.”

In Robin’s eyes yet wondering
A slow strange welcome woke,
Till his lungs were filled with laughter,
And he lifted his head and spoke:

“In the green heart of England,
Under the greenwood tree,
I ought to have learnt the lesson
I have come so far to see.

“Bows are not born with bow-strings,
Though men be born with hands,
But the yew-tree of the unyielding dead
Like a dark green dragon stands.

“The feathered arrows do not spring
Like feathered twigs on a tree,
But the wild-goose cries from the scudding sky
That the wild-goose chase is free.

“And though this brute tread down the world
Behind me shall not fail
The good green trees and the merry men
And the old songs and the ale.

“After all sport and idleness
This soul shall still go forth
When a man from the heart of Merry England
Meets hell out of the North.”

Like a toppling hill with hair for grass
The Thing grew vast and nigh
Till the horns of its head were far aloft
Like the young moon in the sky.

And high on that hairy mountain
By that star-staggering horn
The eye of the Black Bull of the North
Red-rimmed, was white with scorn.

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And Robin remembered a Southland down
As high in heaven and wide
With a tiny target red and white,
A speck on the far hill-side,

When he shot with the Sussex archers
For the prize of a Sussex ram,
And over the vast vale hit the white
For the honour of Nottingham.

But naught was here but the towering beast
And the ruinous falling land
When Robin lifted his soul to God
And took his bow in his hand.

There was naught alive but a living death
To freeze the stars with fear
When Robin went upon one knee
And drew the cord to his ear.

And the whole earth shook with the monster
And the whole world swayed and swam
When Robin shot, and hit the white
For the honour of Nottingham.

The Bull came down like a Babel-Tower
With the feathered bolt in his brain:
And Robin sprang on the hairy hill
And blew his horn again.

He blew his horn and drew his sword
And hacked at either horn
And carried them back to merry Barnsdale
And the place where he was born.

Robin went back to merry Barnsdale
And saw the grey goose fly
And the greenwood rise and the red deer run
And his soul sang in the sky.

He gave one horn to Friar Tuck
And the other to Little John
And since that day in merry England
The tales and songs go on.

G. K. CHESTERTON

The ballads and books of Merry England
Of Man's most holy mirth
That are as the laughter of giants,
An earthquake on the earth:

Their ink shall madden the world like wine,
Their wine like water flow,
The men that go on the wild-goose chase
And find where the wild horns grow.

And this is a dull and common tale
To the dizzy tales divine
The bards of a better time shall tell
Whose ink is mixed with wine.

They shall pluck their pens in the wild-goose chase
Wherever the wild geese go,
For this is the latest not the last
Of the tales of the Long Bow.

EXPLICIT. LAVS. DEO

Mr. Chesterton has collected a number of Opinions of the Press, of which some are appended :—

“There is perhaps in some parts of the narrative something almost verging on the improbable.”—*The Spectator*.

“It has neither the psychology of Balzac nor the quiet observation of Jane Austen.”—*Times Literary Supplement*.

“Had not the Bull been a decent self-respecting Vegetarian, he could have made a mouthful of Robin Hood.”—*Mr. G. Bernard Shaw*.

“Tiens!”—*M. Anatole France*.

“If each one of us saw himself as a black ox, experiencing the ox psychology, we should outgrow this custom of poking bulls in the eye.”—*Mr. J. Galsworthy*.

“He by the brain-congesting Black Bull Complex controlled is.”—*Professor Freud*.

“Robin Hood was clearly a Sun Myth like Lord Leverhulme of Port Sunlight, or the legendary ‘Kaiser’ with his Place in the Sun.”—*Mr. Edward Clodd*.

“It is the ambition of my life to act the hind legs of the Bull.”—*Mr. Charles Chaplin*.

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MARY CHOLMONDELEY

The author of *Red Pottage* (1902) has copied out a passage from that admirable novel.

ETHEL CLIFFORD (LADY DILKE)

Lady Dilke has chosen twenty-one of her poems from *Songs of Dreams* (1903) and *Love's Journey* (1908), with others added, and has dedicated the selection to Her Majesty the Queen. I wish there was room to print them all. Here are four:—

PYRRHA ON THE HILL

My mother danced in Agamemnon's house.
The myrtle wreath still clasps her withered brows
Where the earth holds her deep.
And I who breathe her spirit must remain
Here on the hill between the sun and rain
And tend the crying sheep.

My mother danced for Agamemnon's eyes.
Was I not gathered in the galleries
Of the long house of stone?
My feet remember floors they never stirred,
My ears hold music they have never heard,
My heart a song unknown.

This old grey shepherd is no kin of mine.
His blood is water to my leaping wine,
His heart ash to my fire.
He lies all day upon the sun-warmed grass,
Content to watch the idle seasons pass,
Without dream or desire.

Doom came upon the King ere I was born.
My mother fled towards the shepherd's horn
Among the junipers.
The shepherd made a grave for her, no more;
And here he reared me for the love he bore
That stricken face of hers.

And must I stay until my beauty fades,
And I grow reconciled to seek the shades

ETHEL CLIFFORD (LADY DILKE)

That see all beauty's end,
Here on the windy hill of empty days
With foolish sheep that only care to graze
And have no thought to spend?

I would be closed about with silk-hung walls,
That seem to live when passionate music calls,
And have my senses filled
With chant of fierce armed men, with heavy air
When dawn makes violet the torches' flare,
With scent of wine new-spilled.

Dead Agamemnon, help me to my hour.
Deep buried mother, give me of your power,
Inform me with your breath.
Let me but once, with jewelled arms held up,
Drain of desire and dream the golden cup
Even though to drink be death.

CAIN'S SONG

Lo, I am matched with Jehovah. Life of his giving
Have I destroyed and made vain. Cold and apart
Abel lies dead in his grave while I, Cain, am living,
Warm, with the blood in my veins and desire in my heart.

Outcast am I: but the earth, fertile and kindly,
Stretches beneath me. The sun sets in the West,
Golden and red, and I see it, while Abel sleeps blindly,
Deaf to the rain and I hear it. Lord, which is best?

Branded am I: but the deer, russet and sable,
Still are for quarry. And I hunt not in vain.
Mine is the triumph of storm and the gladness of rain, but Abel
Nothing he knows though his face is upturned to the rain.

Cursèd am I: but the night has mysterious giving
Of dreams, and day lights fires that burn in the east and west.
Thy favoured one lies in his grave and I, thine accursed, am
living,
Quick in the wonder of earth and the sunlight. Lord, which is
best?

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THE SONG BY THE WILLOW

Belov'd, if you should cease to love my eyes
Not any saint that prays in Paradise
Could comfort me; nor any magic spell,
Nor memory of the ways we loved so well;
Nor lasting fragrance of remembered roses;
Nor shadow's beauty when the long day closes;
Nor sound of falling water; nor the cry
Of wind-blown birds across a purple sky.
My soul would ask nor earth nor Paradise,
Belov'd, if you should cease to love my eyes.

THE SONG IN THE VALLEY

How softly comes the night. The thousand fires
The new-waked stars have lit beyond the sky
Shine dim and distant as war-beacons show
To one too old to hear the rallying-cry.

A slow contentment in the valley broods,
Far from the swift unrest of higher airs.
Does Fate grow kinder at the journey's end
Or is it we grow wiser in our prayers?

Yet sometimes, through the sleepy valley's peace,
I hear, from deep within my heart, the song
We heard when, morning-young upon the hill,
We yearned toward the battle, being strong.

We thought together we should grasp the stars;
We took the sun in heaven for a sign
We should together win the earth, and sit
In Honour's hall and drink the heroes' wine.

And now the journey ends and we have won
No kingdom; yet not quite uncrowned we go:
For love was ours and all the songs Love sings,
The dreams that those who love not cannot know.

Since everything must pass and we must pass—
We have seen the world and played in it our parts—
Give me your hand and draw me through the porch
Of Sleep, the sanctuary of pilgrim hearts.

MRS. W. K. CLIFFORD

Extracts from:—

A MODERN CORRESPONDENCE
LETTERS OF A WORLDLY WOMAN
ON THE WANE

PREFACE

These be three women who loved the world, not meaning the pomps and vanities but the round world itself and the people who belong to it. The bandage lifted was from their eyes and, as they became wise, they proved how sad a thing is wisdom.

The first tried to comfort herself with dreams; and waits, hoping that they will find their way into the waking hours.

The second played an eager, reckless game, staking all her happiness, and perhaps gained most when she had lost it.

The third looked up at sorrow and, seeing a little way beyond, set out on a journey; but she does not know yet where it will end.

And the moral is—but who cares for morals? Let us leave them to the preacher.

A MODERN CORRESPONDENCE

II. HE TO HER

. . . let us get married as soon as Carpeth is settled. Don't think I have ceased to care for you because I don't write you sentimental letters. . . . Of course, we went on at a rapid rate this summer, but you see we were thrown a good deal on each other, and there's always something enticing in the river and the willow weed and the towing path, and all the rest of it . . . and when a man is alone with a woman he likes, and nothing particular besides on his mind, he would be a duffer if he didn't run on a bit. . . .

But talk as you will about affection, it is the best thing to get married on; blazing passion fizzles out pretty soon and leaves precious little behind. It says a good deal for the strength and genuineness of my feeling for you that, after the speed of last summer, I can still in the cool of the autumn declare, as I do, that I am sincerely fond of you. . . .

III. SHE TO HIM

. . . I wouldn't marry you for the world . . .

If I marry at all, it must be a man who has it in him to leave the world

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richer than he found it, who will teach it or beautify it, or make it in some way better because he has been. For men who do this are masters of the world, and men like you—rich or fairly rich, good, plodding and painstaking—are their servants.

. . . Marriage between us is not possible. A service might be read over us, one roof might cover us, one name identify us; but this would not be marriage—only a binding together by a ceremony, made for those not strong enough to stand by each other without it, which, in the eyes of the outer world, would make us man and wife, yet in our own hearts leave us miles apart . . . It would not satisfy me; I am a woman, and alive to my finger-ends and, if I am loved at all, would be loved wholly and altogether, as a man who is alive too, and part of the living world, knows how to love. . . .

V. SHE TO HIM

. . . to the lovers and the dreamers and enthusiasts it is sometimes given to move the world with their shoulders; the plodders do it stone by stone, while the ages admire their patience. The last are like schoolboys learning, but to the first the heavens and hells have whispered.

Passion soon fizzles out, you say, and you think only of the passion of a wicked French novel . . . the passion I mean, and would have in my lover's heart, was in Joan's when she rode into Rheims to crown her king. If it had but lasted a little longer it would have deadened the outward flames at her burning, and her shrieks would not have echoed in our ears through all the centuries. It was in Napoleon's heart when he strode on before his army and thought the whole world would be his. It is in the novice's heart when she hears the great gate clang behind her and, raising her clasped hands, thinks that she will surely one day scale the heights of heaven and see her Saviour's face . . . men and women are not meant to kill their strongest feelings and impulses, but only to understand them, to know when to govern or to let themselves be governed. To this last knowledge the world owes the greatest deeds that men have done. In passion there is fire, and does not fire purify as well as burn? The prairie flames sweep all growths before them as they make unflinchingly towards their goal, and the goal of passionate love, at its highest, is achievement that but for its sake would never have been gained. . . .

. . . it has all been a sad mistake. That you love me, or have loved me, I know well enough; but there is a great space between us, a desert in

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which we should have to walk if we tried to be together. No, again and for ever, no . . .

. . . Good-bye, once again.

VI. HIS MOST INTIMATE FRIEND TO HIM

. . . I take her in pretty well. She isn't altogether a fool, you know; but she is one of the large-minded great-souled people, longing to suffer and distinguish themselves in the cause of humanity and for the good of the world, who are such a nuisance nowadays. . . .

Depend upon it she is unconsciously a democrat, and democrats are the devil . . . marry your cousin Nell . . . or any other sensible girl who doesn't think she has a destiny or a mission, and thank your stars that this magnificent person would not have you.

LETTERS OF A WORLDLY WOMAN

II. MADGE TO HER CLOSEST WOMAN FRIEND

. . . No, indeed, I am not changed at heart, no matter how different I am in manner . . . I am just as fond of you as ever, though I do not show it as often or as easily as before I had learnt to be silent, and had learnt too that restraint and the hiding of her feelings constitute half the wisdom of woman. . . .

Yes, dear, of course, and for ever let us be friends again, close friends if it be possible. Gradually I may thaw . . . I wish you were in London . . . but if that cannot be so, we will write, and you will at least see that I have not forgotten—that success has not spoilt me. Success? Sad failure if you did but know . . .

III. MADGE TO HER BROTHER

DEAREST JOHN,—. . . I am delighted to hear that you are coming back . . .

Sir Noel Franks asked us to dine on Thursday, but I refused. It seemed a pity to give up a quiet evening together for any dinner-party in the world. No, I am not flirting with him . . . he is too much taken up with the world to be romantic. Perhaps he would marry me; but he is not in love with me . . .

VII. MADGE TO HER FRIEND

. . . I thought of Bombay, of you, of the happy days at Poona . . .

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There is one evening that always comes back to me when I sit and think—a long sultry evening when we sat as usual in our low chairs round the wide-open windows, and took in the scent of the flowers, the hum of the insects, the breath of that dear summer-time. It seemed too much to bear—the stillness, the hush, the beauty; it was as though the world in dreamy rapture had stood still. . . . Mark Cuthbertson—he was always there, do you remember?—he said in his laughing, gibing way that imagination was a delicious land into which idle folk with little to do retreated. . . .

It seems like a lifetime since those days . . . if death, coveting one of that happy group, had but taken me. . . . For my world was at its brightest then . . . Sometimes since I have thought that there should be something in our greatest happiness that killed unconsciously, so that no sorrow followed it, no bitterness, then the happiness would be locked in our still hearts for all eternity, since nothing could take it from us. Is it not always twelve by the clock that stops at noon, and are not the strange eyes of the Sphinx for ever and ever open wide, staring over the great sands, though all the centuries pass and all the nations die? . . .

IX. MADGE TO HER FRIEND

. . . You are right. Mark Cuthbertson—he is the key to my history.

I wish I had never seen him, for in some strange way, and though I do not know whether I hate or love him, he dominates everything I do or say. He is never wholly out of my thoughts, yet it is possible that we may never even meet again. I will tell you about him from the beginning as clearly and coherently as I can. . . . Mark came one vacation with John . . . when I was a little girl . . . I cried the day he went away, though I soon forgot him. He never came again. He passed . . . out of my life till John and I went to India. . . . He was artist to an illustrated paper, as you know. . . .

. . . in Bombay just as in Poona. He came every day, all day, half the night. There was in his being with us . . . a matter-of-courseness that admitted of no question. He and John were dearest friends . . . brothers in all but name . . . when John had to go off . . . about the railway, and I was left with you . . . I think it was a comfort to him that Mark was near

Poona is a dangerously fascinating place . . . perhaps it is the mangoes, the wonderful profusion of roses, the lake, the determination of every-

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one to get all the enjoyment possible out of surroundings, I don't know. But the days there are full of beauty, and happiness, of indolence and a dreamy sense of living. Didn't you feel this?

You . . . and did not notice what was happening to me. . . . There was nothing to conceal, but it was impossible to talk of Mark. . . .

He gave me some lessons in sketching . . . out of doors with the mangoes shading us, with the rose-breath filling the air, and the sunshine and the blue sky and the delicious sense of nature at her highest noon that India always gives—what else could one of two at least do but fall in love? We took long rides together, too. . . . He controlled me absolutely, and I liked, as a woman does, being controlled by a clever man. . . .

John was delighted that Mark and I were good companions. . . . He knew that Mark had neither love-making nor matrimony in his mind . . . and he forgot how much the majority of people concern themselves about both. . . .

Do you see how easily things drifted? . . . without any love-making, without a single word that my heart would lay hold of, we yet drew very close indeed, and seemed unable to live apart. . . .

When we left India Mark managed to get sent to Malta . . . and through the long days at sea we were thrown together with the completeness that only happens on board ship. I do not know, into another's heart one cannot see, but I think he did love me then—he could not keep away from me; oh, he must have loved me . . . I know he did then, and in the dear months afterward, and if I lost him, it was my fault, and mine only.

I am glad it came into my heart—the great love; the overwhelming blind passion that did come for him later; the price has been hard to pay; the years long and bitter since, but life without it would have been a dull and sorry play. In spite of all its folly, all its mistakes, I would not have missed my life to be a saint in heaven. . . .

X. MADGE TO HER FRIEND

. . . In October Mark came back to England . . . and took a studio. . . . He was in wonderful spirits, full of pictures he was going to paint, of books we must both read, of John's work, of politics, of everything that was going on in the world. That was a part of his great charm, he was so thoroughly alive . . . for all his air of indolence and leisure.

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He seemed to know everything that was in the air long before others talked of it. . . .

"I shall take Madge in hand," he said to John. "She draws very well, and would paint well too if she would only work . . ."

. . . All day long I was left to my own devices. . . .

Mark used to come in the morning soon after John had gone. . . .

We worked steadily at first, then the brushes were too often laid aside—we had so much to say. We talked of ourselves, we were jealous and curious; we watched each other furtively and were half ashamed, if our hands met they sent a message through me

Trusted him? I would have staked my life that every word he said was true, and every look an index of his heart. It never once entered into my head—how should it?—that all the time a self of which I knew nothing thought and drew conclusions and managed him, a self totally different from the one he showed me. . . .

. . . the beginning of many days—long days at his studio, long walks to and fro, and talks by the fire as the light grew grey and the wood burned and crackled—wood that had seen shipwreck once and now blazed out and left darkness behind as I walked through my Eden towards the gate that leads outward. . . .

He loved me surely, I thought . . . but he never once said it. . . .

XI. MADGE TO HER FRIEND

. . . It is so long since the days I am telling you about. . . . Since those days, too, I have changed. I have won my spurs in the world. I know my power, and if I could only forget, I could be content. "Love is not all," I say to myself in these days; there are many things besides—ambition, for instance, and power. To help to make the wide world's history, to see the beginnings of great movements, the birth of new ideas, the gradual development of some strange theory that shall unhinge doors that have been closed for centuries, and set them open wide—are these not better than love? Love is for the individual—a short and fevered happiness for one, at most for two; is it not foolish to stake our lives upon it? Other things may affect the whole world, but love is just for our own hearts. Be it what it will, love is for me no more—it is for ever beyond my reach, and so I cultivate fine feelings and big thoughts and try to find some satisfaction in them. It is a trick

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known to many of us, though each one, as he learns it, tries to hide its trickiness and to pass it off almost as a religion. . . .

But to my story. . . .

At last the summer—that long wonderful summer that I look back upon as the heaven of my whole life—came to an end. . . .

. . . his manner grew colder and more and more careful, a little wearied, too, as though he were waiting to see the play out, and would be glad when it had finished; his words were fewer and more distant till slowly, like a nightmare, there crept over me the knowledge that he was severing his life from mine.

In late September we were to go back to London, and Janet made ready. . . .

The last day of all came . . . when he . . . wished me good-bye at the cottage with: "Well, I must be off; we shall meet in London, I suppose?" His manner had said clearly, "This is the beginning of a new order of things, remember, for the old one is ended." He stooped and kissed my cheek, and went. . . . I raised my head and listened to the stillness, no note of a bird overhead to disturb the silence, only the leaves falling—poor leaves, that had hung so fresh and high, and now fell low, sere and yellow—with a whisper that seemed to mean: "The day is over, the summer is done, and you are alone, as all human beings are alone sooner or later. It is a part of life, so great a part that it is nearly the whole; only some are alone in the silence, and some in the midst of many who go past them." . . .

We never went back to the old footing—never. He came to see us now and then; but his manner grew cold and formal, critical and fault-finding. I have learnt to know that the first sign of love waning is when it begins to be critical. Love? The pity of it is that I can never be sure that Mark had ever any love at all for me. . . .

XVII. MADGE TO HER FRIEND

. . . Last night he dined here, devoting himself to pretty Mrs. Browson, scarcely looking at me. I am only a woman, so I revenged myself by flirting with Sir Noel Franks. . . . I shall marry him—God help me. And yet it is the best thing that can happen to me. The other man would break my heart whether I married him or remained single. With Sir Noel I need not remember that I have one. He will make no demands on it. He will satisfy my ambition. I will set myself a task that will only be finished when he is Prime Minister. . . .

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A busy, thinking, diplomatic life, in which I have for ever to be *en évidence*, up and doing, always planning this step and that, and withal keeping note of the intellectual rate about me; finding out some genius, and presenting him to the world, to his own modest dismay; or rescuing some invention from the claws of the middleman, and getting honour for the right quarter. Yes, yes, that is what it shall be. I will get outside myself . . . Tell me this—is love a curse or a blessing? I sometimes think it is like death. A strange comparison, you will say. But, like death, it is a doorway we go through blindfold, whether we will or not; the bandage falls from our eyes, and we find ourselves in heaven or hell. There is less space in the universe than one would think. There must be less; for heaven and hell and this world of ours seem crowded and packed so close together, it is but a minute from one to the other. . . . I think, perhaps, I may be a better woman if I marry Sir Noel, may think farther away. . . . Mark has been a sort of Juggernaut to me; he has ridden over my soul, and crushed it, with all the longings and higher feelings of which it was capable, and I have been at his mercy through all the best years of my life. . . .

XX. MADGE TO HER FRIEND

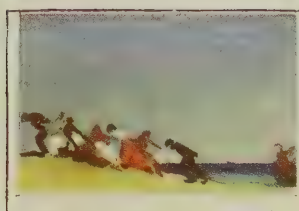
. . . This afternoon I accepted Sir Noel . . . I welcomed him gratefully. . . . His manner was perfect; it is always excessively courteous and considerate towards women, and it has, besides, a simple straightforwardness that makes one breathe freely. He is good too—I felt that as I looked up at his face . . . tall and thin, almost soldierly in his bearing, his voice a little low, and refined in its tone. . . .

“ . . . I will put what I have to say into the simplest words I know,” he said, “ will you do me the honour to become my wife?” . . . there was anxiety on his face, greater courtesy than ever in the attitude of his head; but of sentiment, of passion, not a sign. How good it was to see it. I felt as if all the love I had given in past years, and all the love that had been given to me, were being laid in a grave, and that these precise words were the will-o'-the-wisp that danced over it. I could almost hear some ghostly music, and fancy that it came from a distant empty church, where dead fingers touched the keys and brought it forth. But outwardly my manner was cold and self-possessed, as courteous, too, as his own; we were a truly well-mannered couple as we stood and arranged our marriage. . . .

“I have a regard for you, Sir Noel,” I told him. “But . . . I am not in love.” . . .



J.B. Barradough, R.O.I.



Blamire Young, R.B.A.



Rex Vicat Cole.



Frederick Whiting, R.I.



Janet Horne.



W. Russell Flint, R.S.W., R.W.S.



M.E. Broadhead, R.M.S.



Sir C. J. Holmes.

FACSIMILES OF SOME OF THE WATER-COLOURS MADE FOR THE LIBRARY

MRS. W. K. CLIFFORD

"I am too old to ask for that," he said with a little sigh. He is only fifty, many men are loved at that age, long past it—at any age. . . . Then I was given over to the fates that make one do what they will as they weave one's history.

"But I want you to know," I heard myself saying. . . . "To know that in the past there were days when—when—" I rested my head down on the edge of the shelf, and could not go on. He put his hand on mine. "My dear lady," he said gently, almost sadly, "I am asking you to give me your future, to share mine. Our pasts are our own. I cannot unbury mine. I do not ask to know yours." . . .

I looked round the room. . . . Do you know the suggestion of still life, of listening that mere chairs and tables sometimes seem to put on? I glanced swiftly at all the familiar things. Yes, this was the end of the story. . . . Then I looked up at Sir Noel and put out my hand. . . . He took the other hand too, and bending down kissed them both. . . .

I do not know how late it was when Janet came in.

"I am going to marry Sir Noel," I told her.

"Thank God," she said, "for he looks like a true man and honest gentleman." . . .

XXI. MADGE TO HER FRIEND

No, dear; Noel and I are going to Paris after our wedding on the 1st of June. . . . The country is for lovers, not for him and me; we want a gay city like Paris, with plays to go to and dinners to eat. We shall be excellent companions—I look forward to it and am almost merry. . . . I am going to be content.

ON THE WANE

A SENTIMENTAL CORRESPONDENCE

XXVIII. SHE TO HIM

. . . Are you fond of the world, Jim, and do you think much about it? It seems such an absurd question, and yet it is not. I mean the world in itself. I have learnt to see that it is very beautiful, and to feel so very reverential when I think of all the human feet that have walked through it, and all the hands that have worked for it. I want to do my share of work in it too, if it be possible, I should like to make it something beautiful. A little while ago I read Mazzini; do you remember that he says we ought to regard the world as a workshop in which we have

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each to make something good or beautiful with the help of the others? I am not strong enough to do anything by myself, but if you and I do, together, we will count it as our tribute in return for each other's love, which it has given us. Sometimes I have thought that the world is like a great bank into which we put good and evil, joy and sorrow, for all the coming generations to draw upon. We won't leave them any evil or sorrow if we can help it, will we? . . .

. . . I wish I knew of the things you think about, in the inner life that most of us live silently, and seldom speak of at all. We only can speak of it to the one person we love best, or to some strange being we may not even love, but that our soul seems to recognise as if it had found one it had known centuries before, or in some shadowy dreamland of which it could not give account. . . .

THOMAS COBB

For the convenience of doll readers Mr. Cobb has made a shorter version of one of his already short stories, *An Act of Charity*, written in 1904.

SIR SIDNEY COLVIN

In order that Robert Louis Stevenson might be represented on the shelves of the Library, Sir Sidney Colvin was asked if he would make a tiny selection from his friend's works, and he has done so under the title *R. L. S. in a Nutshell*. The copying is the work of Mr. J. Ketley and is exquisite. This is the introduction :—

R. L. S. IN A NUTSHELL

INTRODUCTION

Stevenson is one of the most difficult of writers to represent by brief extracts. Some of his "Fables," it is true, are quite short, and some of his "Reflections and Remarks on Human Life" are cast in the form of separate self-contained maxims. But these are not his most characteristic things. What is most characteristic of his prose is its sustained and unflagging continuity and variety of rhythmical flow and movement. Accordingly to represent it in the Dolls' House Library I have chosen not a number of detached sentences but four passages, each of some length, which seem to me fairly typical of its qualities whether in description or reflection or narrative. They are all drawn from his early works, composed before the great English and American publics had yet discovered him—works still especially cherished by that small surviving band of his admirers whose admiration remains all the keener in that for a while there were relatively few to share it.

In verse, Stevenson was a less accomplished craftsman than in prose,

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but much of his most intimate self was expressed in that form, and without samples of it no selection from his works, however small, could be representative. The two brief poems which I have given are to my mind among his best.

THE ROYAL SPORT NAUTIQUE *From "An Inland Voyage"*

"We are all employed in commerce during the day; but in the evening, *voyez-vous, nous sommes sérieux.*"

These were the words. They were all employed over the frivolous mercantile concerns of Belgium during the day; but in the evening they found some hours for the serious concerns of life. I may have a wrong idea of wisdom, but I think that was a very wise remark. People connected with literature and philosophy are busy all their days in getting rid of second-hand notions and false standards. It is their profession, in the sweat of their brows, by dogged thinking, to recover their old fresh view of life, and distinguish what they really and originally like from what they have only learned to tolerate perforce. And these Royal Nautical Sportsmen had the distinction still quite legible in their hearts. They had still those clean perceptions of what is nice and nasty, what is interesting and what is dull, which envious old gentlemen refer to as illusions. The nightmare illusion of middle age, the bear's hug of custom gradually squeezing the life out of a man's soul, had not yet begun for these happy-starred young Belgians. They still knew that the interest they took in their business was a trifling affair compared to their spontaneous, long-suffering affection for nautical sports. To know what you prefer instead of humbly saying Amen to what the world tells you you ought to prefer, is to have kept your soul alive. Such a man may be generous; he may be honest in something more than the commercial sense; he may love his friends with an elective, personal sympathy, and not accept them as an adjunct of the station to which he has been called. He may be a man, in short, acting on his own instincts, keeping in his own shape that God made him in; and not a mere crank in the social engine-house, welded on principles that he does not understand, and for purposes that he does not care for.

A NIGHT AMONG THE PINES *From "Travels with a Donkey"*

By the time I had made my arrangements and fed Modestine, the day was already beginning to decline. I buckled myself to the knees into my

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sack and made a hearty meal; and as soon as the sun went down I pulled my cap over my eyes and fell asleep.

Night is a dead monotonous period under a roof; but in the open world it passes lightly, with its stars and dews and perfumes, and the hours are marked by changes in the face of Nature. What seems a kind of temporal death to people choked between walls and curtains, is only a light and living slumber to the man who sleeps afieid. All night long he can hear Nature breathing deeply and freely; even as she takes her rest, she turns and smiles; and there is one stirring hour unknown to those who dwell in houses, when a wakeful influence goes abroad over the sleeping hemisphere, and all the outdoor world are on their feet. It is then that the cock first crows, not this time to announce the dawn, but like a cheerful watchman speeding the course of the night. Cattle awake in the meadows; sheep break their fast on dewy hillsides, and change to a new lair among the ferns; and houseless men, who have lain down with the fowls, open their dim eyes and behold the beauty of the night.

When that hour came to me among the pines, I wakened thirsty. My tin was standing by me, half full of water. I emptied it at a draught; and feeling broad awake after this internal cold aspersion, sat upright to make a cigarette. The stars were clear, coloured and jewel-like, but not frosty. A faint silvery vapour stood for the Milky Way. All around me the black fir-points stood upright and stock-still. By the whiteness of the pack-saddle, I could see Modestine walking round and round at the length of her tether; I could hear her steadily munching at the sward; but there was not another sound, save the indescribable quiet talk of the runnel over the stones. I lay lazily smoking and studying the colour of the sky, as we call the void of space, from where it showed a reddish grey behind the pines to where it showed a glossy blue-black between the stars. As if to be more like a pedlar, I wear a silver ring. This I could see faintly shining as I raised or lowered the cigarette; and at each whiff the inside of my hand was illuminated, and became for a second the highest light in the landscape.

“AES TRIPLEX ”

From “Virginibus Puerisque ”

If we clung as devotedly as some philosophers pretend we do to the abstract idea of life, or were half as frightened as they make out we are for the subversive accident that ends it all, the trumpets might sound by the hour and no one follow them into battle—the blue-peter might fly

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at the truck, but who would climb into a sea-going ship? Think (if these philosophers were right) with what a preparation of spirit we should affront the daily peril of the dinner-table: a deadlier spot than any battle-field in history, where the far greater proportion of our ancestors have miserably left their bones! What woman would ever be lured into marriage, so much more dangerous than the wildest sea? And what would it be to grow old? For, after a certain distance, every step we take in life we find the ice growing thinner below our feet, and all around us and behind us we see our contemporaries going through. By the time a man gets well into the seventies, his continued existence is a mere miracle; and when he lays his old bones in bed for the night, there is an overwhelming probability that he will never see the day. Do the old men mind it, as a matter of fact? Why, no. They were never merrier; they have their grog at night, and tell the raciest stories; they hear of the death of people about their own age, or even younger, not as if it was a grisly warning, but with a simple child-like pleasure at having outlived someone else; and when a draught might puff them out like a guttering candle, or a bit of a stumble shatter them like so much glass, their old hearts keep sound and unaffrighted, and they go on, bubbling with laughter, through years of man's age compared to which the valley of Balaclava was as safe and peaceful as a village cricket-green on Sunday.

THE RIVER

From "Will o' the Mill"

The Mill where Will lived with his adopted parents stood in a falling valley between pinewoods and great mountains. Above, hill after hill soared upwards until they soared out of the depth of the hardest timber, and stood naked against the sky. Some way up, a long grey village lay like a seam or a rag of vapour on a wooded hillside; and when the wind was favourable, the sound of the church bells would drop down, thin and silvery, to Will. Below, the valley grew ever steeper and steeper, and at the same time widened out on either hand; and from an eminence beside the mill it was possible to see its whole length and away beyond it over a wide plain, where the river turned and shone, and moved on from city to city on its journey towards the sea. It chanced that over this valley there lay a pass into a neighbouring kingdom; so that, quiet and rural as it was, the road that ran along beside the river was a high thoroughfare between two splendid and powerful societies. All through the summer, travelling-carriages came crawling up, or went plunging briskly downwards past the mill; and as it happened that the

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other side was very much easier of ascent, the path was not much frequented, except by people going in one direction; and of all the carriages that Will saw go by, five-sixths were plunging briskly downwards and only one-sixth crawling up. Much more was this the case with foot-passengers. All the light-footed tourists, all the pedlars laden with strange wares, were tending downwards like the river that accompanied their path. Nor was this all; for when Will was yet a child a disastrous war arose over a great part of the world. The newspapers were full of defeats and victories, the earth rang with cavalry hoofs, and often for days together and for miles around the coil of battle terrified good people from their labours in the field. Of all this, nothing was heard for a long time in the valley; but at last one of the commanders pushed an army over the pass by forced marches, and for three days horse and foot, cannon and tumbril, drum and standard, kept pouring downward past the mill. All day the child stood and watched them on their passage; the rhythmical stride, the pale unshaven faces, tanned about the eyes, the discoloured regimentals and the tattered flags, filled him with a sense of weariness, pity, and wonder; and all night long, after he was in bed, he could hear the cannon pounding, and the feet trampling, and the great armament sweeping onward and downward past the mill. No one in the valley ever heard the fate of the expedition, for they lay out of the way of gossip in those troublous times; but Will saw one thing plainly, that not a man returned. Whither had they all gone? Whither went all the tourists and pedlars with strange wares? Whither all the brisk barouches with servants in the dicky? Whither the water of the stream, ever coursing downward, and ever renewed from above? Even the wind blew oftener down the valley, and carried the dead leaves along with it in the fall. It seemed like a great conspiracy of things animate and inanimate; they all went downward, and only he, it seemed, remained behind, like a stock upon the wayside. It sometimes made him glad when he noticed how the fishes kept their heads up stream. They, at least, stood faithfully by him, while all else were posting downward to the unknown world.

One evening he asked the miller where the river went.

"It goes down the valley," answered he, "and turns a power of mills—sixscore mills, they say, from here to Unterdeck—and it none the wearier after all. And then it goes out into the lowlands, and waters the great corn country, and runs through a sight of fine cities (so they say) where kings live all alone in great palaces, with a sentry walking up and down before the door. And it goes under bridges with stone men upon

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them, looking down and smiling so curious at the water, and living folks leaning their elbows on the wall and looking over too. And then it goes on and on, and down through marshes and sands, until at last it falls into the sea, where the ships are that bring parrots and tobacco from the Indies. Ay, it has a long trot before it as it goes singing over our weir, bless its heart!"

"And what is the sea?" asked Will.

"The sea!" cried the miller, "Lord help us all, it is the greatest thing God ever made! That is where all the water in the world runs down into a great salt lake. There it lies, as flat as my hand, and as innocent-like as a child; but they do say when the wind blows it gets up into water-mountains bigger than any of ours, and swallows down great ships bigger than our mill, and makes such a roaring that you can hear it miles away upon the land. There are great fish in it five times bigger than a bull, and one old serpent as long as our river and as old as all the world, with whiskers like a man, and a crown of silver on her head "

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL

*A naked house, a naked moor,
A shivering pool before the door,
A garden bare of flowers and fruit
And poplars at the garden foot,
Such is the place that I live in,
Bleak without, and bare within.*

Yet shall your ragged moor receive
The incomparable pomp of eve,
And the cold glories of the dawn
Behind your shivering trees be drawn;
And when the wind from place to place
Doth the unmoored cloud-galleons chase,
Your garden gloom and gleam again,
With leaping sun, with glancing rain.
Here shall the wizard moon ascend
The heavens, in the crimson end
Of day's declining splendour; here
The army of the stars appear.
The neighbour hollows, dry or wet,
Spring shall with tender flowers beset;

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And oft the morning muser see
Larks rising from the broomy lea,
And every fairy wheel and thread
Of cobweb dew-bediamonded.
When daisies go, shall winter-time
Silver the simple grass with rime;
Autumnal frosts enchant the pool
And make the cart-ruts beautiful;
And when snow-bright the moor expands,
How shall your children clap their hands!
To make this earth, our hermitage,
A cheerful and a changeful page,
God's bright and intricate device
Of days and seasons doth suffice.

TO S. R. CROCKETT

(On Receiving a Dedication)

Blows the wind to-day, and the sun and the rain are flying,
Blows the wind on the moors to-day and now,
Where about the graves of the martyrs the whaups are crying,
My heart remembers how!

Grey recumbent tombs of the dead in desert places,
Standing-stones on the vacant wine-red moor,
Hills of sheep, and the howes of the silent vanished races,
And winds, austere and pure:

Be it granted me to behold you again in dying,
Hills of home! and to hear again the call;
Hear about the graves of the martyrs the peewees crying,
And hear no more at all.

JOSEPH CONRAD

Mr. Conrad, requested to name a characteristic piece of his writing to be copied into a little book by Mr. Ketley, marked some passages from *The Mirror of the Sea* (1906) with this foreword: "'The Nursery of the Craft' has been chosen by the author to represent his works in the Library of the Royal Dolls' House." The Nursery of the Craft (of Seamanship) is the Mediterranean.

JULIAN CORBETT

The late Julian Corbett, who died in 1922, prepared his little book of "Slumber Songs" not long before his death. It consists of three lyrics, of which I quote the last :—

DRAKE

I

Oh, Drake he was a doughty man,
As ever sailed the seas,
That little English boys and girls
Might sleep in bed at ease.
Lolling, lolling on the lazy sea,
The ships are dreaming what I sing to thee.

II

O'er all the seven seas he sailed,
And none could say him Nay.
If Britain rules the waves, my lad,
'Twas he that showed the way.
Lolling, lolling on the lazy sea,
The ships are dreaming what I sing to thee.

III

'Twas long ago, but never mind;
The tale is all quite true.
So when you dream just dream of him,
And all he did for you.
Lolling, lolling on the lazy sea,
The ships are dreaming what I sing to thee.

W. L. COURTNEY

The Editor of *The Fortnightly Review* contents himself by copying one of the more comforting of the maxims of Rochefoucauld : "Qui vit sans folie n'est pas si sage qu'il le croit."

CLEMENCE DANE

The author of *A Bill of Divorcement* has prepared for the Dolls' House a selection of detachable passages from her very interesting and much discussed play *Will Shakespeare* (1921).

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NORMAN DAVEY

The author of that whimsical and caustic novel *The Pilgrim of a Smile* has copied into a little book two poems, one old and one new, under the title, "Poems for the Young in Heart." I quote the new one, which has a most agreeable Horatian flavour:—

INVITATION TO A WANDERER

Patriae quis exsul se quoque fugit ?—HORACE.

O, cease in wayward tasks to climb
Come back from alien lands;
Can you not smell the English thyme
Above our yellow sands?
Can you not hear the sea-bird's cry
That echoes round our eaves?
The autumn wind's despairing sigh:
The footsteps of a passer-by
Upon the fallen leaves?
You know our house upon the shore,
Rock-sheltered from the wind?
Oh! come and stay a month or more
And leave the world behind:
We have no guests: your room is free
And waiting for you still:
Oh! come and stay with us and be
One with the sunset on the sea,
The sunrise on the hill!
With Tango in the pony-cart
I'll meet the five-fifteen;
Twixt banks whence white-tailed rabbits start,
Through lanes all golden-green,
I'll drive you down the country-side,
Out to our cliff-hung home,
And Peggy, eager, open-eyed,
Shall stay up with becoming pride
To greet you when you come.
You know that Peter worships you:
And Jimmy's just the same:
Don't you remember what ado
They made last time you came?
And Peggy in your special praise
Has bought an almanack:
And now it is her latest craze

NORMAN DAVEY

To pencil off the craven days
Until she sees you back!
You'll find the cutter, *Treasure Trove*,
Yours, as she was of old,
To tack about from cove to cove
In search of hidden gold!
Peter informs me that he hears
There still are folk afloat
Who'd cut your gullet, but he fears
Nor Hook, nor Cook, nor Buccaneers,
With you aboard the boat!
If you would ride, we have a mare
That sometimes takes the elf,
When she goes riding anywhere
(Unless I go myself).
You'll find her trot a little rum—
Her canter's good enough—
She's rather tubby in the tum,
But you must take things as they come
In buying local stuff.
You'll find to clear a clouded brain
It's wonderfully good
To gallop over Tenham Plain,
Right down to Mad Bess Wood;
Rover will go with you, of course,
And Dingo, if he's there:
While Binkie'll stick to man or horse
Through bramble, bracken, thorn and gorse,
And never turn a hair.
If in the West the wind should set,
Till all is grey with rain,
And you're not after getting wet
Outside the window pane,
Why, I've a study, full of tomes,
That you may rummage through:
Until the little wizard gnomes
Shall slip from out their vellum homes
To crack a jest with you.
I have the salt of all the earth,
In pigskin, vellum, calf:

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Great Master Minds in dual worth
To make you weep or laugh;
Catullus, Juvenal, and oh,
Old Ovid, you adore!
But best of all, I'd have you know,
A Virgil, done in folio,
To open on the floor.
With Pliny or Herodotus
You can the time beguile
Until the truant sun on us
Once more shall chance to smile;
And then with horse or boat or dog—
Or better, children three;
To trick the tide or flee the fog,
And fling the brightly polished log
Into the frothy sea!
And if, at length, the old despair
Constrains you still to roam,
The elf and I will watch you far
Across the encircling foam;
But wander not too far away
(We know your heart is sad)
But come again with us to stay,
And as a child with children play,
And for a while be glad.

W. H. DAVIES

The poet of the wayside, to whom all things are new and most are wonderful,
selected from his many slender books of discovery this one lyric :—

THUNDERSTORMS

My mind has thunderstorms,
That brood for heavy hours:
Until they rain me words,
My thoughts are drooping flowers
And sulking, silent birds.
Yet come, dark thunderstorms,
And brood your heavy hours;
For when you rain me words
My thoughts are dancing flowers
And joyful singing birds.

E. M. DELAFIELD

Miss Delafield, who has written some of the best novels of recent years, contributes an analysis of the novelist's difficulties.

ANTI-CLIMAX

"L'art d'ennuyer, c'est l'art de tout dire."

Nothing can be truer, as those of us who like to tell our friends detailed personal anecdotes have no doubt been taught, at some mutual cost.

At the same time, there are certain poignant situations in fiction that are never adequately brought to a logical conclusion, such as they would inevitably require in real life, where there is no "end of the chapter." Pungent epigrams may be freely administered when followed by a blank space and the turning of a page, but who, in everyday life, is to prevent the epigram from losing half its force owing to a vigorous RIPOSTE from the epigrammed one?

As thus:

Robert, in the pages of a novel, brilliantly concludes a marital dispute with his stupid and inadequate wife by tersely observing:

"It is the tragedy of the Obtuse, my dear, to be unaware of tragedy."

The author then leaves a space, and transports us into Chapter II, fully convinced that Robert's mot has brought down the curtain.

But away from the author, Robert's wife would not dream of allowing the last word to Robert, and would have to say, "Don't try to be clever, dear," or "That may be funny, Robert, or it may NOT, but it doesn't alter the fact that Cook will give notice if you can't come down punctually to meals."

And there's the whole thing ruined, from Robert's point of view.

Or again, a dramatic happening may be hurled on to the page by the writer, and there left, in stark conclusiveness.

But what happens in real life?

Things don't leave off, just because, as the author might put it (and then switch off to Chapter III)—

"The door opened, and Maria, the over-wrought, goaded victim of their Pharisaical treatment, stood before them white as death."

They don't expect her to be white as death: they parted from her in ordinary health. Her whiteness makes an impression, as it were, coming at the end of the chapter.

But if it doesn't come at the end of a chapter at all, it has to meet with some sort of reception, and this is where anti-climax is almost bound to occur, in real life.

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Probably Maria's father, the worst Pharisee of the lot, is quite used to the opening of the door, and doesn't look up and see Maria's significant pallor at all. Or, her mother simply asks, "Are you feeling sick, dear child?" and Maria has to explain that she is an over-wrought and goaded victim, &c. This is a very difficult thing to put into words that shall not appear egotistical, and moreover they will probably not agree with her. Maria's effect is done for. Her pallor has ceased to be dramatic, and may even be non-existent, by the time they have all done arguing about it.

Just the same thing happens when a sudden manifestation of characteristic, or uncharacteristic, emotion overtakes the peppery, choleric, but essentially good-hearted Anglo-Indian Colonel in the last paragraph of Chapter IV.

" ' By Gad! D'you mean to tell me, Miss Pamela, that a slip of a girl like you had the pluck to risk her life in that fashion? By Gad! I'm not easily moved, but—but——'

"The old Colonel choked, turned aside, and to the amazement of everyone present, broke down and cried like a child."

Very well: but what would have happened if that convenient space, and the new heading of Chapter V, hadn't been there?

They'd have to go on somehow.

The Colonel, for one, would have had to find a pocket-handkerchief, but that would have been an easy quest compared to that of Miss Pamela & Co., who would have had to find something to say. Unless they all got up and walked out of the room?

Or unless the Colonel had got up and walked out of the room? And even then, outside the pages of the novel which would merely have stated that he did so, it must have been incumbent upon him to rise from his chair, find his way to the door through a number of people, open it, and go out at it.

All this is very difficult of achievement if one is in the midst of breaking down and crying like a child.

It would tax the powers of any writer, admittedly, to describe any such process in detail, yet it has to be lived through in detail.

That is why it is so much more satisfactory to write an autobiography disguised as a novel, than to live as one would wish, in an arresting series of *tableaux-vivants*.

Life is so inartistic.

WALTER DE LA MARE

A LITTLE BOOK

PART I. THREE POEMS

THE SLEEPER

As Ann came in one summer's day,
She felt that she must creep,
So silent was the clear cool house,
It seemed a house of sleep.
And sure, when she pushed open the door,
Rapt in the stillness there,
Her mother sat, with stooping head,
Asleep upon a chair;
Fast—fast asleep; her two hands laid
Loose-folded on her knee,
So that her small unconscious face
Looked half unreal to be:
So calmly lit with sleep's pale light
Each feature was; so fair
Her forehead—every trouble was
Smoothed out beneath her hair:
But though her mind in dream now moved,
Still seemed her gaze to rest—
From out beneath her fast-sealed lids,
Above her moving breast—
On Ann; as quite, quite still she stood;
Yet slumber lay so deep
Even her hands upon her lap
Seemed saturate with sleep.
And as Ann peeped, a cloudlike dread
Stole over her, and then,
On stealthy, mouselike feet she trod,
And tiptoed out again.

THE LISTENERS

“Is there anybody there?” said the Traveller,
Knocking on the moonlit door;
And his horse in the silence champed the grasses
Of the forest's ferny floor:
And a bird flew up out of the turret,
Above the Traveller's head:

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And he smote upon the door again a second time;
"Is there anybody there?" he said.
But no one descended to the Traveller;
No head from the leaf-fringed sill
Leaned over and looked into his grey eyes,
Where he stood perplexed and still.
But only a host of phantom listeners
That dwelt in the lone house then
Stood listening in the quiet of the moonlight
To that voice from the world of men:
Stood thronging the faint moonbeams on the dark stair,
That goes down to the empty hall,
Harkening in an air stirred and shaken
By the lonely Traveller's call.
And he felt in his heart their strangeness,
Their stillness answering his cry,
While his horse moved, cropping the dark turf,
'Neath the starred and leafy sky;
For he suddenly smote on the door, even
Louder, and lifted his head:—
"Tell them I came, and no one answered,
That I kept my word," he said.
Never the least stir made the listeners,
Though every word he spake
Fell echoing through the shadowiness of the still house
From the one man left awake:
Ay, they heard his foot upon the stirrup,
And the sound of iron on stone,
And how the silence surged softly backward,
When the plunging hoofs were gone.

AN EPITAPH

Here lies a most beautiful lady,
Light of step and heart was she;
I think she was the most beautiful lady
That ever was in the West Country.
But beauty vanishes; beauty passes;
However rare—rare it be:
And when I crumble, who will remember
This lady of the West Country?

WALTER DE LA MARE

PART II

THE RIDDLE

So these seven children, Ann, and Matilda, James, William and Henry, Harriet and Dorothea, came to live with their grandmother.

The house in which their grandmother had lived since her childhood was built in the time of the Georges. It was not a pretty house, but roomy, substantial and square; and an elm-tree outstretched its branches almost to the windows.

When the children were come out of the cab (five of them sitting inside and two beside the driver), they were shown into their grandmother's presence. They stood in a little black group before the old lady, seated in her bow-window. And she asked them each their names, and repeated each name in her kind, quavering voice. Then to one she gave a work-box, to William a jack-knife, to Dorothea a painted ball; to each a present according to age. And she kissed all her grand-children to the youngest.

"My dears," she said, "I wish to see all of you bright and gay in my house. I am an old woman, so that I cannot romp with you; but Ann must look to you, and Mrs. Fenn too. And every morning and every evening you must all come in to see your granny; and bring me smiling faces, that call back to my mind my own son Harry. But all the rest of the day, when school is done, you shall do just as you please, my dears. And there is only one thing, just one, I would have you remember. In the large spare bedroom that looks out on the slate roof there stands in the corner an old oak chest; aye, older than I, my dears, a great deal older; older than *my* grandmother. Play anywhere else in the house, but not there."

She spoke kindly to them all, smiling at them; but she was very aged, and her eyes seemed to see nothing of this world.

And the seven children, though at first they were gloomy and strange, soon began to be happy and at home in the great house. There was much to interest and to amuse them there; all was new to them. Twice every day, morning and evening, they came in to see their grandmother, who every day seemed more feeble; and she spoke pleasantly to them of her mother, and of her childhood, but never forgetting to visit her store of sugar-plums. And so the weeks passed by.

It was evening twilight when Henry went upstairs from the nursery by himself to look at the oak chest. He pressed his fingers into the carved

THE DOLLS' HOUSE LIBRARY

fruit and flowers, and spoke to the dark-smiling heads at the corners; and then, with a glance over his shoulder he opened the lid and looked in. But the chest concealed no treasure, neither gold nor baubles, nor was there anything to alarm the eye. The chest was empty, except that it was lined with silk of old-rose, seeming darker in the dusk, and smelling sweet of pot-pourri. And while Henry was looking in, he heard the softened laughter and the clinking of the cups downstairs in the nursery; and out at the window he saw the day darkening. These things brought strangely to his memory his mother who in her glimmering white dress used to read to him in the dusk; and he climbed into the chest; and the lid closed gently down over him.

When the other six children were tired with their playing, they filed into their grandmother's room as usual for her good-night and her sugar-plums. She looked out between the candles at them as if she were unsure of something in her thoughts. The next day Ann told her grandmother that Henry was not anywhere to be found.

"Dearie me, child. Then he must be gone away for a time," said the old lady. She paused. "But remember all of you, do not meddle with the oak chest."

But Matilda could not forget her brother Henry, finding no pleasure in playing without him. So she would loiter in the house thinking where he might be. And she carried her wood doll in her bare arms, singing under her breath all she could make up about him. And when in a bright morning she peeped in on the chest, so sweet-scented and secret it seemed that she took her doll with her into it—just as Henry himself had done.

So Ann, and James, and William, Harriet and Dorothea were left at home to play together.

"Some day maybe they will come back to you, my dears," said their grandmother, "or maybe you will go to them. Heed my warning as best you may."

Now Harriet and William were friends together, pretending to be sweet-hearts; while James and Dorothea liked wild games of hunting, and fishing, and battles.

On a silent afternoon in October Harriet and William were talking softly together, looking out over the slate roof at the green fields, and they heard the squeak and frisking of a mouse behind them in the room. They went together and searched for the small, dark hole from whence it had come out. But finding no hole, they began to finger the carving of

WALTER DE LA MARE

the chest, and to give names to the dark-smiling heads, just as Henry had done.

"I know! let's pretend you are Sleeping Beauty, Harriet," said William, "and I'll be the Prince that squeezes through the thorns and comes in." Harriet looked gently and strangely at her brother; but she got into the box and lay down, pretending to be fast asleep; and on tiptoe William leaned over, and seeing how big was the chest he stepped in to kiss the Sleeping Beauty and to wake her from her quiet sleep. Slowly the carved lid turned on its noiseless hinges. And only the clatter of James and Dorothea came in sometimes to recall Ann from her book.

But their old grandmother was very feeble, and her sight dim, and her hearing extremely difficult. . . .

Snow was falling through the still air upon the roof; and Dorothea was a fish in the oak chest, and James stood over the hole in the ice, brandishing a walking-stick for a harpoon, pretending to be an Esquimaux. Dorothea's face was red, and her wild eyes sparkled through her tousled hair. And James had a crooked scratch upon his cheek. "You must struggle, Dorothea, and then I shall swim back and drag you out. Be quick now!" He shouted with laughter as he was drawn into the open chest. And the lid closed softly and gently down as before.

Ann, left to herself, was too old to care overmuch for sugar-plums, but she would go solitary to bid her grandmother good-night; and the old lady looked long and wistfully at her over her spectacles. "Well, my dear," she said with trembling head; and she squeezed Ann's fingers between her own knuckled finger and thumb. "What lonely old people we are, to be sure!" Ann kissed her grandmother's soft, loose cheek. She left the old lady sitting in her easy chair, her hands upon her knees, and her head turned sidelong towards her.

When Ann was gone to bed she used to sit reading her book by candle-light. She drew up her knees under the sheets, resting her book upon them. Her story was about fairies and gnomes, and the gently-flowing moonlight of the narrative seemed to illumine the white pages, and she could hear in fancy fairy voices, so silent was the great many-roomed house, and so mellifluous were the words of the story. Presently she put out her candle, and, with a confused babel of voices close to her ear, and faint swift pictures before her eyes, she fell asleep.

And in the dead of night she rose out of bed in dream, and with eyes wide open, yet seeing nothing of reality, moved silently through the vacant house. Past the room where her grandmother was snoring in

THE DOLLS' HOUSE LIBRARY

brief, heavy slumber, she stepped light and surely, and down the wide staircase. And Vega the far-shining stood over against the window above the slate roof. Ann walked in the strange room as if she were being guided by the hand towards the oak chest. There, just as if she was dreaming it was her bed, she laid herself down in the old rose silk, in the fragrant place. But it was so dark in the room that the movement of the lid was indistinguishable. . . .

Through the long day, the grandmother sat in her bow-window. Her lips were pursed, and she looked with dim, inquisitive scrutiny upon the street where people passed to and fro and vehicles rolled by. At evening she climbed the stair and stood in the doorway of the large spare bedroom. The ascent had shortened her breath. Her magnifying spectacles rested upon her nose. Leaning her hand on the doorpost she peered in towards the glimmering square of the window in the quiet gloom. But she could not see far, because her sight was dim and the light of day feeble. Nor could she detect the faint fragrance, as of autumnal leaves. But in her mind was a tangled skein of memories—laughter and tears, and little children now old-fashioned, and the advent of friends, and long farewells.

And gossiping fitfully, inarticulately, with herself, the old lady went down again to her window-seat.

ETHEL M. DELL

The most popular English writer of the present day has copied out passages from three of her "best sellers"—*The Knave of Diamonds* (1913), *Bars of Iron* (1916), and *The Hundredth Chance* (1917).

SIR A. CONAN DOYLE

HOW WATSON LEARNED THE TRICK

Watson had been watching his companion intently ever since he had sat down to the breakfast table. Holmes happened to look up and catch his eye.

"Well, Watson, what are you thinking about?" he asked.

"About you."

"Me?"

"Yes, Holmes, I was thinking how superficial are those tricks of yours, and how wonderful it is that the public should continue to show interest in them."

John used
to think: "It
gels on -
temporarily."

A. S. M. Hutchinson

And supposing
that the desires
of mankind were
suddenly fulfilled,
and the world was
instantly perfect,
there would be no
more love or art.

Arnold Bennett

The secret of
genius is really
imagination; yet
compassion is only
a facet of the
supreme gift. Im-
agination is the
power so to feel!

Frank Swinnerton

you have
taken to
"financial
speculation"
"How
could you tell
that, Watson?"

Sir A. Conan Doyle

To do in any
other book.
Perhaps for
our statesmen
about... how
wishes...
in curragio!

George A. Birmingham

master's, enlarged
to twice life-
size. The scheme
would be ex-
pensive, he ex-
plained, but
the old Duke
had left no
xxxxix

R. A. Knox

found a
man flying
who once
fled from
prison in
the desert;
the 22nd
a banderol

Robert Hichens

stopped...
Peter heard
the Weasel's
voice:
"Good God,

Gilbert Frankau

2
Very short story
by
Dan Hay

Major J. H. Beith

SIR A. CONAN DOYLE

"I quite agree," said Holmes. "In fact, I have a recollection that I have myself made a similar remark."

"Your methods," said Watson severely, "are really easily acquired."

"No doubt," Holmes answered with a smile. "Perhaps you will yourself give an example of this method of reasoning."

"With pleasure," said Watson. "I am able to say that you were greatly preoccupied when you got up this morning."

"Excellent!" said Holmes. "How could you possibly know that?"

"Because you are usually a very tidy man and yet you have forgotten to shave."

"Dear me! How very clever!" said Holmes, "I had no idea, Watson, that you were so apt a pupil. Has your eagle eye detected anything more?"

"Yes, Holmes. You have a client named Barlow, and you have not been successful in his case."

"Dear me, how could you know that?"

"I saw the name outside his envelope. When you opened it you gave a groan and thrust it into your pocket with a frown on your face."

"Admirable! You are indeed observant. Any other point?"

"I fear, Holmes, that you have taken to financial speculation."

"How *could* you tell that, Watson?"

"You opened the paper, turned to the financial page, and gave a loud exclamation of interest."

"Well, that is very clever of you, Watson. Any more?"

"Yes, Holmes, you have put on your black coat, instead of your dressing gown, which proves that you are expecting some important visitor at once."

"Anything more?"

"I have no doubt that I could find other points, Holmes, but I only give you these few, in order to show you that there are other people in the world who can be as clever as you."

"And some not so clever," said Holmes. "I admit that they are few, but I am afraid, my dear Watson, that I must count you among them."

"What do you mean, Holmes?"

"Well, my dear fellow, I fear your deductions have not been so happy as I should have wished."

"You mean that I was mistaken."

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“Just a little that way, I fear. Let us take the points in their order: I did not shave because I have sent my razor to be sharpened. I put on my coat because I have, worse luck, an early meeting with my dentist. His name is Barlow, and the letter was to confirm the appointment. The cricket page is beside the financial one, and I turned to it to find if Surrey was holding its own against Kent. But go on, Watson, go on! It's a very superficial trick, and no doubt you will soon acquire it.”

JOHN DRINKWATER

BIRTHRIGHT

Lord Rameses of Egypt sighed
Because a summer evening passed;
And little Ariadne cried
That summer fancy fell at last
To dust; and young Verona died
When beauty's hour was overcast.

Theirs was the bitterness we know
Because the clouds of hawthorn keep
So short a state, and kisses go
To tombs unfathomably deep,
While Rameses and Romeo
And little Ariadne sleep.

TRIAL

Beauty of old and beauty yet to be,
Stripped of occasion, have security;
This hour it is searches the judgment through,
When masks of beauty walk with beauty too.

ON A LAKE

Sweet in the rushes
The reed-singers make
A music that hushes
The life of the lake;
The leaves are dumb,
And the tides are still,
And no calls come
From the flocks on the hill.

JOHN DRINKWATER

Forgotten now
Are nightingales,
And on his bough
The linnet fails,—
Midway the mere
My mirrored boat
Shall rest and hear
A slenderer note.

Though, heart, you measure
But one proud rhyme,
You build a treasure
Confounding time—
Sweet in the rushes
The reed-singers make
A music that hushes
The life of the lake.

FOR A GUEST ROOM

All words are said,
And may it fall
That, crowning these,
You here shall find
A friendly bed,
A sheltering wall,
Your body's ease,
A quiet mind.

May you forget
In happy sleep
The world that still
You hold as friend,
And may it yet
Be ours to keep
Your friendly will
To the world's end.

For he is blest
Who, fixed to shun
All evil, when
The worst is known,

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Counts, east and west,
When life is done,
His debts to men
In love alone.

THE FLAME

Myself I do but find
An ashen mind,
While others greeting me
Are flames, I see.
Yet they, alone, lament
Flames that are spent,
Remembering with shame
My crystal flame. . . .
Hereafter then I'll be
A flame to me.

FROM "ABRAHAM LINCOLN"

Unchanged our time. And further yet
In loneliness must be the way,
And difficult and deep the debt
Of constancy to pay.

And one denies, and one forsakes.
And still unquestioning he goes,
Who has his lonely thoughts, and makes
A world of those.

When the high heart we magnify,
And the sure vision celebrate,
And worship greatness passing by,
Ourselves are great.

MRS. HENRY DUDENEY

Mrs. Dudeney has adapted for the Dolls' House one of the stories in her book *A Baker's Dozen* (1922), the story of "The Feather Bed," grim and powerful, and full of rural fatalism, like so much of this author's work.

“DUM-DUM”

Major Kendall, who is known to all admirers of witty verse by the pseudonym at the head of this contribution, is another of the few authors who have given their Dolls' House books a special Dolls' House character.

DOLLS' SONGS FOR A DOLLS' HOUSE

IN THE COLD

I marked her presence, and
I thought her fair;
A doll's house close at hand
Rose, grim and square;
“Window and door are small,”
I said. “She's far too tall
To get in there.”

I felt throughout my heart
A sudden glow;
I said “We shall not part”;
I did not know
That the entire front wall,
Windows and door and all,
Could open—so.

Coldly the night goes by,
Silent and drear;
In a hard box I lie,
Alone out here,
Since the entire front wall,
Window and door and all,
Took her beyond my call,
Gaped for my dear.

OLD AND NEW

I saw you taken from your box,
A being fair and trim;
I loved you for your flaxen locks,
Your tidiness of limb,
Your little stiff, unbending ways,
Your large eyes' changeless blue;
But what am I, alas, to gaze
On one so dear and new?

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For I am but a broken toy,
Wounded in form and pride,
The sport of many a shying boy,
And badly hurt inside;
But though of every grace bereft,
Time cannot shake my will,
And, while I've any sawdust left,
I'll love you, love you still.

THE GOLLIWOG'S DANCE

I'm a little golliwog: Watch me while I prance,
Houp la! Houp la! Shuffle and advance;
Up a row, and down a row, and dance, dance, dance.

What tho' the face of the Golliwog is black?
Jump along, and bump along, and try another tack;
All the world's before you if you don't look back.

What tho' the Golliwog's hair is up on end?
Hie along, and fly along, and shove along your friend;
Better times are coming on, if these don't mend.

Merry is the Golliwog who dances like a King;
Happy is the Golliwog who makes the rattlers ring;
O jolly, dolly, Golliwog, you pleasant little thing.
Houp la!

THE TEDDY BEAR'S COMPLAINT

I am a so-called Teddy Bear;
Why "Teddy," I am not aware.

James, John, or William, Charles or Freddy,
Would answer quite as well as Teddy.

I may be wrong but, all the same,
I candidly abhor the name.

Deeds irresponsible and heady
Lie hidden in the name of Teddy.

Indeed, it's this, as I infer,
That often makes me prone to err.

“DUM-DUM”

My owner, when I've been unsteady,
Smacks me, and calls me “naughty Teddy.”

She does not seem to be aware
That, had she called me George or Blair,
I might have been a better bear.

TRAGEDY

I am a doll, and very beautiful;
I hate this modern craze for ugliness.

My face is pink and white, my eyes are blue;
The Golliwog is dark as I am fair.

My hair is light and silken, and it curls;
His mane is black, and sticks up straight on end.

Our mistress holds him dearer far than me;
I am a doll, and very beautiful.

He has the choicest seat, the softest bed;
I hate this modern craze for ugliness.

Our mistress has gone out this afternoon;
The Golliwog was on a chest of drawers.

I was there, too, and he was near the edge;
A puppy-dog was playing underneath.

I threw him over to the puppy-dog;
I hate this modern craze for ugliness.

The puppy-dog has torn him into bits;
I am a doll, and very beautiful.

LYING AWAKE

My mistress put me to bed,
And laid me down on my side;
“Now you go to sleep,” she said
And left me open-eyed.

The long hours, muggy and mild,
Go slowly, heavily by,
And, due to that careless child,
I haven't closed an eye.

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The whole world finds repose,
Save only myself, alack!
Whose eyelids refuse to close
Unless I'm on my back.

LORD DUNSANY

The matter of Lord Dunsany's book is taken from his *Chronicles of Rodriguez* (1922). But he has prefixed to it this charming original dedication :—

In tiniest lines,
With the smallest pen seen,
I dedicate this
To the Dolls of the Queen.

By day they are still ;
But at night when the mouse,
Like a wolf through the woods,
Goes wild through the house,

At midnight who knows
That they dance not nor play
Over little bright floors
Like a shadow astray?

And who can be sure
As they play by themselves
That they toy not at all
With the books on their shelves,

Giving laughter and praise
No louder than dreams,
Or the feet of the frost
Upon manacled streams ?

The poet that hopes
To be read by his time,
Learns sadly at last
There's no welcome for rhyme.

And we poets are dust
Before we are read,
But the Queen's dolls I trust
To read me instead.

THE AUTHOR OF "ELIZABETH AND HER GERMAN GARDEN"

HOW MR. ELLIOTT BECAME ENGAGED TO ANNA-FELICITAS.

He told her for the twentieth time that she was the most wonderful person he had ever met, and she settled down to listen with a ready ear and the utmost complacency to these agreeable statements, and began to wonder whether perhaps after all she mightn't at last be about to fall in love.

In the new interest of this possibility she turned her head to look at him, and he told her tumultuously—for being a sailor-man he went straight ahead on great waves when it came to lovemaking—that her eyes were as if pansies had married stars.

She turned her head away again at this, for though it sounded lovely it made her feel a little shy, and unprovided with an answer; and then he said, again tumultuously, that her ear was the most perfect thing ever stuck on a girl's cheek, and would she mind turning her face to him so that he might see if she had another just like it on the other side.

She blushed at this, because she couldn't remember whether or not she had washed it lately—one so easily forgets one's ears, there were so many different things to wash—and he told her that when she blushed it was like the first wild rose of the first summer morning of the world.

At this Anna-Felicitas was quite overcome, and subsided into a condition of blissful, quiescent waiting for whatever might come next. Fancy her face reminding him of all those nice things. She had seen it every day for years in the looking-glass, and not noticed anything particular about it. It had seemed to her just a face; something you saw out of and ate with, and had to clean whatever else you didn't when you were late for breakfast, because there it was and couldn't be hidden—an object remote indeed from pansies, and stars, and beautiful things like that. She would have liked to explain this to Mr. Elliott, and point out that she feared his imagination ran ahead of the facts, and that perhaps when his foot was well again he would see things more as they were; but to her surprise, when she turned to tell him this, she found she was obliged to look away again at once. She couldn't look at him. Fancy that now, thought Anna-Felicitas, attentively gazing at her toes. And he had such dear eyes, and such a dear, eager sort of face. All the more, then, she reasoned, should her own eyes have dwelt with pleasure on him. But they couldn't. "Dear me," she murmured, watching her toes as carefully as if they might at any moment go away and leave her there. "I know," said Elliott. "You think I'm talking fearful flowery stuff. I'd

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have said 'Dear me' at myself three years ago if I had even caught myself thinking in terms of stars and roses. But it's all the beastly blood and muck of the war that does it—sends one back with a rush to things like that. Makes one shameless. Why, I'd talk to you about God now without turning a hair. Nothing would have induced me to do that three years ago. Why, I write poetry now. We all write poetry. And nobody would mind being seen now saying their prayers. Why, if I were back at school and my mother came to see me, I'd hug her before everybody in the middle of the street. Do you realise what a tremendous change that means, you little girl who's never had brothers? You extraordinary adorable little lovely thing?"

And off he was again.

"When I was small," said Anna-Felicitas after a while, still watching her feet, "I had a governess who urged me to consider, before I said anything, whether it were the sort of thing I would like to say in the hearing of my parents. Would you like to say what you're saying to me in the hearing of your parents?"

"Hate to," said Elliott promptly.

"Well, then," said Anna-Felicitas, gentle but disappointed. She rather wished now she hadn't mentioned it.

"I'd take you out of earshot," said Elliott.

She was much relieved. She had done what she felt might perhaps be regarded by Aunt Alice as her duty as a lady, and could now give herself up with a calm conscience to hearing whatever else he might have to say. And he had an incredible amount to say, and all of it of the most highly gratifying nature. On the whole, looking at it all round, and taking one thing with another, Anna-Felicitas came to the conclusion that this was the most agreeable and profitable morning she had ever spent. She sat there for hours, and they all flew. People passed in cars and saw her, and it didn't disturb her in the least. She perfectly remembered she ought to be helping Anna-Rose pick and arrange the flowers for the tea-tables, and she didn't mind. She knew Anna-Rose would be astonished and angry at her absence, and it left her unmoved. By mid-day she was hopelessly compromised in the eyes of the whole neighbourhood, for the people who motored through the lane told the people who hadn't what they had seen. Once a great car passed with a small widow in it, who looked astonished when she saw the pair, but had gone almost before Elliott could call out and wave to her.

AUTHOR OF "ELIZABETH AND HER GERMAN GARDEN"

"That's my sister," he said. "You and she will love each other."

"Shall we?" said Anna-Felicitas, much pleased by this suggestion of continuity in their relations; and remarked that she looked as if she hadn't got a husband.

"She hasn't. Poor little thing. Rotten luck. Rotten. I hate people to die now. It seems so infernally unnatural of them, when they're not in the fighting. He's only been dead a month. She isn't going anywhere yet, or I'd bring her up to tea this afternoon. But it doesn't matter. I'll take you to her."

"Shall you?" said Anna-Felicitas, again much pleased.

"Of course. It's the first thing one does."

"What first thing?"

"To take the divine girl to see one's relations. Once one has found her. Once one has had"—his voice fell to a whisper—"the God-given luck to find her."

And he laid his hand very gently on hers, which were clasped together in her lap.

This was a situation to which Anna-Felicitas wasn't accustomed, and she didn't know what to do with it. She looked down at the hand lying on hers, and considered it without moving. Elliott was quite silent now, and she knew he was watching her face. Ought she, perhaps, to be going? Was this, perhaps, one of the moments in life when the truly judicious went? But what a pity to go just when everything was so pleasant. Still, it must be nearly lunch-time. What would her Aunt Alice do in a similar situation? Go home to lunch, she was sure. Yet what was lunch when one was so rapidly arriving, as she was sure now she was arriving, at the condition of being in love? She must be, or she wouldn't like his hand on hers. And she did like it. She looked down at it, and found that she wanted to stroke it. But would Aunt Alice stroke it? No; Anna-Felicitas felt fairly clear about that. Aunt Alice wouldn't stroke it; she would take it up and shake it, and say good-bye, and walk off home to lunch like a lady. Well, perhaps she ought to do that. But what a pity. . . . Still, behaviour was behaviour; ladies were ladies.

She drew out her right hand with this polite intention, and instead—Anna-Felicitas never knew how it happened—she did nothing of the sort, but quite the contrary: she laid it softly on the top of his.

THE DOLLS' HOUSE LIBRARY

OLIVER ELTON

Professor Elton is only one shade less brief than Mr. Courtney :—
The sympathy of the Queen with the soldier, the sailor, the wounded,
and the sick, and with all good works, is known to every citizen.

LORD ESHER

MAXIMS

Every Doll has her day.

Love me, love my Doll.

Bigness is not Greatness.

Only fools cut down a tree to gather fruit.

Lose everything rather than moments.

Many mistakes train the mind.

“Point de culte sans mystère.”

Virtue, like music, must be practised.

In order to demand obedience respect yourself.

The good and the pleasant are different things.

Human life cannot be guided by Reason.

Fellowship in joy is the basis of Friendship.

No man can gain riches without making some other man poor.

The area of Fame is limited.

Honour and Power cannot make a man wise.

Wisdom contains prudence, temperance, courage and justice.

Old age is Wisdom's youth.

LORD ESHER

Truth has an indefinite complexion.

Optimism is consecrated ambition.

Better love well than widely.

Laissons l'écume blanchir au frein du jeune coursier.

Savoir s'amuser avec la Parole.

Cultivate the art of being misunderstood.

Try to see *your* way as birds their trackless way.

To watch Nature is not to count time lost.

Cherish laughter and the love of friends.

Partir c'est toujours mourir un peu.

On the smallest scrap of paper a sacred name may be written.

To the wise silver is no more than earthenware.

Nature is the only form of truth.

Consistency is the resource of cowards.

Equality may be a right. It is not a fact.

A man without passions is a monster.

The World is the one great Commonwealth.

Every man should either dive or soar.

Acts of lenity are means of conciliation.

Every healthy man should make ten mistakes a day.

Consort for choice with your superior—in youth.

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Love is a folly that is profound wisdom.

Establish a balance between the dull and the rash.

Bear patiently the insolence and folly of the common people.

Never believe reports that disparage genius.

Do justly, love many, walk humbly.

Ridicule is no test of truth.

Without clear knowledge take nothing for Truth.

First think of persons: then of ideas.

Is the sower or the reaper the greater man?

No man can be a friend and a flatterer.

Sincerity is one thing: Veracity is another.

Donne à l'autrui le stricte nécessaire; garde le reste pour toi.

Wince at false work and love the true.

Personal and not impersonal forces rule the world.

Generosity is better than Justice.

To hoard popularity is futile.

Every *class* is unfit to govern.

Most men take themselves as the measure of the world.

Error is the parent of Truth.

Observation is the hard path: speculation the easy one.

What is called common sense is sometimes common ignorance.

LORD ESHER

Words are counters: not money.

Every man is the centre of all things.

Lend but do not give away yourself.

Restlessness and fine taste are never hand in hand.

Of all forms of taxation pride is the heaviest.

To make an ill figure misunderstand your talents.

Accept unpopularity in a great cause.

Napoleon said, "I have made courtiers, but never pretended to make friends."

Le plus grand talent c'est d'en faire usage.

Quietude is essential for discrimination.

La vie a de beaux moments, mais des mauvais quarts d'heure.

Anger never makes good guard for itself.

Precedent is worth more than theory.

The deserver is rarely loved till his deserts are past.

Learn to live with your adversaries.

Some one is always the grand illusion of the moment.

Firmness and celerity are among God's greatest gifts.

Avoid the hardened frivolist.

A dull world where there is no weeping.

Society is mainpropped by Hypocrisy.

THE DOLLS' HOUSE LIBRARY

In adversity be strong and elastic.

Children should be taught to be honest, charitable and humane.

Every man must find his own path to heaven.

Youth the time of pleasure: age the time of happiness.

To keep the mind open to new impressions is the elixir of youth.

To understand is to forgive.

Love cannot be squandered.

Age is for youth a natural priesthood.

Heroism is to see the world as it is.

Mistrust explains, perhaps justifies deceit.

Forgive the intoxication of youth.

Never contend for trifles.

Generosity cannot be misplaced.

When you hear a whistle, beware of the snare.

Life and death are in the power of the tongue.

Speaking much is a sign of vanity.

Never jest at the simple and lowly.

A flatterer is a beast that biteth smiling.

Un Dieu, Un Roi, Un Cœur.

JEFFERY FARNOL

The author of many brave open-air romances copies a passage from his most popular work, *The Broad Highway* (1910).

“FOUGASSE,”

that delicate humorist with the pencil, and, as will be seen, with the pen too, has prepared for the Dolls' House Library what is, I think, its most remarkable possession: a comic story illustrated in colours by scores of delightful little pictures, each one a gem of fun and fancy. A few have been reproduced in this volume, but not in colour. I wish that all could have been facsimiled. The book is entitled—

J. SMITH

I

One night in mid-September,
While storm-clouds rode the air,
And a tempest swayed the tree-tops
Stripping the branches bare,
A fairy was blown out of fairyland,
And fell in Eaton Square.

II

The fairy looked around him,
At a place he did not know,
At the houses standing straight and stiff
And the lamp-posts in a row,
And he couldn't guess where he could be
Nor yet which way to go.

III

He blew upon his little hands,
He rubbed his little nose
(He found it rather chilly
In his little fairy clo'es),
And clambered up a lamp-post
To warm his little toes,

IV

Then started off to find his way
Back homewards if he could,
Or, failing that, some clump of fern,
Or, possibly, a wood
Whence he could get in touch once more
With his fairy brotherhood.

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V

He trotted off through Belgrave Place,
And up through Belgrave Square,
Then all round Wilton Crescent,
And back again to where
West Halkin leads to Lowndes Street
As doubtless you're aware,

VI

Across Lowndes Square, by William Street,
And on to Albert Gate,
And there he saw Hyde Park in front,
Whereat his joy was great,
For he thought it was the country
In all its natural state.

VII

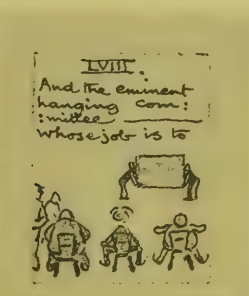
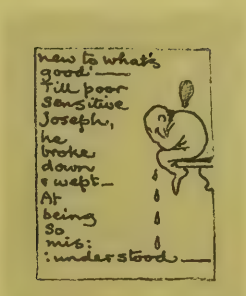
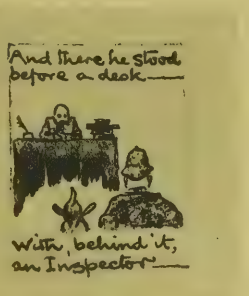
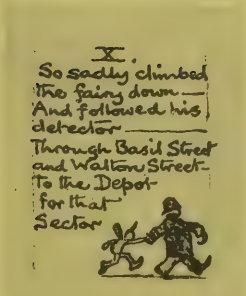
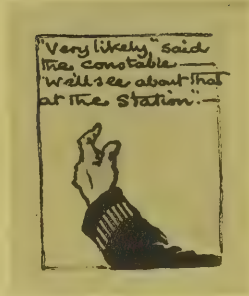
The gate itself was shut, of course,
Being after twelve at night,
But that's nothing to a fairy,
And, quicker than I can write,
He swung to the top of the railings,
And—nearly fell off in his fright,

VIII

For a light flashed up from the darkness,
And a sudden voice said, "Yes,
I'm watching you, young fellow,
And I'll take your name and address,
And just you come along of me,
You and your fancy dress!"

IX

The fairy blinked at the light below,
In fear and trepidation,
And "Please," he said, "I've no address
Nor any designation."
"Very likely," said the constable,
"We'll see about that at the station."



A SELECTION OF PAGES IN FACSIMILE FROM J. SMITH BY FOUASSE
(Originals are in colour)

“FOUGASSE”

X

So sadly climbed the fairy down
And followed his detector,
Through Basil Street and Walton Street
To the Depot for that Sector,
And there he stood before a desk
With, behind it, an Inspector.

XI

“Inspector,” said the constable,
“Patrolling, as I’m used,
About the purlieus of the park,
I came on the accused
A-climbing over one of the gates,
His name and address refused.”

XII

“Come, come,” said the Inspector,
“Now this will never do,
That’s ‘breaking-in’ and ‘trespass’
And ‘forcing entry through.’
What made you act in such a way?
You’re quite a youngster, too.

XIII

“For such a crime you must appear
Before the Stipendiary,
Who, exercising, by the law
His powers disciplinary,
Will put you for a season
In the Penitentiary.

XIV

“And when they lead you from the dock
And the Police-Court Missionary——”
“Excuse me,” said the culprit,
“But I feel it’s necessary
That I should first explain that I
Am only——” “What?” “A fairy!”

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XV

"A fairy?" said the Inspector.
"A fairy?" he began.
"Now that can surely never be,"
He said. "It never can.
"How can you be what don't exist,
You silly little man?"

XVI

"But they do exist," said the fairy,
"And the proof of it is me,
For if I'm not a fairy,
Whatever can I be?
If you won't believe a simple fact,
Very well, then, you shall see."

XVII

He stood upon his little toes,
And out his arms he spread,
Then gently floated through the air,
And round the policeman's head,
Then he lay down on the ceiling, and
"Well, p'raps you're right," they said.

XVIII

They looked him up and down a bit,
And "Well, I'm blessed," said one,
"And "Same here," said the other,
"But what is to be done?
There's nothing in the bye-laws
To deal with you, my son!"

XIX

"If we take you to the Magistrate
He may not think you real,
And talk about 'delusions'
And 'misdirected zeal.'
And suppose he happened to be right,
What asses we should feel!"

“FOUGASSE”

XX

“Please, mister man,” the fairy said,
“I did not mean to trouble you,
I only blew here by mistake,
Like a feather or a bubble. You
Can tell me where I am, perhaps?”
“London,” they said, “S.W.”

XXI

“I only want to get back home,
I do not wish to stay.
The nearest wood will do for me,
Or any field of hay,
For there I’m sure to meet my friends,
If you’ll please to show the way.”

XXII

“No field or wood,” the Inspector said,
“Grows very near this station.
The land about is given up
To human habitation.
You could hardly find,” he said, “a less
Congenial location.”

XXIII

“But if you’ll bide a bit with me,
And promise to be good,
And not play any fairy tricks,
And do just what you should,
On Thursday, that’s my next day off,
We’ll go and find a wood.”

XXIV

So, when at length the morning dawned,
And the Inspector’s work was done,
He took the fairy off with him
To his home at Number One
Laburnum Grove, where he put him to bed
With a glass of hot milk and a bun.

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XXV

They woke next day, and breakfasted,
And then, to show his gratitude,
The fairy danced before his host
With many a curious attitude.
The Inspector pronounced it "quite fairylike,"
But, of course, that was rather a platitude.

XXVI

And then he asked him questions
Of the fairies and their ways,
And what they did and thought about,
And how they spent their days,
And if they'd shops and newspapers
And cinemas and plays.

XXVII

"And, lastly, what about yourself?"
Said the Inspector to his guest,
"What sort of job can you perform?
What suits your fancy best?
I liked that trick you did last night,
But tell me about the rest."

XXVIII

The fairy answered modestly,
"There isn't much to tell.
I can dance a bit, and sing a bit,
And paint a flower or shell,
And I sometimes help with the Sunsets,
But I cannot do them well.

XXIX

"In fact, I'm not much of a fairy,
And many good qualities lack,
At managing weather I'm no good at all,
And of spells I have hardly the knack."
"If that's so," said his host, the Inspector,
"Then why do you want to go back?"

“FOUGASSE”

XXX

“Though you mayn’t be great shakes as a fairy,
And only of lowly degree,
And at most of your fairy employments
Outclassed by the others, maybe.
All the same, with those tricks, as a human
You’d soon reach the top of the tree.”

XXXI

The fairy pondered deeply,
And let his fancy run,
He knew he ought to hurry home,
But yet . . . it would be fun!
And vanity wrestled with virtue
Till, finally, vanity won.

XXXII

And so they sat and settled
The course on which to go,
How the fairy should pose as a human boy
Of about ten years or so,
As the nephew of Inspector Smith,
With the Christian name of Joe.

XXXIII

’Twas thus they laid their programme,
And thus began forthwith
That most astonishing career
Of the boy called Joseph Smith
Who started life as a fairy
Or, as some might say, a myth.

XXXIV

He started off by dancing
At an amateur affair
In aid of the Policemen’s Orphanage
In a hall near Vincent Square;
And never before had the audience seen
Such dancing anywhere.

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XXXV

It created such amazement
That agents soon came round
With promises of contracts,
And thus a job he found
At the Terpsichorean Theatre
(Near the Aldwych Underground).

XXXVI

There people flocked to wonder at
His marvellous agility:
He did the most surprising feats
With effortless facility,
And on the ground or in the air
Seemed to dance with equal ability.

XXXVII

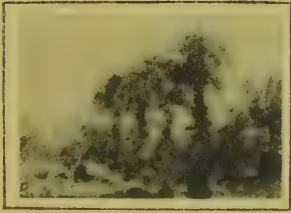
And in the Press they wrote of him,
In terms enthusiastic,
Of his "rhythm," his "kinetic grace,"
His "poetry gymnastic,"
Employing all the clever words,
From "verve" to "light fantastic."

XXXVIII

And invitations came so fast
He couldn't send them answers,
From dukes and politicians
Down to "note-of-hand" advancers.
From every class admirers came,
Save one . . . his fellow-dancers.

XXXIX

But these weren't over cordial,
If the truth must be confessed,
And but little admiration for
His dancing they expressed:
In fact, they called it "amateur"
And "lacking in interest."



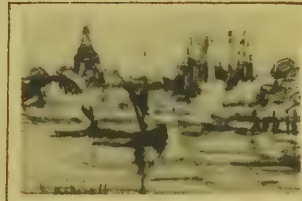
B. W. Leader, R.A.



A. Brown, R.A., R.W.A.



E. Hesketh Hubbard, R.O.I., R.W.A.



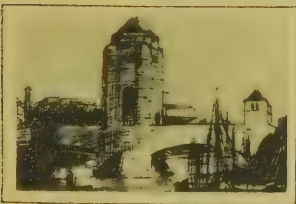
Katherine Kimball, A.R.E.



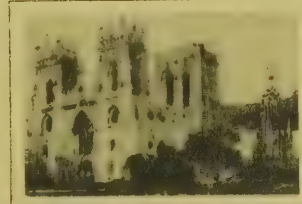
Robert Eadie, R.S.W.



Denis Eden.



G. Gilbert Scott, R.A.



Fred Taylor, R.I.

FACSIMILES OF SOME OF THE DRAWINGS MADE FOR THE LIBRARY

“FOUGASSE”

XL

“He has talent,” they admitted,
“And a certain sort of style,
But to call those antics dancing,
Well, it only makes one smile;
And he’s only a child, and what can he know
Of dancing yet awhile?”

XLI

“He’s only a child, and yet he presumes
To try to present on the stage
Dances which take many years of hard work.
Why, it cannot be done at his age!”
And then they would talk of his lack of technique
Which drove them quite frantic with rage.

XLII

“He calls it a dance of the fairies,
But we’d like to be told how he knows.
It’s not quite what we were brought up to,
And we do know a bit, we suppose,
We’ve been taught how to dance like fairies for years,
And that’s not at all how it goes!”

XLIII

They mocked, and they scoffed and derided
And jeered just as much as they could,
At the “Second-rate taste of the Public
Preferring what’s new to what’s good,”
Till poor, sensitive Joseph, he broke down and wept
At being misunderstood.

XLIV

“I’m sure I don’t know what’s upset them
Or what I’m at fault in,” he sighed,
“I thought that as dancers they’d surely approve
Of the fairyland dances I’ve tried,
But it certainly seems that I’m much in the wrong,
Though it’s hard to believe it,” he cried.

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XLV

“It’s nice to be cheered and applauded
And fêted wherever I go,
The praise of the public is all very well,
But it’s maybe because they don’t know,
And if dancers all say that I’m no good at all
Then I cannot go on with the show.”

XLVI

So having lost faith in his efforts
He abandoned his dancing ere long
And turned his attention to music instead,
In which he could hardly go wrong,
For there’s naught like the magic of fairyland airs
Or the charm of a fairyland song.

XLVII

With pipes from the rushes provided,
The same that the fairies all play,
He rendered the music that runs in the brooks
And the songs of the wind in the hay
And the melodies made by the Sun, and the dew,
And the drone of the bees on the may,

XLVIII

And songs did he sing of the fairies
And of life in the fairy domains,
Songs that they sing as they work and they play,
Songs of their pleasures and pains,
Cradle songs, spinning songs, songs of the hunt
And the war-songs of fairy campaigns.

XLIX

His concerts were packed to the ceiling,
And great the sensation he made
With his delicate singing, his strange little songs
And the exquisite music he played,
And it soon was agreed that his musical skill
Put his dancing feats well in the shade.

“FOUGASSE”

L

But, again I am sorry to tell it,
Agreement was not absolute.
The musical experts they quickly began
To discredit, dispraise and dispute,
And to talk of “the immature efforts
Of this prodigy playing the flute.”

LI

They heaped on him scorn and derision,
They told him he knew not a thing
Of harmony, counterpoint, thoroughbass,
Of tympani, woodwind or string.
They said that his melodies broke all the Laws
And advised him to learn how to Sing.

LII

His music recitals went on for a month
During which he had naught but abuse
From his colleagues inside the profession
Till finally naught would induce
The unfortunate fairy to stay in a sphere
Where the experts all thought him no use.

LIII

He abandoned all public appearance,
And decided to follow instead
The more peaceful vocation of painter,
For “Here they can hardly,” he said,
“Call me ignorant when, from my earliest youth,
The life of a painter I’ve led.

LIV

“I’ve many years’ practice at colouring flowers
And at tinting the leaves not a few,
I’ve oftentimes painted the shells on the beach
And rainbows . . . I’ve worked on them too.
And I’ve helped with the dawns and the sunsets,
Which is more than a human can do.”

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LV

So with brushes of feathers and grasses,
And colours that come from the sun,
When his rays get caught up in the dewdrops,
The first fairy painting's begun :
The daintiest picture of blossom in sunlight,
A wonderful work when it's done.

LVI

A marvel to those who beheld it,
So slight yet so calm and complete,
The veriest soul of the Summer it was,
Aglow with its light and its heat,
So perfectly peaceful and restful and soft;
In short, an astonishing feat.

LVII

And when it was finished he framed it,
And off in a taxi did go
To the galleries where a most eminent guild
Were preparing their annual show,
Where he filled up a form, and presented his work
At the Secretary's Office below.

LVIII

And the eminent hanging committee
Whose job is to take or reject
Met to settle the fate of the pictures sent in
And had them brought up to inspect.
When they came to our hero's, "Good Heavens,"
said one,
"What a very unpleasing effect!"

LIX

Said another, "It's all out of drawing,
And those colours, they really appal,"
And a third said "There's no composition,"
And a fourth said "There's nothing at all!"
And they chorused together "Oh, throw it outside,
We can't hang that stuff on the wall!"

“FOUGASSE”

LX

So the picture returned to poor Joseph
With “rejected” in chalk on the back,
And he found himself sadly compelled to confess
That once more he was on the wrong tack.
“It certainly seems,” he admitted at last,
“That there’s some human virtue I lack.”

LXI

“I cannot appeal to the wise ones at all,
It’s only to those who don’t know.
What’s the use of going on with a record like this,
With nothing but failure to show?
I’ll get away back to my people,
I wish I’d returned long ago!”

LXII

So he journeyed next day to the country
And made his way into a wood,
And there he once more donned his fairy costume
And slipped back as fast as he could
Into fairyland. . . . how, I can’t tell you,
Nor would it be fair that I should.

LXIII

His friends and relations all welcomed him back
And great was their joy to receive him
(They were somewhat surprised at the story he told,
Though, of course, they were bound to believe him),
And so, once again, he is safely at home,
And there we can happily leave him.

LXIV

But first we must mention the MORAL
(In all the best stories they do).
It’s an excellent moral in every way
. . . . In a sense you might say there are two,
Both equally good: What, exactly, they are,
Well, I think I can leave that to you!

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GILBERT FRANKAU

Mr. Frankau has copied from his novel *Peter Jackson, Cigar Merchant* (1919), which not a few good judges put among the best of the many war books, the passages describing the Prince of Wales at the Front.

SIR JAMES G. FRAZER

I quote a portion of a letter from the author of *The Golden Bough* to Princess Marie Louise, accompanying his little book :—

“Trinity College, Cambridge,
“5th September, 1922.

“As a loyal and devoted subject of Their Most Gracious Majesties the King and Queen I am proud and happy to contribute a small volume to the Library of the Dolls' House or Palace. Mine is to be presented to Her Majesty the Queen in token of the deep reverence and high esteem in which she is held by her affectionate people, who cannot be sufficiently grateful for the example of public and private virtues set them by both Their Most Gracious Majesties. May they long continue to reign over us, and to guide in their wisdom the destinies of this great Empire!

“For the little book I have chosen three passages from my published writings. . . . The scenery described in the last piece, if I am not mistaken, is not unfamiliar to your Highness. The ‘little white town’ is Helensburgh. The whole neighbourhood, including the wooded peninsula of Roseneath and the lovely Gareloch, is endeared to me by the fondest memories of my youth.”

The book itself, which was copied by Lady Frazer, contains three passages from Sir James's works : “The Reading of the Bible,” “My Old Study,” and “Memories of Youth.” I quote the last :

To-night, with the muffled roar of London in my ears, I look down the long vista of the past and see again the little white town by the sea, the hills above it tinged with the warm sunset light. I hear again the soft music of the evening bells, the bells of which they told us in our childhood, that though we did not heed them now, we would remember them when we were old. Across the bay, in the deepening shadow, lies sweet Roseneath, embowered in its woods, and beyond the dark and slumbrous waters of the loch peep glimmering through the twilight the low green hills of Gareloch, while above them tower far into the glory of the sunset sky, the rugged mountains of Loch Long. Home of my youth! There is the little house in the garden—the garden where it seems to me now that it was always summer and the flowers were always bright—the garden where the burn winds wimpling over the pebbles under the red sandstone cliffs—I dreamed the long, long dreams of youth. A mist, born not of the sea, rises up and hides the scene. And as the vision fades, like many a dream of youth before, I look out into the night, and see the lights and hear again the muffled roar of London.

he was gifted with
a steady will -
not less refined,
it is true, but
effective enough
against the
proud & his foes.
Outside his per-
sonal decoration

Charles Whibley

and is therefore
so far as it
lives in
is, say, what
All Kennedy
whether it comes
down through
philosophy.

Viscount Haldane, O.M.

The air was cool
& perfumed with
whale. They were in
some under-world,
strangely muted
soundless, my
visions. Or find
very dark.
"Where are we,
Nikie?"

Agernon Blackwood

X
Truth is not
what each
man thinks
but truth
is what each
man feels to
be his truth

George Saintsbury

HEREAFTER.
Where are we going,
Oh, if we knew
as well as knowing
that we had
wonder it helps us
to write!

Maurice Hewlett

Where the Snows that fall
on the icy wall
have all the tall Peaks
base,
I heard the Mountain
Spirits call
that travel upon
the air.

F. W. Bain

Dedication.
In tiniest lines
With the smallest pen seen
I dedicate this
To the dolls of the Queen

Lord Dunsany

up of the
negative; no
removing a
single wrinkle!
Age has its

Sir A. W. Pinero

with strange vi-
bration.
Slowly Fate pre-
pares for each of us
the religion that
lies coiled in our
most secret nerves;
with such we cannot

93

John Galsworthy

SIR PHILIP GIBBS

JOHN GALSWORTHY

Mr. Galsworthy has copied from his collection of essays, *The Inn of Tranquillity* (1912), the beautiful history of a spaniel, entitled "Memories." On the first page he has written: "For Her Majesty the Queen. Inscribed by John Galsworthy, 1922."

W. L. GEORGE

Mr. George, who believes that the proper study of mankind is woman, continues his researches in that inexhaustible subject, and has written a very concise *History of Woman* for the Dolls' House. Unfortunately copyright restrictions make it impossible to print it here.

SIR PHILIP GIBBS

THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR

It did not seem an unknown warrior whose body came on a gun carriage down Whitehall, where we were waiting for him. He was known to all of us. It was one of "our boys"—not warriors—as we called them in the days of darkness lit by faith.

To some women, weeping a little in the crowd after an all-night vigil, he was their boy who went missing one day and was never found till now, though their souls went searching for him through dreadful places in the night.

To many men, among those packed densely on each side of the empty street, wearing badges and medals on civil clothes, he was a familiar figure, one of their comrades, the one they liked best, perhaps, in the old crowd who went into the fields of death and stayed there with great companionship.

It was a steel helmet, an old "tin hat," lying there on the crimson of the flag, which revealed him instantly, not as a mythical warrior aloof from common humanity, a shadowy type of national pride and martial glory, but as one of those fellows, dressed in the drab of Khaki, stained by mud and grease, who went into dirty ditches with this steel hat on his head, and in his heart unspoken things which made him one of us in courage and in fear, with some kind of faith—not clear, full of perplexities, often dim—in the watchwords of those years of war.

So it seemed to me, at least, as I looked down Whitehall and listened to the music which told us that the unknown was coming down the road.

The band was playing the old "Dead March" in *Saul*, with heavy drumming, but as yet the roadway was clear where it led up to that altar of sacrifice, as it looked, covered by two flags hanging in long folds of scarlet and white.

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About that altar cenotaph there were little groups of strange people, all waiting for the dead soldier.

Who were they, these people? They were great folk to greet the dust of a simple soldier. There was the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Bishop of London, and other clergy in gowns and hoods. What had they to do with the body of the soldier who had gone trudging through the mud and muck, like one ant in a legion of ants, unknown to fame, not more heroic perhaps than all his pals about him, not missed much when he fell dead between the tangled wire and shell holes?

There were great Generals and Admirals—Lord Haig himself, commander-in-chief of our armies in France, and Admiral Beatty who held the seas ; Lord French of Ypres, with Horne of the First Army, and Byng of the Third, and Air-Marshal Trenchard who had commanded all the birds that flew above the lines on mornings of enormous battle.

These were high powers, infinitely remote, perhaps, in the imagination of the man whose dust was now being brought toward them.

It was their brains that had directed his movements down the long road which galled his feet, over ground churned up by gun-fire, up the duck-boards from which he slipped under his heavy pack, and, whatever his class as a soldier, ordained at last the end of his journey which finished in the grave marked by the metal disc.

Unknown in life, he had looked upon these generals as terrifying in their power "for the likes of him." Sometimes he had saluted them as they rode past. Now they stood in Whitehall to salute *him*, to keep silence in his presence, to render him homage more wonderful than any General of them all has had.

There were Princes there about the Cenotaph, not only of England but of the Indian Empire. These Indian Rajahs, that old, white-bearded, white-turbaned man, with the face of an Eastern prophet, was it possible they too were out to pay homage to the unknown British soldier?

There was something of the light of Flanders in Whitehall—the strange light that the tattered ruins of the Cloth Hall of Ypres used to shine with through the mist—suffused a little by wan sunlight, white as the walls and turrets of the War Office in the mist of London. The tower of Big Ben was dim through the mist like the tower of Albert Church until it fell into a heap of dust under the fury of gun fire.

Presently the sun shone brighter, so that the picture of Whitehall was etched with deeper lines. On all the buildings flags were flying at half mast. The people who kept moving about the cenotaph were there for

SIR PHILIP GIBBS

mourning, not for pageantry. Grenadier Officers who walked about with drawn swords wore crepe on their arms.

Presently they passed the word along, "Reverse arms!" and all along the line of route soldiers turned over their rifles and bent their heads over the butts. It was when the music of the "Dead March" came louder up the street.

One figure stood alone as the symbol of the nation in this tribute to the spirit of our dead. As Big Ben struck three-quarters after 10 the King advanced toward the cenotaph, followed by the Prince of Wales, the Prince's two brothers, and the Duke of Connaught, and while others stood in line looking towards the top of Whitehall, the King was a few paces ahead of them, alone, waiting, motionless, for the body of the Unknown Warrior who had died in his service.

It was very silent in Whitehall, and before this ordered silence the dense lines of people kept their places without movement, only spoke a little in their long time of waiting, and then, as they caught their first glimpse of the gun-carriage were utterly quiet. All heads were bared and bent. Their emotion was as though a little cold breeze were passing. One seemed to feel the spirit of the crowd. The massed bands passed with their noble music and their drums thumping at the hearts of men and women, the Guards with their reversed arms and then the gun-carriage with its team of horses halted in front of the cenotaph where the King stood, and his hand was raised to salute the Soldier who had died that we might live, chosen by Fate for this honour, which is in remembrance of that great army of comrades who went out with him to No Man's Land. The King laid a wreath on his coffin and then stepped back again.

Crowded behind the gun carriage in one long vista was an immense column of men of all branches of the navy and army moving up slowly before coming to a halt, and behind again other men in civil clothes, and everywhere among them and above them were flowers in the form of wreaths and crosses. Then all was still, and the picture was complete, framing in that coffin, where the steel hat and the King's sword lay upon the flag which draped it.

The soul of the nation at its best, purified at this moment by this emotion, was there, in the silence about the dust of that Unknown.

Guns were being fired somewhere in the distance. They were not loud, but like the distant thumping of the guns on a misty day in Flanders when there was "nothing to report," though on such a day, perhaps, this man had died.

THE DOLLS' HOUSE LIBRARY

Presently there was a far-off wailing like the cry of a banshee. It was a siren giving the warning of silence in some place by the river.

The deep notes of Big Ben struck 11. Then the King turned quickly to the lever behind him, touched it, and let fall the great flags which had draped it. A grim hard thing like a pagan altar, as it seemed to me, the Cenotaph stood revealed, utterly austere, except for three standards with their gilt wreaths.

It was a time of silence. What thoughts were in the minds of all the people only God knows, as they stood there for those two minutes, which were very long. There was a dead stillness in Whitehall, only broken here and there by the coughing of a man or woman, quietly hushed. . . .

The silence ended. Some word rang out. The bugles were blowing. Farther than Whitehall sounded the Last Post to the dead. Did the whole army of the dead hear that call to them from the living? In the crowd below me women were weeping, quietly. It was the cry from their hearts that was heard farthest, perhaps. The men's faces were hard, like masks, hiding all they thought and felt.

The King stepped forward again, and took a wreath from Lord Haig, and laid it at the base of the Cenotaph. It was the first of a world of flowers, brought as a tribute of living hearts to this altar of the dead. Admirals and Generals and Statesmen came with wreaths, and battalions of police followed bearing great trophies of flowers, on behalf of fighting men and all their comrades, and presently, when the gun-carriage passed on towards the Abbey, with the King following it on foot with his sons and soldiers, there was a moving tide of men and women advancing ceaselessly with floral tributes. They waited until the escort of the coffin had passed, the bluejackets and marines, the air-force and infantry, and then took their turn to file past the Cenotaph and lay their flowers upon the bed of lilies and chrysanthemums which rose above the base.

As the columns passed they turned eyes left or eyes right to that tall symbol of death, if they had eyes to see, but there were blind men there who saw only by the light of the spirit and saluted when their guides said "Now." It was two years after "Cease fire" on the Front, but in the crowds of Whitehall there were men in hospital blue not too well remembered by those in health. Two of them were legless men, but they rode on wheels and gave the salute with a fine gesture as they passed the memorial of those who fought with them and suffered less perhaps than they do now.

OLIVER ST. JOHN GOGARTY

So the Unknown Warrior came to the Abbey where many were waiting for him. He passed up the pathway of Kings, for not a monarch can ever again go up to the altar to be crowned but must step over the resting-place of the man who died that his Kingdom might endure.

Queen Mary with three other queens rose with their ladies to greet him. When the words of blessing died away, after the service over the open grave, from far up among the pillared arches came a whisper of sound. It grew and grew, and it seemed that regiments and then divisions and armies of men were on the march. The whole Cathedral was filled with the murmur of their foot-falls until they passed, and the sound grew faint in the distance. It was the roll of drums and seemed like the passing of that host of dead which has left one Unknown Warrior forever on guard at the doorway of the old Abbey, and in the heart of England remembrance of great sacrifice.

OLIVER ST. JOHN GOGARTY

From Dr. Gogarty's little book of poems, which he calls *Apples of Gold*, and which has been transcribed by Mr. Albert E. Barlow, A.R.C.A., I take this loyal tribute:—

TO HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY QUEEN MARY

God guard your head from Time's assaults,
As He has kept your Fame from faults,
Till Time shall turn and grow
Less grimly on destruction bent,
To Loveliness more lenient,
To Worth more kind than now.
May He make joyful and secure
(As in this House in miniature)
Homes for your Love to keep:
Towns on the skyline of the lea,
Orchards that foam from sea to sea,
And the Main, fruitful deep;
Filling with courtesy and grace
The low-roofed and the lofty place,
The quiet gardens filling
With Peace so strong, assured, serene,
So unmistakable of mien,
High natured and good willing,
That in its precinct everyone
May feel descended from the Throne!

THE DOLLS' HOUSE LIBRARY

EDMUND GOSSE

A FRENCH DOLL'S HOUSE

In the year 1675 Mme. de Thiange presented to the Duke du Maine a toy which has long disappeared, and for the recovery of which I would gladly exchange many a grand composition of painting and sculpture.

It was a gilded doll's house representing the interior of a *salon*. Over the door was written "Chambre des Sublimes." Inside were wax portrait figures of living celebrities: the Duke du Maine in one armchair; in another La Rochefoucauld, who was handing him some manuscript. By the armchair was standing Bossuet, then Bishop of Condom, and La Rochefoucauld's eldest son, M. de Marcillac. At the other end of the alcove Mme. de la Fayette and Mme. de Thiange were reading verses together. Outside the balustrade, Boileau with a pitchfork was preventing seven or eight bad poets from entering, to the amusement and approval of Racine, who was already inside, and of La Fontaine, who was invited to come forward.

The likeness of these little waxen figures is said to have been perfect, and there can hardly be fancied a relic of that fine society of old Paris which would be more valuable to us in re-establishing its social character. What became of the Chambre des Sublimes after the death of the Duke du Maine no one seems to know. We may sadly suppose that the wax grew dusty, and that when the figures lost their heads and hands some petulant châtelaine doomed the ruined treasure to the dustbin.

HARRY GRAHAM

Captain Graham's book consists of a number of his famous *Ruthless Rhymes for Heartless Homes* (1899), with special emphasis on the following six as being his own favourites :—

RUTHLESS RHYMES FOR HEARTLESS HOMES

AUNT ELIZA

In the drinking-well
Which the plumber built her
Aunt Eliza fell
We must buy a filter.

WASTE

I had written to Aunt Maud
Who was on a trip abroad
When I heard she'd died of cramp—
Just in time to save the stamp.

HARRY GRAHAM

THE STERN PARENT

Father heard his children scream,
So he threw them in the stream,
Saying, as he drowned the third,
"Children should be seen, *not* heard!"

THE FOND FATHER

Of Baby I was very fond,
She'd won her father's heart;
So, when she fell into the pond,
It gave me quite a start.

THE ENGLISHMAN'S HOME

I was playing golf the day
That the Germans landed;
All our troops had run away,
All our ships were stranded;
And the thought of England's shame
Altogether spoilt my game.

TENDER-HEARTEDNESS

Billy, in one of his nice new sashes,
Fell in the fire and was burnt to ashes;
Now, although the room grows chilly,
I haven't the heart to poke poor Billy.

STEPHEN GRAHAM

The author of *A Tramp's Sketches* (1912) has copied from it a passage entitled "How the Old Pilgrim reached Bethlehem."

WINIFRED GRAHAM

"ROYAL LOVERS"

CHAPTER I

King Palantine ruled ruthlessly over the ancient Kingdom of Aladro, but his only daughter Paula, beautiful and motherless, was the idol of the people, yet at heart she was sad, realising how little she knew of her future subjects.

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One day she felt the stirrings of a great ambition! She read an appeal in a Church Newspaper for night workers in the crowded slum of St. Blaize.

An idea struck her—she would disguise herself and offer her services, thus reaching the very heart of the people she loved.

Confiding in her Lady-in-Waiting, she obtained the necessary clothes, and escaped from the Palace by a garden gate one misty night. Soon she was rubbing shoulders with the busy crowds, and finally found herself watching by the dying bed of an old woman in the lowest quarter of the Capital. The miserable hag was crying for her son:

“Fetch Jean,” she moaned. “I must kiss Jean before I die!”

Then she told Paula, who was masquerading under the name of Mademoiselle Leroy, that he had gone to a Revolutionary meeting at a public-house called the Loup Blanc.

“It is there,” she whispered, “they discuss the King’s failures and plot for a future Republic. They are a set of cut-throats and assassins, and will bring my boy to harm.”

She gave the stranger the password, and implored her to go and tell Jean his mother was dying.

With fast beating pulses Mademoiselle Leroy hurried to the Loup Blanc, and was stealthily admitted to a sordid assembly.

The Leader was delivering a fiery address as she entered. “The King,” he hissed, “could be stamped out—Paula is different—she in herself is a thousand Kings! If she would wed, and do her duty by the State, we might make the King abdicate in her favour, but seeing we have no use for spinsters on the throne, and she declines to marry, the Father and Daughter must both go!”

Sick with apprehension, Mademoiselle Leroy delivered her message to Jean and hurried back to the Palace.

In the morning she sent for Monsieur Dams, the Court Detective.

CHAPTER II

Then Princess Paula unfolded her story!

To her surprise he told her that he and his Department knew the Loup Blanc well, since dangerous strangers always found their way to that coterie. With a smile he added:—

“It is invaluable to the Police!”

WINIFRED GRAHAM

She was greatly relieved—but the gibing words on her spinsterhood rang in her brain like a clarion note—a call to duty never realised before. She had refused endless offers from foreign Princes, the thought of a marriage of convenience being repugnant to her, and already her Father had jokingly called her “the old maid.”

So when he told her that Prince Ferdinand, who would make an excellent consort politically, was coming on a visit to seek her hand in marriage, she listened with less annoyance than usual.

CHAPTER III

The Prince was said to be a woman-hater and dreaded the ordeal of proposing, so suggested a plan to her Father.

“When we have taken our coffee on the terrace after dinner,” the King told her, “our visitor will ask you to show him the Rose Garden. When you pass through the iron gate he will say:—‘May I pick you a rose?’ If you give permission, that will mean you are betrothed. If you reply: ‘Thank you, I never wear flowers,’ he will know he is refused.”

Paula agreed to this, and her heart beat furiously with alarm when the dreaded moment came. The tall, sinister stranger walked at her side without speaking a word, then suddenly pounced like a vulture on a deep crimson rose with a particularly thorny stalk. “Will you have it?” he asked, looking her in the face with hard, compelling eyes. She hesitated, then came a faint and trembling “Yes.”

He broke the stalk with a grim smile and handed it to her.

“I will wear it,” said Paula, “because it happens to be the ‘Rose of Resignation.’”

Without a sign of emotion she pinned it in her breast, and they walked back to the Palace in Silence.

CHAPTER IV

That night, the Prince, who was troubled in his mind, dreamed a dream. Paula came to him, warmly alive, no longer a woman of stone, and whispered they would build their house together. She led him to a rose-decked portal, but just as they were entering it shrank before his eyes, and the Palace was no larger than a Doll’s House, so they could not walk in! Crushed by this bitter jest, he turned on her fiercely, but she only smiled, and drew a tiny curtain aside.

“Look,” she said, “at one of our dolls!”

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A sweet-faced child, a boy with curly hair and laughing eyes, peeped out. He took their hands in his tiny wax fingers, and joined them triumphantly. "Father," he said, "Mother"—and drawing in his head, pulled down the blind.

CHAPTER V

When the Prince woke he longed to tell Paula the dream, but dared not, only she saw a softened light in his eyes as he asked her to come to the Rose Garden again.

"Why Resignation?" he asked, as they entered the gate. "What an unhappy word! If you are only marrying me for the sake of your country—God help us both!"

He looked at her with the expression of a child in pain.

The maternal instinct that lies deep in the heart of every woman stirred and glowed—the red roses of passion suddenly opened their damask leaves. He caught her in his arms and imprisoned her lips. "Mademoiselle Leroy," he whispered, "I saw you that night at the Loup Blanc. I too was there in disguise, eager to know the people's will. Dams gave me the password; I loved you at sight. We will build our house together, and save Aladro!"

Her head sank on his shoulder; he heard her draw a deep breath. Then he fancied the laughing boy pulled up the blinds of the dream Doll's House. Surely she must hear him saying "Mother!"

Paula's face was radiant with smiles. "Then you don't hate me!" she faltered, thrilling at his touch.

He pressed her closer and closer to his heart—suddenly their path was full of Light, for Love came down it, pit-a-pat—soft of step, fleet of foot—pit-a-pat, and with a long white taper lighted the sacred fires.

Paula felt their heat in blood and brain; she warmed her hands at the flames—already she was a queen!

"My Queen of Love," he whispered, "we have our Kingdom now."

Above the tree tops the far-gleaming spires of the Capital could be seen, but there, in the sun-bathed garden, life for a moment stood still. Sweet blew the incense from the spheres—a thousand fragrant perfumes on the summer air.

But he did not tell her the boy had come out of the Doll's House and was hiding among the rose bushes, softly calling, "Father!" "Mother!"

CHARLES L. GRAVES

NORFOLK

The Royal County

Norfolk, although no mountain ranges
Girdle your plains with a bastioned height,
Yet is your landscape rich in changes,
Filling the eye with delight—
Heath-clad uplands and lonely dingles,
Slow streams stealing through level meads,
Flats where the marsh with the ocean mingles,
Meres close guarded by sentinel reeds.

Never a mile but some church-tower hoary
Stands for a witness, massive and tall,
How men furthered God's greater glory—
Blakeney and Cley and Sall.

Never a village but in its borders
Signs of a stormy past remain,
Walls that were manned by Saxon warders,
Barrows that guard the bones of the Dane.

Deep in your heart Rome left her traces,
Normans held your manors in fee,
Italy lent you her Southern graces,
Dutchmen bridled your sea.

Flemings wove you their silks and woollens,
Romany magic still to you clings,
And the fairest daughter of all the Bullens
Blent your blood with that of your Kings.

Yours are the truest names in England—
Overy Staithe and Icknield Way,
Waveney River, Ringmere, Ringland,
Wymondham and Wormegay.
Land of windmills and brown-winged wherries
Gliding along with the gait of Queens;
Land of the Broads, the dykes and the ferries,
Land of the Sounds, the Brecks, the Denes.

Gipsy lore, the heart of his stories,
Borrow gleaned in his Norwich home.
Broadland, aflame with sunset glories,
Fired the vision of Crome.

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Tombland's echo throughout the pages
Of Browne like a stately Requiem runs;
Nelson, "a name to resound for ages,"
Crowns the roll of your hero sons.

Visions of old that we vainly cherish,
Dim and faint are your forms to-day!
Ancient memories fade and perish,
Ancient houses decay.
Still, unfit though he be to render
Justice in verse to your golden prime,
Norfolk, O let an obscure week-ender
Offer this meed of lowly rhyme.

ROBERT GRAVES

Captain Graves has made a selection from his poems, so whimsical and fanciful with now and then a scalding line, and abridged them "for Dolls and Princes." I quote five :—

ONE HARD LOOK

Small gnats that fly
In hot July
And lodge in sleeping ears,
Can rouse therein
A trumpet's din
With Day of Judgment fears.

Small mice at night
Can wake more fright
Than lions at midday,
A straw will crack
The camel's back,
There is no easier way.

One smile relieves
A heart that grieves
Though deadly sad it be,
And one hard look
Can close the book
That lovers love to see.

ROBERT GRAVES

VAIN AND CARELESS

Lady, lovely lady,
Careless and gay,
Once when a beggar called
She gave her child away.
The beggar took the baby,
Wrapped him in a shawl.
"Bring it back," the Lady said,
"Next time you call."

Hard by lived a vain man,
So vain and so proud,
He walked on stilts,
To be seen by the crowd.
Up above the chimney pots,
Tall as a mast,
And all the people ran about,
Shouting till he passed.

"A splendid match, surely,"
Neighbours saw it plain,
"Although she is so careless,
Although he is so vain."
But the lady played bobcherry,
Did not see or care,
As the vain man went by her,
Aloft in the air.

This gentle born couple
Lived and died apart,
Water will not mix with oil,
Nor vain with careless heart.

WHAT DID I DREAM?

What did I dream? I do not know,
The fragments fly like chaff,
Yet strange, my mind was tickled so,
I cannot help but laugh.

THE DOLLS' HOUSE LIBRARY

Pull the curtains close again,
Tuck my blanket in,
Must a glorious humour wane
Because birds begin
Discoursing in a restless tone
Rousing me from sleep—
The finest entertainment known
And given rag-cheap?

THE PHILOSOPHERS

Thought has a bias,
Direction, a bend;
Space, its inhibitions;
Time, a dead end.

Is whiteness white?
O then, call it black!
Farthest from the Truth
Is yet half way back.

Effect ordains cause,
Head swallowing the tail,
Does whale engulf sprat
Or sprat assume whale?

Contentions weary
It giddies all to think :
Then kiss, girl, kiss,
Or drink, fellow, drink!

IN THE WILDERNESS

Christ of His gentleness,
Thirsting and hungering,
Walked in the Wilderness.
Soft words of grace He spoke
Unto lost desert folk,
That listened wondering.

ROBERT GRAVES

He heard the bitterns call
From ruined palace wall,
Answered them brotherly.
He held communion
With the she-pelican,
Of lonely piety.
Basilisk, cockatrice
Flocked to His homilies,
With mail of dread device,
With monstrous barbed stings,
With eager dragon eyes,
Great bats on leathern wings
And poor blind broken things,
Foul in their miseries,
And ever with Him went
Of all His wanderings
Comrade, with ragged coat,
Gaunt ribs, poor innocent,
Bleeding foot, burning throat,
The guileless old scapegoat,
For forty nights and days
Followed in Jesus' ways,
Sure guard behind Him kept,
Tears like a lover wept.

PAMELA GREY

Lady Grey of Fallodon has composed a poetry book called *Star Dust*, containing nineteen poems. Of these I select seven:

A little poetry book for Her Majesty's Dolls' House composed and written out by Pamela Grey of Fallodon.

THE WHITE-THROAT'S SONG

I love
When leaves move
In the breeze
On Summer trees.

I sing
Of everything
That has its birth
On the Earth.

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I praise
God's ways
In field and fold
And flowering wold.

THREE IN ONE

Storm, and a chequered strife
Is Life.

Clouds, and a flitting breath
Is Death.

Song, and the Dawn breaking,
Is our awaking.

THE INTRUDERS

"Come Harry, put away your toys,
Bed-time's here.
I've no place for wilful boys,
Don't shed a tear."
"O! Mother . . . did you hear that noise?
. . . . I fear! . . ."

A hard heart, unimagining
Puts out the light.
She leaves the child all shuddering
A-chill with fright.
Then other souls steal back again
Towards delight.

"Back! Back to life!" the Earthbound cry
"Here is a little gate!"
And Hob, and Nob, and Prate, and Pry,
Come scrambling, with their freight
Of stultified Humanity,
Mockery and Hate.

PAMELA GREY

They pluck from Innocence a force,
And each one robs
Something to further the fell course
Of crooked jobs.
They peep and peer without remorse,
For childish sobs.

O! darkness, darkness of the brain,
And darkness of the sight,
To listen not when children 'plain
Of a mysterious fright.
"O! Mother, . . . (hear them) . . . come again! . . .
O Mother! leave the light!"

A LAMENT

Now gently move, for one is dead
Who was so sweet in life.
O! Nest, where is the song-bird fled?
O! Sheath, where is thy knife?
O! Cloud, where is thy rainbow gone
And Heart, where is thy choice?
O! Ring, where is thy ruby stone,
And Bird, where is thy voice?
O! Skylark, thou hast lost thy wings
And Ship, thy rudder strong.
O! Lute, thou hast forgot thy strings
And Nightingale, thy song
Where is the love of this World's strife?
Where are its glories fled?
Where is the happiness of Life,
When one we love is dead?

THE PASSING OF THE RED MAN

A noble race sinks slowly to decay;
Surely we should preserve it to an Earth
That was so long its cradle and its hearth
Where it held high and undisputed sway?

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Moreover on ourselves great blame we lay,
We have obtruded on a primitive birth
Sophistication, and attendant dearth.
Now points the dial to the close of day.

Well that its history tells sylvan fame,
Well that the Hunting Grounds provide reward!
There shall they leap and chase the flying game,
Or smoke the Peace-Pipe on the deathless sward.
Great White-Cloud passes, lofty as his name,
An acquiescence in his fixed regard.

When the noble fall there is no strife of tongues, no recrimination; only such stillness as holds the roar of the cataract in the distance, and the stir of wind in the trees.

SUMMER DUSK

The air is now untroubled by a sound
Heavier than a moth's wing;
The silence is more sentient than profound,
It is a listening,

It is a leaning from the inner heart of flowers,
A giving from the leaves,
And blessèd is the one that in these hours
Receives.

REST

Men pass and pass again
In profit or in pain,
And in the mart and street
Meet.

Actors, they come and go
On the world's stage below,
Where the laughter of fools
Rules.

And life is stress and strain
Alike for heart and brain.
Chief of the devil's toys
Is noise.

PAMELA GREY

The wise man leaves the throng
He finds himself among,
And upon old books
Looks.

He turns a mellowed page
Writ in a former age;
Books are the Master Key
Setting free.

There is no sound at all
Save the old clock by the wall,
Almost whose tick denies
Time flies.

So sit the wise at home,
Giving their spirit room.
They know that it is best
To rest.

SIR H. RIDER HAGGARD

FROM "A FARMER'S YEAR"

"Now, above every time and season, in this moment of midnight while the world beneath us leaps to the pathway of another year, to Him who, with an equal hand, makes the star, the child, and the corn to grow, and, their use fulfilled, calls back the energy of life He lent them; to the Lord of birth and death; of spring, of summer and of harvest, let us make the offering of a thankful spirit for all that we have been spared of ill and all that we have won of good, before we rise up in quietness and confidence to meet the fortune of the days to be."

Sir Rider Haggard adds, under the date April 3rd, 1922: "The above passage, the last in *A Farmer's Year*, was written at midnight on December 31st, 1898, in thanksgiving for past benefits and petition for future guidance."

VISCOUNT HALDANE, O.M.

AN ESSAY ON HUMANISM

We cannot estimate either men or things sufficiently by merely abstract standards. These are invaluable and indispensable in the effort, but they are not in themselves complete. There comes in at every point an

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aspect which is pertinent and without which we cannot exhaust the actual. For what is actual is always concrete and individual. The general and the particular phases which we try to separate in it are but abstractions from an individual and original reality. Science and Art alike have to take cognisance of both.

This was the view of the great Greek thinkers and of many who came later. It was the view of Goethe, who came to it through the study of art, and also through the influence of Spinoza. It is a view which has practical consequences. The man in the street holds it, unknown to himself. In his leaders he looks for power and knowledge. But he demands also indefinable qualities of individuality which appeal to his almost instinctive demands. It is by the possession of these that a great teacher gets his capacity to persuade and to compel.

So it is with the novel. It must, to succeed, deal with what is unique of its kind, and embody concrete life. But to be great it must have also the quality which we call size, and that turns on what belongs to reflection and is therefore, so far as it can be when thought by itself, abstract.

All knowledge, whether it comes to us through philosophy, through science, through literature in the form of the novel, the poem or the play, or through art or religion, has this double aspect. It is both general in its character and particular, and the two characters are inseparable excepting through abstraction. Our individual existence as human beings implies both aspects. It is only in their union that we are actual. As it is with our knowledge, so it is with our existence. In this fashion the most different men resemble each other more than they really differ. Their minds are always generalising in some sort, and the level to which they rise is determined by the character and quality of the universals through which they resolve, but back it all comes to the unique and individual facts from which they started, and which they still stand by, but enriched by an interpretation that is the inherent method of knowledge. That is how knowledge enters into reality. It raises it to a higher level by the interpretation which transforms the substance. That was why Goethe, who was a great observer, thought that art could not be perfect without science or science without art. Knowledge is in truth an entirety.

The mathematicians and the theologians are different in their spirit and aims. But their methods are not really different, for both resolve reality into universals. A Riemann and a Cardinal Newman are swept along by different purposes. Yet their objects are analogous, for they both seek to describe the meaning of the actual.

VISCOUNT HALDANE, O.M.

There are many standpoints from which we can view individual facts. The question always is which standpoint is most true to the aspect of experience which we have to interpret.

Theory and practice come together in the process. We never have need to loosen our grasp of the rich concrete actual world with all the aspects in which it seems to present itself.

The aim of every great teacher must be to set men and women on the road of deliverance from the negative, from the intellectual temptation that arises from a narrow outlook. There are many familiar illustrations of deliverance from the negative which show its use as a constructive and enlarging factor in the constitution of a greater whole than that with which the first start was made. We see this in the family circle, where husband and wife, parent and child, each grow in stature by the sacrifice of self, and the desire to find and enlarge the self in living in and for another.

We see it in the State, where the citizen gives up some of his freedom that others may not have their personalities and liberties infringed by him, and thereby secures his own protection and freedom by obedience to laws which are the expression of what Rousseau, imperfectly as he conceived it, described rightly as the "Volonté Générale" which is more than the Volonté de tous! The larger entirety of the State, like that of the family, arises through its inclusion of the negative in the shape of restraint on individual action. Yet such inclusion is the result not of mere mechanical force *ab extra*, but of the purposive action of intelligence operating *ab intra*. We see this clearly in the use which the true artist makes of his power of selection and exclusion in his construction of an artistic whole. A portrait created by such an artist is no photograph dependent on the chance aspects which nature presents at the moment. His expression is rather one which is born anew of the mind of the artist himself. He rejects as well as selects. He does not slavishly copy nature. He seeks, often unconsciously, to realise a larger conception of his subject, a conception which may exclude many actual details, but which places its highest meaning for the onlooker in the picture. In creating a larger whole he raises the standpoint, and he thereby creates that which is independent of particular time and space, and is so made true in a deeper meaning than that of the fashion that passes away as moment succeeds moment.

In the regions of moral and intellectual activity alike he who would accomplish anything must limit himself. It is only by the sacrifice of himself and his first opinions, in other words by accepting the negative,

'THE DOLLS' HOUSE LIBRARY

by renunciation through the general conceptions he brings to bear, that he can raise his level and reach his ideal.

No man can be complete unless he has wrestled successfully for his mental freedom. If he is to be reconciled with God he must first realise his division from God, and have the consequent sense of failure. He must learn that the way out is to surrender his individual will and to seek it again in acceptance of the highest Will. He must realise not only the meaning but the necessity of dying in order to live. Life is regained and peace attained when he has successfully struggled through the valley of the shadow of the negative, and not before. No mere learning is sufficient. The one power which can conduct man safely along his difficult path to its end is the sense of the divine within himself, a sense which is only awakened when he has become aware of his intellectual and moral finiteness; practically and really aware of it.

These things are taught in the New Testament with a simplicity and directness which it is hard to find elsewhere. Yet while Christianity did more than any other influence to introduce these conceptions into the world, they are not the monopoly of the teachers who call themselves Christian. Something of a like import and of a corresponding humility of mind we see in that picture of the dying Socrates which Plato has bequeathed to us. The great modern thinkers, in poetry as well as in prose, teach us a similar lesson, and some of them have not been Christians. Yet in the main the source of our inspiration to-day, the example to which we turn, is what we find in the Gospel. Nowhere else is the gap between man and God so displayed in its terrors. Nowhere else is it so completely bridged over. Nowhere else are we taught with the same vividness that God and man alike need each other, the infinite that it may realise itself, the finite that it may find its foundation in infinity.

But each of us has to work out his salvation in his own way. No man can accomplish for his brother what is necessary in these things. There are those to whom what will appeal most deeply is the example of a great intellectual figure, for instance that of Kant. He thought out laboriously the limits of possible knowledge, and, scientifically classifying his perplexities, attributed them individually to the disregard of these limits. He was left as the result of a life devoted to patient resignation with a noble faith in duty, in freedom, in God. Over his bust in the Aula at Königsberg are his own well-known words about the two facts of daily life that he revered most of all: "Der bestirnte Himmel über mir und das moralische Gesetz in mir."

VISCOUNT HALDANE, O.M.

Or it may be that it is in the region not of reflection but of practical work that light will be found. Some there are who give themselves for the sake of those about them, and to save them disregard riches, health, life itself. They pass through the portal of renunciation, and so in the practice of the presence of God they find themselves again, and gain a faith which inspires the onlooker with the sense of a higher reality.

Yet underneath the varying forms in which an individual, be he the humblest Christian or the most highly equipped thinker or artist, dedicates his life to realising the infinite, the substance of the endeavour remains the same. With no apparently completed result will the true worker be satisfied. Because the infinite realises itself in him he will be conscious of his shortcomings, and of something beyond and not attained, in other words of his finitude. Yet this consciousness of his limits will not distress him, for in being conscious of them he has the certainty that he is transcending them. What is vital is never to sit still satisfied. That is an indication that the truth has not been grasped. It is really in the struggle itself and in that alone, with the quality it brings, that we gain and keep our life and freedom.

The sense that the end is never wholly in our sight gives no ground for despair or need for misgiving. Finite as we are, compelled to seek to express in pictorial images what these images can never adequately express, there is an aspect of the truth in attaining to which ordinary knowledge has the aid of what is sometimes called faith, the sense of things unseen.

A great thinker declared that within the range of the finite we can never see or experience that the end has been really secured. And he went on to point out that the accomplishment of the infinite end consists merely in removing the illusion which makes it seem yet unaccomplished. That end is never in daily practice completely reached nor is the illusion ever completely or actually realised or removed for us mortals. The best we can accomplish is the devotion of our lives in reflection, or in practice, or in both, to an effort to rise above them. Were we at any moment to succeed completely we should see God and die. Yet the faith that the illusion is but the outcome of our finite nature, and that the finiteness of that nature is essential to us, even inasmuch as we belong to God, brings with it a sense of peace that is not the less real because it passes the limits of everyday understanding. For it enables us to accept our lot in life, whatever that lot may be, and to say with Dante, "In His will is our peace."

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THOMAS HARDY, O.M.

Mr. Hardy, in returning on December 1st, 1922, the selection which he had made from his works and which had been transcribed by Mr. Ketley, wrote to Princess Marie Louise : "I am much pleased with the look of the miniature book, in which I have put my name. It makes one wish to have a whole library of such books!"

V.R. 1819—1901

A REVERIE

The mightiest moments pass uncalendared,
And when the Absolute
In backward Time pronounced the deedful word
Whereby all life is stirred:
"Let one be born and throned whose mould shall constitute
The norm of every royal-reckoned attribute,"
No mortal knew or heard.

But in due days the purposed Life outshone—
Serene, sagacious, free;
Her waxing seasons bloomed with deeds well done,
And the world's heart was won. . . .
Yet may the deed of hers most bright in eyes to be
Lie hid from ours—as in the All-One's thought lay she—
Till ripening years have run.

Sunday Night
27th January, 1901

THE OXEN

Christmas Eve, and twelve of the clock.—
"Now they are all on their knees,"
An elder said as we sat in a flock
By the embers in hearthside ease.

We pictured the meek, mild creatures where
They dwelt in their strawy pen,
Nor did it occur to one of us there
To doubt they were kneeling then.

So fair a fancy few would weave
In these years! Yet, I feel,
If some one said on Christmas Eve,
"Come; see the oxen kneel

THESE POEMS
have been chosen
by the Author for the
Library of the
Royal Dells' House
Windsor Castle

Thomas Hardy.

THE NURSERY
OF THE CRAFT
has been chosen by the
Author to represent
his work in the
Library of the Royal
Dells' House
Windsor Castle. x

Joseph Conrad

From *Poems* by Thomas Hardy, O.M.

From *The Nursery of the Craft* by Joseph Conrad

Time, you old
GIPSY MAN
+ + +

TIME, you old
GIPSY MAN,
WILL YOU NOT STAY,
PUT UP YOUR
CARDUAK
Just for one day?
5

All things I'll give you
will you be my guest,
Bells for your jennet
of silver the best,
Goldsmiths shall beat
you
A Great golden ring,
Peacocks shall bow to
you
Little boys sing,
Oh, and Sweet Girls
will
Fastoon you with may,
Time, you old GIPSY,
Why hasten away?
7

Last week in Babylon,
Last night in Rome,
Mornine, and in the
crush,
Under Paul's dome,
under Paul's diol,
You tighten your rein,
Only a moment
and off once again;
off to some city
Now blind in the Nomb,
off to another
ere knots in the tomb.
7

TIME, YOU OLD GIPSY
MAN,
WILL YOU NOT STAY,
PUT UP YOUR CARDUAK
Just for one day?
8

From *Eve and other Poems* by Ralph Hodgson

In Epitaph
Here lies a most beauti-
ful lady;
sight of step + heart was
she;

I think she was the most
beautiful lady
that ever was in the
West Country.

But beauty vanishes;
beauty passes;
However rare -
rare it be:

And when I crumble, who
will remember
This lady of the West
Country

From *Three Poems* by Walter de la Mare

THOMAS HARDY, O.M.

“In the lonely barton by yonder coomb
Our childhood used to know,”
I should go with him in the gloom,
Hoping it might be so.

“WHEN I SET OUT FOR LYONNESSE”

When I set out for Lyonesse,
A hundred miles away,
The rime was on the spray,
And starlight lit my lonesomeness
When I set out for Lyonesse
A hundred miles away.

What would bechance at Lyonesse
While I should sojourn there
No prophet durst declare,
Nor did the wisest wizard guess
What would bechance at Lyonesse
While I should sojourn there.

When I came back from Lyonesse
With magic in my eyes,
All marked with mute surmise
My radiance rare and fathomless,
When I came back from Lyonesse
With magic in my eyes!

IN TIME OF “THE BREAKING OF NATIONS”

I

Only a man harrowing clods
In a slow silent walk
With an old horse that stumbles and nods
Half asleep as they stalk.

II

Only thin smoke without flame
From the heaps of couch-grass:
Yet this will go onward the same
Though Dynasties pass.

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III

Yonder a maid and her wight
Come whispering by:
War's annals will fade into night
Ere their story die.

THE TEMPORARY THE ALL

(SAPPHICS)

Change and chancefulness in my flowering youthtime,
Set me sun by sun near to one unchosen;
Wrought us fellowlike, and despite divergence,
Fused us in friendship.

"Cherish him can I while the true one forthcome—
Come the rich fulfiller of my prevision;
Life is roomy yet, and the odds unbounded."
So self-communed I.

Thwart my wistful way did a damsel saunter,
Fair, albeit unformed to be all-eclipsing;
"Maiden meet," held I, "till arise my forefelt
Wonder of women."

Long a visioned hermitage deep desiring,
Tenements uncouth I was fain to house in;
"Let such lodging be for a breath-while," thought I,
"Soon a more seemly.

"Then, high handiwork will I make my life-deed,
Truth and Light outshow; but the ripe time pending,
Intermissive aim at the thing sufficeth."
Thus I. . . . But lo, me!

Mistress, friend, place, aims to be bettered straightway,
Bettered not has Fate or my hand's achievement;
Sole the showance those of my onward earthtrack—
Never transcended!

THOMAS HARDY, O.M.

FRIENDS BEYOND

William Dewy, Tranter Reuben, Farmer Ledlow late at
plough,
Robert's kin, and John's, and Ned's,
And the Squire, and Lady Susan, lie in Mellstock Churchyard
now!

"Gone," I call them, gone for good, that group of local hearts
and heads;
Yet at mothy curfew-tide,
And at midnight when the noon-heat breathes it back from
walls and leads,

They've a way of whispering to me—fellow-wight who yet
abide—
In the muted, measured note
Of a ripple under archways, or a lone cave's stillicide:

"We have triumphed: this achievement turns the bane to anti-
dote,
Unsuccesses to success,
Many thought-worn eyes and morrows to a morrow free of
thought.

"No more need we corn and clothing, feel of old terrestrial
stress;
Chill detraction stirs no sigh;
Fear of death has even bygone us: death gave all that we
possess."

W.D. "Ye mid burn the old bass-viol that I set such value by."

SQUIRE. "You may hold the manse in fee,
You may wed my spouse, may let my children's memory of me
die."

LADY. "You may have my rich brocades, my laces; take each household
key;
Ransack coffer, desk, bureau;
Quiz the few poor treasures hid there, con the letters kept by
me."

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- FAR. "Ye mid zell my favourite heifer, ye mid let the charlock grow,
Foul the grinterns, give up thrift."
- WIFE. "If ye break my best blue china, children, I shan't care or ho."
- ALL. "We've no wish to hear the tidings, how the people's fortunes
shift;
What your daily doings are;
Who are wedded, born, divided; if your lives beat slow or swift.
- "Curious not the least are we if our intents you make or mar,
If you quire to our old tune,
If the City stage still passes, if the weirs still roar afar."
- Thus, with very gods' composure, freed those crosses late
and soon
Which, in life, the Trine allow
(Why, none witteth), and ignoring all that haps beneath the
moon,
- William Dewy, Tranter Reuben, Farmer Ledlow late at plough,
Robert's kin, and John's, and Ned's,
And the Squire, and Lady Susan, murmur mildly to me now.

SONG OF HOPE

O sweet To-morrow!—
After to-day
There will away
This sense of sorrow.
Then let us borrow
Hope, for a gleaming
Soon will be streaming,
Dimmed by no gray—
No gray!

While the winds wing us
Sighs from The Gone,
Nearer to dawn
Minute-beats bring us;
When there will sing us

THOMAS HARDY, O.M.

Larks, of a glory
Waiting our story
Further anon—
Anon!

Doff the black token,
Don the red shoon,
Right and retune
Viol-strings broken:
Null the words spoken
In speeches of rueing,
The night cloud is hueing,
To-morrow shines soon—
Shines soon!

THE DARKLING THRUSH

I leant upon a coppice gate
When Frost was spectre-gray,
And Winter's dregs made desolate
The weakening eye of day.
The tangled bine-stems scored the sky
Like strings of broken lyres,
And all mankind that haunted nigh
Had sought their household fires.

The land's sharp features seemed to be
The Century's corpse outleant,
His crypt the cloudy canopy,
The wind his death-lament.
The ancient pulse of germ and birth
Was shrunken hard and dry,
And every spirit upon earth
Seemed fervourless as I.

At once a voice arose among
The bleak twigs overhead
In a full-hearted evensong
Of joy illimited;

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An aged thrush, frail, gaunt, and small,
In blast-beruffled plume,
Had chosen thus to fling his soul
Upon the growing gloom.

So little cause for carollings
Of such ecstatic sound
Was written on terrestrial things
Afar or nigh around,
That I could think there trembled through
His happy good-night air
Some blessed Hope, whereof he knew
And I was unaware.

December 1900.

"LET ME ENJOY"

(*Minor Key*)

I

Let me enjoy the earth no less
Because the all-enacting Might
That fashioned forth its loveliness
Had other aims than my delight.

II

About my path there flits a Fair,
Who throws me not a word or sign;
I'll charm me with her ignoring air,
And laud the lips not meant for mine.

III

From manuscripts of moving song
Inspired by scenes and dreams unknown
I'll pour out raptures that belong
To others, as they were my own.

IV

And some day hence, toward Paradise
And all its blest—if such should be—
I will lift glad, afar-off eyes,
Though it contain no place for me.

BEATRICE HARRADEN

This popular author has copied from her first and best known book, *Ships that Pass in the Night* (1893), the allegory called "Failure and Success."

FREDERIC HARRISON

The late Frederic Harrison, who died in 1923 at the great age of ninety-two, chose as his contribution to the Dolls' House Library some passages from his biography of Ruskin (1902). They were transcribed by Mr. Ketley and signed by the author in November, 1922.

IAN HAY

A VERY SHORT STORY

There was once a leader-writer on a London paper who was asked to write a leader on an important topic at very short notice. In due course he delivered the manuscript with a note attached, which said:—"Sorry this article is so long; there was not time to write a short one!"

In the same way, it is more difficult to write a short story than a long one. So this will be the most difficult story I ever wrote. However, here goes.

There was once a girl named Hyacinth. She had everything in the world to make her happy—beauty; a pleasant home; kind parents, that is to say, submissive; and heaps of dancing partners. But she had one sorrow—her surname—which was Buggins.

Hyacinth openly declared that when she got married it must be to a man with a name which would be an adequate compensation for twenty-one years of being a Buggins. For that reason she turned down a most delightful fellow with seven thousand a year (less income tax and supertax) because his name was Jacob Sheepshanks.

The following month she refused to marry a V.C. named Coward. And so on.

The Bugginses began to despair of ever getting Hyacinth married at all. But at last, one summer, she went away to pay a long visit to friends in the North.

She was not as a rule a good correspondent, and her parents heard nothing of her for six weeks. Then she wrote to say that she was engaged. The letter covered seven closely written sheets, and was entirely devoted to a glowing description of the strength, beauty, charm, and complete perfection of her fiancé, whose name was Osric.

Said Mr. Buggins:—"She seems to have got it pretty badly! By the

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way, what is the fellow's surname? If it matches Osric, it must be something absolutely sublime!"

They examined the letter carefully, but could find no mention of what they sought. So they despatched a telegram to enquire. The answer came back—"BUGGINS."

GRAILY HEWITT

This well-known decorator's contribution is an illuminated copy, exquisitely done, of Charles Kingsley's poem, "I once had a sweet little doll, dears," from *Water Babies*, bound in vellum.

MAURICE HEWLETT

The author of *The Forest Lovers* and many other favourite romances made the following selection from his poems only a short while before his death in 1923.

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

MIST MIRAGE

Summer days the golden downs
Change as sunlight breaks or frowns;
Dreaming in the night, they lie
Naked to the cold moon's eye.

Winter's grass is starven white,
Stiffen'd by the sheep's close bite;
And the wrinkl'd darks declare
The faltering footfalls of the hare.

Dewy are the coombes and green
Where the rabbits bunch and preen:
Softfoot there you walk and tread
On the vanisht ocean's bed.

But when the soft wet south-east wind
Drives the mist that shrouds them blind,
Then do the antic hills retake
The semblance of their pristine make.

Then they rise in cliff and wall,
Then you may hear the sea-birds call,
Hear far below waves break and crash,
And spending waters run awash;

MAURICE HEWLETT

Hear the shingles, when the wave
Sucks them backwards, harshly rave:
Where you walkt on loamy sward
The hungry sea is overlord.

THE HAWK

Brown hills and bare, blue fields of air,
That fold me with my love,
There in the sun, make us two one,
Yon hawk on guard above.

With keen bright eye he'll watch us lie
Lapt in the golden weather,
And spread his wings o'er two poor things
Whom love has knit together.

With wings spread wide he'll slant and glide
From windy height to height,
And while he hovers keep for two lovers
A wary eye and bright.

HEREAFTER

Where are we going?
Ah, if we knew—
As surely as knowing
Part will be dust—
Would it help us win thro'
When go we must?

Shall we haunt the green places
We have loved so dearly?
Watch the faces
That love us to-day,
Watch them nearly,
And then slip away?

No—no—
If they have forgotten
We will let them go,
And turn to the dust;
And rot with the rotten,
And sleep, we trust.

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But for me, if hereafter
Some girl to her lover
Betwixt sob and laughter
Say, How could he know it?
Then let earth cover
The rest of the poet.

ROBERT HICHENS

Mr. Hichens has copied a passage from his very popular novel, *The Garden of Allah* (1905).

RALPH HODGSON

"EVE" AND OTHER POEMS

TIME, YOU OLD GIPSY MAN

Time, you old gipsy man,
Will you not stay,
Put up your caravan
Just for one day?

All things I'll give you
Will you be my guest,
Bells for your jennet
Of silver the best,
Goldsmiths shall beat you
A great golden ring,
Peacocks shall bow to you
Little boys sing,
Oh, and sweet girls will
Festoon you with may,
Time, you old gipsy,
Why hasten away?
Last week in Babylon,
Last night in Rome,
Morning, and in the crush,
Under Paul's dome;
Under Paul's dial
You tighten your rein,
Only a moment,
And off once again;

RALPH HODGSON

Off to some city
Now blind in the womb,
Off to another
Ere that's in the tomb.

Time, you old gipsy man,
Will you not stay,
Put up your caravan,
Just for one day?

EVE

I

Eve with her basket was
Deep in the bells and grass,
Wading in bells and grass
Up to her knees,
Picking a dish of sweet
Berries and plums to eat
Down in the bells and grass,
Under the trees.

II

Mute as a mouse in a
Corner the cobra lay,
Curled round a bough of the
Cinnamon tall . . .
Now to get even and
Humble proud Heaven and
Now was the moment or
Never at all.

III

"Eva!" Each syllable
Light as a flower fell,
"Eva!" he whispered the
Wondering maid,
Soft as a bubble sung
Out of a linnet's lung,
Soft and most silverly.
"Eva!" he said.

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IV

Picture that orchard sprite,
Eve, with her body white,
Supple and smooth to her
Slim finger tips,
Wondering, listening,
Listening, wondering,
Eve with a berry
Half way to her lips.

V

Oh, had our simple Eve
Seen through the make-believe!
Had she but known the
Pretender he was!
Out of the boughs he came,
Whispering still her name,
Tumbling in twenty rings
Into the grass.

VI

Here was the strangest pair
In the world anywhere,
Eve in the bells and grass
Kneeling, and he
Telling his story low . . .
Singing birds saw them go
Down the dark path to
The blasphemous tree.

VII

Oh, what a clatter when
Titmouse and Jenny Wren
Saw him successful and
Taking his leave!
How the birds rated him,
How they all hated him!
How they all pitied
Poor motherless Eve!

RALPH HODGSON

VIII

Picture her crying
Outside in the lane,
Eve with no dish of sweet
Berries and plums to eat,
Haunting the gate of the
Orchard in vain . . .
Picture the lewd delight
Under the hill to-night—
“Eva!” the toast goes round,
“Eva!” again.

THREE POEMS

I

Babylon—where I go dreaming
When I weary of to-day,
Weary of a world grown gray.

II

God loves an idle rainbow
No less than labouring seas.

III

Reason has moons, but moons not hers
Lie mirrored on her sea,
Confounding her astronomers,
But O! delighting me.

THE BEGGAR

He begged and shuffled on;
Sometimes he stopped to throw
A bit and benison
To sparrows in the snow,
And clap a frozen ear;
And curse the bitter cold.
God send the good man cheer
And quittal hundred fold.

THE BULL

See an old unhappy bull,
Sick in soul and body both,

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Slouching in the undergrowth
Of the forest beautiful,
Banished from the herd he led,
Bulls and cows a thousand head.

Cranes and gaudy parrots go
Up and down the burnished sky,
Tree-top cats purr drowsily
In the dim-day green below,
And troops of monkeys, nutting, some,
All disputing, go and come:

And things abominable sit
Picking offal buck and swine,
On the mess and over it
Burnished flies and beetles shine,
And spiders big as bladders lie,
Under hemlocks ten foot high:

And a dotted serpent curled
Round and round and round a tree,
Yellowing its greenery,
Keeps a watch on all the world,
All the world and this old bull,
In the forest beautiful.

Bravely by his fall he came;
One he led, a bull of blood,
Newly come to lustyhood,
Fought and put his prince to shame,
Snuffed and pawed the prostrate head,
Tameless even while it bled.

There they left him, every one,
Left him there without a lick,
Left him for the birds to pick;
Left him there for carrion,
Vilely from their bosom cast,
Wisdom, worth, and love at last.

RALPH HODGSON

When the lion left his lair,
And roared his beauty through the hills,
And the vultures pecked their quills
And flew into the middle air,
Then this Prince no more to reign
Came to life and lived again.

He snuffed the herd in far retreat,
He saw the blood upon the ground,
And snuffed the burning airs around
Still with beevisish odours sweet,
While the blood ran down his head
And his mouth ran slaver red.

Pity him, this fallen chief,
All his splendour, all his strength,
All his body's breadth and length
Dwindled down with shame and grief,
Half the bull he was before,
Bones and leather, nothing more.

See him standing dewlap deep,
In the rushes at the lake,
Surly, stupid, half asleep,
Waiting for his heart to break,
And the birds to join the flies,
Feasting at his bloodshot eyes;

Standing with his head hung down
In a stupor dreaming things,
Green savannas, jungles brown,
Battlefields and bellowings,
Bulls undone and lions dead
And vultures flapping overhead.

Dreaming things: Of days he spent
With his mother gaunt and lean,
In the valley warm and green,
Full of baby wonderment,
Blinking out of silly eyes,
At a hundred mysteries;

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Dreaming over once again . . .

Pity him, this dupe of dream,
Leader of the herd again
Only in his daft old brain,
Once again the bull supreme,
And bull enough to bear the part
Only in his tameless heart.

Pity him that he must wake.
Even now the swarm of flies
Blackening his bloodshot eyes
Bursts and blusters round the lake,
Scattered from the feast half fed,
By great shadows overhead;

And the dreamer turns away
From his visionary herds,
And his splendid yesterday,
Turns to meet the loathly birds
Flocking round him from the skies,
Waiting for the flesh that dies.

AFTER

What did you see on my peopled star?
Blue doves I saw. . . .

ANTHONY HOPE

A TRAGEDY IN OUTLINE

I

Dear Mr. Brown,

.

Yours sincerely,

M. ROBINSON

II

My dear Mr. Brown,

.

Always yours very sincerely,

MINNIE ROBINSON

A
Tragedy
in
Outline

I
Dear Mr. Bran,
.....
Yours sincerely
M. Robinson

II
My dear Mr.
Brown,
.....
Always yours
very sincerely
Minnie
Robinson

III
My dear -
Jack (!)
.....
Yours always
Minnie
Robinson

IV
My dearest
Jack,
.....
Yours
Minnie

V
My darling
Jack,
.....
 Lovingly,
Minnie
Robinson

VI
My dearest
Jack,
.....
 Lovingly,
Minnie

VII
My dear Jack,
.....
With love
Yours,
Minnie

VIII
Dear Jack,
.....
ever yours
Minnie
Robinson

IX
My dear Mr.
Brown,
.....
Yours sincere
friend
Minnie
Robinson

X
Dear Mr. Bran,
.....
Yours sincerely
M. Robinson

XI
Silence!

A FACSIMILE OF A TRAGEDY IN OUTLINE BY ANTHONY HOPE

ANTHONY HOPE

III

My dear—Jack (!)

.

Yours always,

MINNIE ROBINSON

IV

My dearest Jack,

.

Yours,

MINNIE

V

My darling Jack,

.

Lovingly,

Your

MIN

VI

My dearest Jack,

.

Lovingly,

MINNIE

VII

My dear Jack,

.

With love,

Yours,

MINNIE

VIII

Dear Jack,

.

Ever Yours,

MINNIE ROBINSON

IX

My dear Mr. Brown,

.

Your sincere friend,

MINNIE ROBINSON

THE DOLLS' HOUSE LIBRARY

X

Dear Mr. Brown,

Yours sincerely,
M. ROBINSON

XI

SILENCE.

ST. JOHN AND CICELY HORNBY

Mr. and Mrs. St. John Hornby have presented the Dolls' House Library with a marvellous specimen of minute publishing: an edition of Horace, reduced to dolls' requirements by photography. The title-page runs thus: *Quinti Horati Flacci: Carmina Sapphica*, and the place of publication is "Chelsea in Aedibus." The colophon: "Printed at the Ashdene Press, Shelley House, Chelsea, by St. John and Cicely Hornby, for the Library of Queen Mary's Dolls' House in this merrie month of May of the year MCMXXIII." The facsimile will indicate what good eyes its readers will need.

A. E. HOUSMAN

The author of *A Shropshire Lad*, who is famous for his inaccessibility to makers of anthologies, and is generally more disposed to the cloister than the market-place, came into the scheme with delightful readiness. "Madam," he wrote to Princess Marie Louise, "I shall be flattered by the inclusion of twelve poems of mine in the Library of Her Majesty's Dolls' House; and I beg to suggest the following as suited, by their brevity and simplicity, for perusal by dolls."

The selection was as follows, the first seven from *A Shropshire Lad* and the other five from *Last Poems*.

These poems have been chosen by the author for the Library of the Royal Dolls' House, Windsor Castle.

From "A SHROPSHIRE LAD"

II

Loveliest of trees, the cherry now
Is hung with bloom along the bough,
And stands about the woodland ride
Wearing white for Eastertide.

A. E. HOUSMAN

Now, of my threescore years and ten,
Twenty will not come again,
And take from seventy springs a score,
It only leaves me fifty more.

And since to look at things in bloom
Fifty springs are little room,
About the woodlands I will go
To see the cherry hung with snow.

XVI

It nods and curtseys and recovers
When the wind blows above,
The nettle on the graves of lovers
That hanged themselves for love.

The nettle nods, the wind blows over,
The man, he does not move,
The lover of the grave, the lover
That hanged himself for love.

XVIII

Oh, when I was in love with you,
Then I was clean and brave,
And miles around the wonder grew
How well did I behave.

And now the fancy passes by,
And nothing will remain,
And miles around they'll say that I
Am quite myself again.

XL

Into my heart an air that kills
From yon far country blows:
What are those blue remembered hills,
What spires, what farms are those?

That is the land of lost content,
I see it shining plain,
The happy highways where I went
And cannot come again.

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LIV

With rue my heart is laden
For golden friends I had,
For many a rose-lipt maiden
And many a lightfoot lad.

By brooks too broad for leaping
The lightfoot boys are laid;
The rose-lipt girls are sleeping
In fields where roses fade.

LVII

You smile upon your friend to-day,
To-day his ills are over;
You hearken to the lover's say,
And happy is the lover.

'Tis late to hearken, late to smile,
But better late than never:
I shall have lived a little while
Before I die for ever.

LX

Now hollow fires burn out to black,
And lights are guttering low:
Square your shoulders, lift your pack,
And leave your friends and go.

Oh, never fear, man, nought's to dread,
Look not left nor right:
In all the endless road you tread
There's nothing but the night.

From "LAST POEMS"

XXVI

The half-moon westers low, my love,
And the wind brings up the rain;
And wide apart lie we, my love,
And seas between the twain.

A. E. HOUSMAN

I know not if it rains, my love,
In the land where you do lie;
And oh, so sound you sleep, my love,
You know no more than I.

XXVII

The sigh that heaves the grasses
Whence thou wilt never rise
Is of the air that passes
And knows not if it sighs.

The diamond tears adorning
Thy low mound on the lea,
Those are the tears of morning,
That weeps, but not for thee.

XXVIII

Now dreary dawns the eastern light,
And fall of eve is drear,
And cold the poor man lies at night,
And so goes out the year.

Little is the luck I've had,
And oh, 'tis comfort small
To think that many another lad
Has had no luck at all.

XXXVII

EPITAPH ON AN ARMY OF MERCENARIES

These, in the day when heaven was falling,
The hour when earth's foundations fled,
Followed their mercenary calling
And took their wages and are dead.

Their shoulders held the sky suspended;
They stood, and earth's foundations stay;
What God abandoned, these defended,
And saved the sum of things for pay.

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XXXVIII

Oh stay at home, my lad, and plough
The land and not the sea,
And leave the soldiers at their drill,
And all about the idle hill
Shepherd your sheep with me.
Oh stay with company and mirth
And daylight and the air;
Too full already is the grave
Of fellows that were good and brave
And died because they were.

A. S. M. HUTCHINSON

The author of the most popular novel of 1921, *If Winter Comes*, which passed on to make new conquests as a play and a film, has copied from it Section II of Chapter VII in Part II.

HORACE G. HUTCHINSON

Mr. Hutchinson was asked to provide the Dolls' House shelves with a work on athletics, and he did so at once. His *Manual of Games*, which is a model of its kind, begins with golf and passes on to cricket, football and the tennises—real and lawn. I quote his sagacious counsel to dolls who propose to take up golf:—

No matter what the game, play up and play the game. Remember that if you lose your temper you will most likely lose the game.

Golf, in a manual on games, must take first place, because it is both Royal and Ancient. It consists, according to the description given by the writer's logic tutor at Oxford, in "putting little balls into little holes with instruments very ill adapted to the purpose." The three golden maxims in golf are:

- I Keep your eye on the ball.
- II Don't press.
- III Be up.

The meaning of the first is obvious. The eye must not lose sight of the ball until it has been struck. The temptation is to look to see where you hope the ball will go—but where it will not go if you yield to that temptation.

The second does not mean that you are not to hit hard, but that you are not to hit with greater force than you can control. Bring the club quietly away from the ball and put in the most force at the moment that the club meets the ball.

The maxim to "be up" applies chiefly to the approaching and putting.

HORACE G. HUTCHINSON

The old Scottish saying is that "the hole will not come to you." Remember that in foursome play you have not only to keep your confidence and temper, but also to help your partner to keep his. A little praise, even when he does not deserve it, will do your cause more good than fault-finding, though that may be well deserved. You may be much annoyed by his bad strokes, but you may be sure that he is more so.

Remember that yours is not the only party playing on the links, and if you excise the turf be careful to replace it : golf is not agriculture.

Apart from the foursome, golf is the egoist's game. It teaches self-reliance. So, too, tennis, racquets and the like. In cricket and football, you play, or you should play, not for self but for side. They teach subordination, co-operation, self-sacrifice, discipline, and, in the captain, leadership.

ALDOUS HUXLEY

BEFORE SLEEP COMES

Empty, before sleep comes, the time invites
Shy strangers, visiting feet.
All day the lathes
Turn, and the roar of wheels, the clang and rasp
Build up a world of noise—a private world,
Human, apart, like fire in the black night.
In the one slanting beam of sun, the motes
Dance with a frantic shuddering: the air
Shakes them, for all the air is noise.
Beyond the factory walls, not far, is silence. . . .
Shy strangers, visiting feet come softly treading,
Come timorously sometimes in the darkness.
All the irrelevant frenzy of the day
Is cold and shrunken away to quietness.
The mind lies silent like an empty house,
And sleep is still far off.
Say, will they come,
Filling the emptiness with beauty and comfort?
The strangers, will they come? Lovely as sea-birds
That, following the plough, make the bare field
Live with their white wings and their un-afraid
Alightings—will they come?

1922.

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THE MILL WHEEL

I

The miller lifts his sluice,
The stream breaks loose
And the wheel turns in thunder:
God's voice trumpets above the voices of the world.

II

But when the mill wheel stops
And the sparse drops
Fall musically and the wind
Is heard once more, the bird-song and the bees,
Then is the greater wonder—
God speaking in the still small voices of the world.

CLOUDS OVER CARRARA

Over these Apuan crests,
Carved in the spirit of marble
Gods do battle and white breasts
Lean on the wind and sleep.
Wind in the marble vapour
Stirs and is eager and is impotent.
The clouds are moulded and stirred.
But the dark Medicean Night
(Sleeping, but terrible, fierce and alive).
Truth at the top of her passionate gesture
And the Saint in ecstasy;
The long white frieze, the men and horses
Serenely advancing—
These never march along the sky
These never struggle, never sleep on the soft air.
Eagerly stirs the wind; the clouds
Still hang on the brink of form,
Drift towards a consummation
Of ordered beauty—and once more fall apart.
And always the eager spirit, stirring and shaping,
Always the wind blows, eager, impotent.

W. W. JACOBS

The author of hundreds of the best stories of barge and coaster life ever written has copied out Chapter XXIII from his novel *Salthaven* (1908).

M. R. JAMES

It was automatic to ask the Provost of Eton, who knows more about supernatural life than anyone living, to write a ghost story. And this is the happy result:—

THE HAUNTED DOLLS' HOUSE

“I suppose you get stuff of that kind through your hands pretty often?” said Mr. Dillet, as he pointed with his stick at an object which shall be described when the time comes. And when he said it, he lied in his throat, and knew that he lied. Not once in twenty years—perhaps not once in a lifetime—could Mr. Chittenden, skilled as he was in ferreting out the forgotten treasures of half a dozen counties, expect to handle such a specimen. It was collectors' palaver, and Mr. Chittenden recognised it as such.

“Stuff of that kind, Mr. Dillet! It's a museum piece, that is!”

“Well, I suppose there are museums that'll take anything.”

“I've seen one, not as good as that,” said Mr. Chittenden thoughtfully, “years back it was: but that's not likely to come into the market. And I'm told they have some fine ones of the period over the water. No, sir, I'm only telling you the truth, Mr. Dillet, when I say that if you was to place an unlimited order with me for the very best that could be got—and you know I 'ave facilities for getting to know of such things, and a reputation to maintain—well, all I can say is, I should lead you right straight up to that one and say ‘I can't do no better for you than that, sir.’”

“Hear! hear!” said Mr. Dillet, applauding ironically with the end of his stick on the floor.

“And how much are you sticking the innocent American buyer for it, eh?”

“Oh, I shan't be over-hard on the buyer, American or otherwise. You see, it stands this way, Mr. Dillet: if I knew just a bit more about the pedigree——”

“——or just a bit less,” Mr. Dillet put in.

“Ha! ha! you will 'ave your joke, sir. No, but as I was saying, if I knew just a little more than what I do about the piece, though anyone can see for themselves it's a genuine thing, every last corner of it, and there's not one of my men bin allowed to so much as touch it since it come into this shop—there'd be another figure in the price I'm asking.”

THE DOLLS' HOUSE LIBRARY

"And what's that? Five and twenty?"

"Multiply that by three and you've got it, sir. Seventy-five's my price."

"And fifty's mine," said Mr. Dillet.

The point of agreement was, of course, somewhere between the two, it does not matter exactly where—I think sixty guineas. And half an hour later the object was being packed, and within the hour Mr. Dillet had called for it in his car and driven away.

Mr. Chittenden, holding the cheque in his hand, saw him off from the door with smiles, and returned, still smiling, into the parlour where his wife was making the tea. He stopped at the door.

"It's gone," he said.

"Thank God for that," said Mrs. C., putting down the teapot. "Mr. Dillet, was it?"

"Yes, it was."

"Well, I'd sooner it was him than another."

"Oh, I don't know: he ain't a bad feller, my dear."

"Maybe not, but in my opinion he'd be none the worse for a bit of a shake-up."

"Well, if that's your opinion, it's my opinion he's put himself in the way of getting one. Anyhow, we shan't have no more of it, and that's something to be thankful for."

And so Mr. and Mrs. Chittenden sat down to tea.

And what of Mr. Dillet? and of his new acquisition? What it was the name of this story will have told you: what it was like, I shall have to indicate as well as I can.

There was only just room for it in the car, and Mr. Dillet had to sit in front: he had also to go slow, for though the rooms of the dolls' house had all been stuffed carefully with soft cotton-wool, jolting was to be avoided, in view of the immense number of small objects with which they were thronged: and the ten-mile drive was an anxious time for him in spite of all the precautions on which he insisted. At last his front door was reached, and the butler came out.

"Look here, Collins, you must help me with this thing: it's a delicate job; we must get it out upright, see? It's full of little things that mustn't be displaced more than we can help. Let's see, where shall we have it?" (After a pause for consideration) "Really, I think I shall have to put it in my own room to begin with. Yes—on the big table, that's it."

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It was conveyed, with much talking, to Mr. Dillet's spacious room on the first floor, looking over the drive.

The sheeting was unwound from it and the front thrown open. And for the first hour or two Mr. Dillet was fully occupied in extracting the padding and setting in order the contents of the rooms.

When this thoroughly congenial task was finished, I must say that it would have been difficult to find a more perfect and attractive specimen of a dolls' house in Strawberry Hill Gothic than that which now stood on Mr. Dillet's large knee-hole table, lighted up by the evening sun which came slanting through three tall sash-windows.

It was at least six feet long, including the chapel or oratory which flanked the front on the left as you faced it, and the stable on the right. The main block of the house was, as I have said, in the Gothic manner; that is to say, the windows had pointed arches and were surmounted by what are called ogival hoods, with crockets and finials such as we see on the canopies of tombs built into church walls. At the angles were absurd turrets covered with arched panels. The chapel had pinnacles and buttresses, and coloured glass in the windows, and a bell in the turret.

When the front of the house was opened you saw four rooms: bedroom, dining room, drawing room and kitchen, each with its appropriate furniture, in a very complete state.

The stable on the right was in two storeys with its due complement of horses and coaches and its clock and Gothic cupola for the clock-bell. Pages might, of course, be written on the outfit of the mansion: how many frying pans, how many gilt chairs, what pictures, carpets, chandeliers, four-posters, table linen, glass, crockery and plate it possessed: but all this must be left to the imagination. I will only say that the base or plinth on which the house stood (for it had one, deep enough to allow of a flight of steps to the front door, and a terrace, partly balustraded) contained a shallow drawer or drawers in which were neatly stored sets of embroidered curtains, changes of clothes for the inmates, and in short all the materials for an infinite variety of refittings of the most absorbing and delightful kind.

"Quintessence of Horace Walpole—that's what it is! He must have had to do with the making of it." Such were the murmured reflections of Mr. Dillet, as he knelt before it in a reverential ecstasy. "Simply wonderful! This is my day and no mistake. Five hundred pounds coming in this morning for that cabinet that I never cared for, and now this tumbling into my hands for a tenth at the very most of what it would

THE DOLLS' HOUSE LIBRARY

fetch in town! Well, well! It almost makes one afraid something'll happen to counter it. Let's have a look at the population anyhow."

Accordingly he set them before him in a row. Again, here is an opportunity which some would snatch at of making an inventory of costume. I am incapable of it.

There were a gentleman and lady in blue satin and brocade respectively. There were two children, a boy and a girl: there were a cook, a nurse, a footman, and there were the stable servants, two postilions, a coachman and two grooms. Anyone else? Yes, possibly. The curtains of the four-poster in the bedroom were closely drawn round all four sides of it, and he put his finger in between them, and felt the bed. He withdrew the finger rather hastily, for it seemed to him as if something had—not stirred, but yielded in an odd live way—as he pressed it. Then he put back the curtains—which ran on rods in the proper fashion, and extracted from the bed a white-haired old gentleman in a long linen nightdress and cap, and laid him down beside the rest. The tale was complete.

Dinner time was now near: so Mr. Dillet spent but five minutes in putting the lady and children into the drawing room, the gentleman into the dining room, the servants into the kitchen and stables, and the old gentleman back into his bed. He retired into his dressing room next door, and we see and hear no more of him until something like eleven o'clock at night.

His whim was to sleep surrounded by some of the gems of his collection. The big room in which we have seen him contained his bed. Bath, wardrobe, and all the appliances of dressing were in a commodious room adjoining; but his four-poster, which itself was a valued treasure, stood in the large room where he commonly sat and wrote and even received visitors. To-night he repaired to it in a highly complacent frame of mind.

* * * * *

There was no striking clock within earshot—none on the staircase—none in the stables, none in the distant church tower. Yet it is indubitable that Mr. Dillet was startled out of a very pleasant slumber by a bell tolling one.

He was so much startled that he did not merely lie breathless with wide open eyes, but actually sat up in his bed.

He never asked himself till the morning hours how it was that though there was no light at all in the room, the dolls' house on the knee-hole table

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stood out with complete clearness. But so it was. The effect was that of a bright harvest moon shining full on the front of a big white stone mansion. A quarter of a mile away it might be, and yet every detail was photographically sharp. There were trees about it, too—trees rising behind the chapel and the house. He seemed to be conscious of the scent of a cool, still September night. He thought he could hear an occasional stamp and clink from the stables, as of horses stirring. And with another shock he realised that, above the house, he was looking, not at the wall of the room with its pictures, but into the profound blue of a night sky.

There were lights in more than one window, and quickly he saw that this was no four-roomed house with a movable front, but one of many rooms, staircases and passages—a real house, but seen as through the wrong end of a telescope. “You mean to show me something,” he muttered to himself; and he gazed earnestly on the lighted windows. They would in real life have been shuttered and curtained, he thought; but as it was, there was nothing to bar his view of what was being transacted inside the rooms.

Two rooms were lighted: one on the ground floor on the right, the other upstairs on the left, the first brightly enough, the other rather dimly. The lower room was the dining room: a table was laid, but the meal was over: only wine and glasses were left on the table. The man of the blue satin and the lady of the brocade were alone in the room, and they were talking very earnestly, seated close together at the table, their elbows on it—every now and again stopping, to listen as it seemed. Once he rose, came to the window and opened it, and put his head out and his hand to his ear. There was a taper in a silver candlestick on a sideboard. When the man left the window he seemed to leave the room also; and the lady, taper in hand, remained standing and listening, plainly in a tense condition. Hers was a hateful face, broad, flat and sly. . . .

Now the man came back and she took something small from his hand and hurried out of the room. He too disappeared, but only for a moment or two. The front door opened slowly and he stepped out and stood at the top of the *perron*, looking this way and that: then he turned towards the upper window and shook his fist at it. It was time to look at that upper window. Through it was seen a bedroom with a four-post bed: a nurse or other servant in an armchair evidently sound asleep. In the bed an old man lying, awake, and one would say anxious, from the way in which he shifted about, and moved his fingers, beating on the coverlet.

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Now, beyond the bed, a door opened; light was seen on the ceiling, and the lady came in. She set down her candle on a table, came to the fire-side and roused the nurse. In her hand she had an old-fashioned wine-bottle, already uncorked. The nurse took it, poured some of the contents into a little silver saucepan, added some spices and sugar from castors on the table, and set it to warm on the fire. Meanwhile the old man in the bed beckoned feebly to the lady, who came to him smiling, took his wrist, as feeling the pulse, and bit her lip as in consternation. He looked at her anxiously, and then pointed to the window and spoke. She nodded, and did as the man below had done—opened the casement and listened—perhaps a little ostentatiously: then drew in her head and shook it, looking at the old man, who seemed to sigh.

By this time the posset on the fire was steaming, and the nurse poured it into a small two-handled silver bowl and brought it to the bedside. The old man seemed disinclined for it and was waving it away, but the lady and the nurse together bent over him, evidently pressing it upon him. He must have yielded, for they supported him into a sitting position and put it to his lips. He drank most of it, in several draughts, and they laid him down. The lady left the room, smiling good-night to him, and took with her the wine, the saucepan, and the bowl. The nurse returned to her chair, and there was an interval of complete quiet. Suddenly the old man started up in bed: and he must have uttered some cry, for the nurse sprang out of her chair and made but one step of it to the bedside. He was a sad and terrible sight, flushed in the face almost to blackness, his eyes glaring whitely, with hand clutching at his breast and foam on his lips. For a moment the nurse left the bed, ran to the door, flung it open, and, one supposes, screamed aloud for help: then darted back to the bed and seemed to try feverishly to soothe him, to lay him down—anything—but as the lady, her husband and several servants rushed into the room with horrified faces, the old man collapsed under the nurse's hands, and lay back, and the features that had been contorted with agony and anger relaxed slowly into pallor and calm.

A few moments later lights shone out to the left of the house, and a coach with flambeaux drove up to the door. A white-wigged man in black got nimbly out and ran up the steps, carrying a small leather trunk-shaped box. He was met by the man and his wife in the doorway: she clutched her handkerchief and wrung it between her hands, *he* wore a tragic face but kept his self-control. They led the new-comer into the dining room, where he set his box of papers on the table and

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turning to them listened with evident dismay to what they had to tell. He nodded his head again and again, threw out his hands slightly, declined, it seemed, offers of refreshment and lodging for the night, and within a few minutes was seen coming slowly down the steps and driving off the way he had come. As the man in blue watched his exit from the top of the steps, a smile not very pleasant to see came slowly over his fat, white face. Darkness fell over the whole house as the lights of the coach disappeared.

But Mr. Dillet remained sitting up in bed—he had rightly guessed that there would be a sequel.

The house-front glimmered out again before long. But now there was a difference. The lights were in other windows, one at the top of the house, the other illumining the range of coloured windows of the chapel. How he saw through these is not obvious, but he did. The interior was as carefully furnished as the rest of the establishment. There were the minute red velvet cushions on the desks, the Gothic stall-canopies, and the western gallery and pinnacled organ case with gold pipes, all of which would at a less anxious moment have enchanted him. As it was he had only eyes for what stood in the centre of the black and white pavement. Four tall candles burned at the angles of a bier covered with a pall of black velvet. As he looked, the folds of the pall stirred. It seemed to rise at one end: it slid downwards: it fell away, exposing the black coffin with its silver handles and name plate. One of the tall candlesticks swayed and toppled over . . . Ask no more, but turn as Mr. Dillet hastily did, and look in at the lighted window at the top of the house, where a boy and girl lay in two truckle beds, and a four-poster for the nurse rose above them. The nurse was not visible at the moment, but the father and mother were there, dressed now in mourning, but with very little sign of mourning in their demeanour. Indeed, they were laughing, and talking with a good deal of animation to each other, sometimes throwing a remark to one or other of the children, and laughing again at the answer. Presently the father was seen to leave the room on tiptoe, taking with him as he went a white garment that hung on a peg near the door. He shut the door after him. A minute or two more, and it was slowly opened again, and a muffled head poked round it. A bent form of sinister shape stepped across to the truckle beds, and suddenly stopped and threw up its arms, and revealed, of course, the father, laughing, delighted with his joke. The children were in an agony of terror—the boy with the bedclothes over his head, the girl throwing herself out of the bed into her mother's arms. Attempts at consolation

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followed. The parents took the children on their laps, patted them, picked up the white gown, and showed them there was no harm in it, and so forth: and at last, putting the children back into bed, left the room with encouraging waves of the hand. As they went out, the nurse came in, and soon the light died down.

Still Mr. Dillet watched, immovable.

* * * * *

A new sort of light—not of lamp or candle—a pale, ugly light, began to dawn round the door-case at the back of the room. The door was opening yet again. The seer does not like to dwell on what he saw entering the room. He says it might be described as a frog—the size of a man—which had scanty white hair about its head. It was very busy at the truckle beds—not for long. The sound of cries—faint, as if coming out of a vast distance, but, even so, infinitely appalling, reached the ear.

There were signs of a hideous commotion all over the house. Lights passed along and up, and doors opened and shut, and moving figures were seen to cross between the windows. The clock in the stable tolled one, and darkness fell again. It was only dispelled once more for a few moments, to show the house-front. At the bottom of the steps dark figures were drawn up in two lines holding flaming torches. A bell sounded somewhere in the distance, more dark figures came down the steps bearing first one and then another small coffin. And the lines of torch bearers, with the coffins between them, moved silently onward to the left.

The hours of night passed on—never so slowly, Mr. Dillet thought. Gradually he sank down from sitting to lying in his bed, but he did not close an eye, and next morning early he sent for the Doctor. The Doctor found him in a disquieting state of nerves and recommended sea air, and to a quiet place on the East Coast he accordingly repaired by easy stages in his car.

One of the first people he met on the sea front was Mr. Chittenden, who, it appeared, had likewise been advised to take his wife away for a bit of a change.

Mr. Chittenden looked somewhat askance upon him when they met: not perhaps without cause.

“Well, I don’t wonder at you being a bit upset, Mr. Dillet . . . What? yes, well, I might say ’orrible upset, to be sure, seein’ what me and my poor wife went through ourselves—but, I put it to you, Mr. Dillet, one of two things! Was I going to scrap a lovely piece like that on the one

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'and, or was I going to tell customers 'I'm selling you a reglar picture palace drarmar of reel life in the olden time, billed to perform regular at one o'clock a.m.'? Why, what would you 'ave said yourself? And next thing you know, our medical man and a justice of the peace in the back parlour, and pore Mr. and Mrs. Chittenden off in a spring-cart to the County Asylum! and everyone in the street a-saying 'Ah, I thought it 'ud come to that. Look how the man drank!' and me next door or next door but one to a total abstainer, as you know. Well, there was my position. . . . What? me 'ave it back in the shop? Well, what do *you* think? No, but I'll tell you what I will do: you shall have your money back, bar the ten pound I paid for it, and make what you can."

The details of the compromise are not interesting.

Later in the day, in what is offensively called the smoke room of the hotel, a murmured conversation between the two went on for some time.

"How much do you really know about that thing, and where it came from?"

"Honest, Mr. Dillet, I don't know the 'ouse. Of course it came out of the lumber room of a country 'ouse—anyone could guess that. But I'll go so far as say this, that I believe it's not a hundred mile away from this place, which direction and how far I've no notion. I'm only judging by guess work. The man as I actually paid the cheque to ain't one of my regular men, and I've lost sight of him, but I 'ave the idea that this part of the country was his beat: and that's every word I can tell you. . . . But, now, Mr. Dillet, there's one thing rather physicks me. That old chap—I s'pose you saw him drive up to the door? I thought so: now, would he have been the medical man, do you take it? My wife would have it so, but I stick to it that was the lawyer, because he had papers with him, and one he took out was folded up longways."

"Papers," said Mr. Dillet. "Thinking it over, I came to the conclusion that that was the old man's will, ready to be signed."

"Just what I thought," said Mr. Chittenden, "and that will would have cut out the young people, or something like that, eh? Well, well! it's bin a lesson to me, I know that. I shan't buy no more dolls' 'ouses, nor yet waste no more money on the pictures. And as to this business of poisonin' grandpa, well, if *I* know myself, I never 'ad much of a turn for that. Live and let live. That' bin my motter all these years, and I ain't found it a bad one."

Filled with these elevated sentiments, Mr. Chittenden retired to his lodgings. Mr. Dillet next day betook himself to the local Institute, where

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he thought he might possibly find some clue to the riddle that now absorbed him. He gazed in despair at a long file of the Canterbury and York Society's publications of the Parish Registers of the district. No print resembling the house of his nightmare was among those that hung on the staircase and in the passages. Disconsolate, he wandered into a derelict back room, and found himself staring at a dusty model of a church in a dusty glass case, "Model of St. Stephen's Church, Coxham. Presented by J. Merewether, Esq., J.P., of Ilbridge House, 1877. The work of his ancestor James Merewether, d. 1786." There was something in the fashion of it that dimly recalled his horror. He retraced his steps to a wall map he had noticed and made out that Ilbridge House was in Coxham Parish. Coxham, too, was one of the parishes whose name he chanced to have retained from his hasty glance at the file of printed registers; and it was not long before he found there the record of the burial of Roger Milford, aged 76, on the 11th of September, 1757, and of Roger and Elizabeth Merewether, aged 9 and 7, on the 17th of the same month. It did seem worth while to follow up this thread, frail as it might be, so in the afternoon he drove out to Coxham.

The east end of the north aisle of the church is a Milford chapel, and on its north wall are tablets to those same persons. Roger Milford, it seems, was "distinguished by all the qualities which adorn/the Father/the Magistrate/and the Man." The memorial was erected to him by "his attached daughter Elizabeth, who did not long survive the loss of a parent ever tenderly solicitous for her welfare, and of two amiable children." The last sentence was plainly an addition to the original inscription. A yet later slab told of James Merewether, husband of Elizabeth, "who in the dawn of life practised with astonishing success those arts which, had he continued their exercise, might in the opinion of the most competent Judges have gained for him the name and laurels of the British Vitruvius, but who, overwhelmed by the visitation which bereaved him of an affectionate Partner and a blooming offspring, passed his prime and age in a secluded yet elegant retirement. His grateful nephew and heir indulges a pious sorrow by the too brief recital of his excellences." The children were more simply commemorated. Both died on the night of the 12th of September.

Mr. Dillet felt sure that in Ilbridge House he had found the scene of his drama. In some old sketch book, possibly in some print, he may yet find convincing proof that he is right. But the Ilbridge House of to-day is not that which he sought: it is an "Elizabethan" pile of the 'forties, in red brick with stone quoins and dressings. A quarter of a mile from it,

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in a lone part of the park, backed by ancient, stag-horned, ivy-strangled trees and thick undergrowth of elder, are marks of a terraced platform overgrown with rough grass. A few stone balusters lie here and there and a heap or two, covered with nettles and ivy, of wrought stones with badly carved crockets. This, some one told Mr. Dillet, was the site of an older house.

As he drove out of the village the hall clock struck four. Mr. Dillet in the car sank back with a sick feeling all down his spine. It was not the first time he had heard that bell.

* * * * *

Awaiting an offer from the other side of the Atlantic the dolls' house reposes, carefully sheeted, in a loft over Mr. Dillet's stables, whither Collins conveyed it on the day when Mr. Dillet started for the sea-coast.

It will be said, perhaps, and not unjustly, that this is no more than a variation of a former story of mine called *The Mezzotint*. This really did not occur to me till I had finished it. I can only hope that there is enough of novelty in the setting to make the repetition of the *motif* tolerable.

AGNES JEKYLL

Lady Jekyll, who knows all there is to know about good meals and their preparation, was the inevitable authority to be invited to instruct dolls in that mystery, and here are some counsels from the very pleasant book that resulted, "Dedicated to Her Majesty the Queen."

In sending her little book to Princess Marie Louise, Lady Jekyll wrote as follows:—"I have the honour to enclose to you, for Her Majesty's acceptance for the Dolls' House Library, *The Dolls' House Cookery Book*, and in offering it I am very conscious of its imperfections, both in matter and execution, and would for these beg the Queen's indulgence. The architect advised that the recipes should be given in all seriousness, and not as suggested by some, in Dolls' House Lilliputian fashion, with one prawn to make a lobster salad, one whitebait to make a fish course, one raspberry to make a sweet, one shrimp to make a savoury. I trust I have not done wrong in giving the quantities even as for us mortals, trusting to the kitchen weights and measures in the Dolls' House to weigh all things in due proportion and to scale."

"Truth severe by fairy fiction drest."—*Gray*.

THE DOLLS' HOUSE COOKERY BOOK

"Let the world's riches which dispersed lie contract into a span."—*George Herbert*.

FOREWORD

To sweeten the atmosphere before guests assemble, and after savoury dishes have been prepared: Heat a shovel, or any such metal surface,

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very hot, and strew on it dried heads of *lavender*; the air will soon smell deliciously of that fragrant plant. Or, take a goodly stick of *juniper*, clean and trim it, and when you would make the house sweet, set the thick end alight in the red embers of the fire, blow out the flame and wave aloft the smoking bough. As the smoke rises and descends, the air will be filled with a subtle and purifying perfume, diffusing contentment around, recalling the song of *Oberon* in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* when he bade his fairies "with this field-dew consecrate, and each several chamber bless, through this Palace with sweet peace; and the owner of it blest, ever shall in *safety* rest!"

The Royal Cook, being an artist, knows well how to prepare faultlessly and serve to perfection every dish known to be wholesome and nourishing, and pleasant both to the palate and the eye. Nevertheless these few recipes, gathered here and there, shall be set down. Perchance they might find favour, and even lure delicate hands, unversed in such tasks, to make trial of skill amid the Pots and Pans.

Brioches for Breakfast.

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. flour, less than $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. butter, 1 oz. sugar, 3 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. baker's yeast, pinch of salt.

Weigh the flour, put a quarter of it in a basin with enough tepid milk to make a light dough. Put aside to rise ten minutes. Put remaining flour in a basin, make a well for sugar, eggs, and salt beaten together, mix in butter lightly. When this sponge is ready, add the smaller quantity of flour, with yeast, leave in a cool place till morning. Form into small cottage-loaf shapes and bake into 12 brioches. Serve with cups of *frothed chocolate*, a touch of whipped cream on each cup.

A good first-course Luncheon dish is *Dutch Omelet*.

Prepare some batter with milk, flour, and 4 yolks of eggs. Whisk the whites well, adding them at the last, so as to form a fairly thick pancake, lightly cooked, and laid in the deep plated dish in which it is to be served. Keep this at the oven's mouth and sprinkle liberally with parmesan, grated. Make a second pancake, lay it on top, and sprinkle with finely chopped ham. Add a third pancake, on the top, and put over and around fresh asparagus tops, or in winter bottled ones. Green peas can be used also. Cover liberally with a creamy white sauce.

For a Luncheon Second Course *Poulet à la Crème* will be welcomed. Select two plump birds, joint and marinade the best pieces after rub-

AGNES JEKYLL

bing with salt and red pepper. Put two egg-sized bits of butter into a stewpan with some thin slices of bacon. Cover the pan with a thin layer of onions cut into rings, put the pan on a bright fire, and add the chicken joints as soon as smoke rises. Cook to a light brown on a diminishing fire for $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Remove and carve on a hot dish. Return pan to fire with $\frac{1}{2}$ pint sour cream, stirring with a wooden spoon continuously. Pour this sauce over the chicken. Add *no* stock or water. Serve very hot with pieces of banana skinned, halved, quartered, marinated in orange juice, dipped in thin batter, and fried crisp. Also some green peas cooked with cream, butter and sugar.

A comforting Soup, *Consommé à l'Indienne*, for dinner.

Into a roomy stewpan put a quart of good stock. Add two onions and a large apple sliced, a tablespoonful of desiccated cocoanut, a dessert-spoonful of curry powder, and the carcass of a roast chicken, rabbit or game-bones.

Simmer gently for one hour. Strain and remove fat, clarify, reheat, and serve with fragments of chicken or game in the marmite and plain hot boiled rice added to each portion as helped.

A Clear Soup Without Meat is useful.

Fry in butter or in dripping two or three onions, some carrots and turnips according to size, and 2 bay-leaves. Add a teaspoonful of Marmite Vegetable extract and cold water in required quantity, for four diners, say, four large cups of water to each teaspoon of Marmite, and boil 3 to 4 hours. Then strain and cut up the best of the vegetables as a garnish in the soup. Celery is an improvement, bay-leaves a necessity.

For a dinner in winter-time try *Gigot de Six Heures*.

Into the thick part of a well-hung small Welsh leg of mutton stick a small clove of garlic. Cover the bottom of a braising-pan, on to which you have put a walnut-sized piece of fresh butter, with a liberal allowance of fresh vegetables, onions, carrots, celery, thyme, parsley, and a bay-leaf. Fry your gigot quickly on the vegetables, turning well to brown it. Add half a bottle of claret, a large cup of good stock and a dash of brandy. Simmer some four hours, basting often. Before serving, strain the gravy from the vegetables, remove the garlic-clove, and place the gigot on to a roomy dish, preferably of brown earthenware, and garnish with browned potatoes or braised haricots. Two calves' feet, well scalded, boned, cut up and added to the meat are a valuable

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addition and repay the long braising. Soubise sauce is a welcome addition, and creamy turnips a suitable vegetable to hand round, or spinach.

For a refreshing sweet an old-fashioned *Bowl of Orange Jelly* is hard to beat. Take 18 oranges (preferably blood), 2 lemons, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. loaf sugar, and 1 oz. gelatine. Boil sugar to a syrup and pour this, boiling, on the thinly peeled rinds of 2 oranges. Squeeze the juice of all the oranges, pass through a silk sieve, add dissolved gelatine and syrup, and a few drops of cochineal. Serve, not moulded, in a cut glass bowl and chill on ice.

Orange Jumbles to accompany the Bowl of Jelly.

$\frac{1}{4}$ lb. each white sugar, shredded almonds, 3 oz. butter, 2 oz. flour, grated rind and juice of 2 oranges, and a soupçon of cochineal to colour all. Mix and put on a lightly greased baking tin in quantities of one teaspoonful to each jumble, allowing room to spread, and bake in a moderate oven. They should expand to the size of teacup rims, be crisp and faintly pink.

For a festive tea party make *Chelsea Bun*.

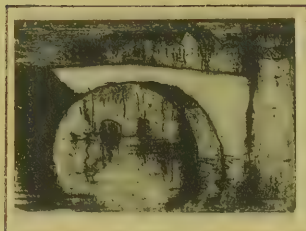
$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. flour, 5 oz. butter, 1 oz. sugar, 3 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. yeast, a pinch of salt. Mix the yeast with tepid milk and 2 oz. of the flour to a light dough, place it to rise for ten minutes. Mix sugar, eggs, salt, with remaining flour, beat well, and add in melted butter. Now add the yeast mixed with flour and milk, work well together and stand in a cool place overnight. Next day add grated rind of large lemon, some sultanas and some chopped peel. Form into a round with band of greased paper on a baking sheet, brush over with egg, stand in a warm place to rise a little. Bake in a moderate oven for about $\frac{1}{2}$ hour.

Russian Ice of Black Currant Leaves.

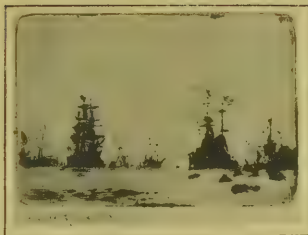
Throw a large handful of young black currant leaves into a pan of boiling syrup made in the proportion of $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. white sugar to 1 pint water. Cover pan, leaving to cool 2 hours, strain, add juice of six lemons, and freeze in usual way as for lemon water ice, which it will resemble in appearance, but having a very delicate and subtle flavour.

Biscuits Tuiles would be a pleasant addition.

3 oz. each of flour, white sugar, and melted butter, 3 whites of eggs partly whipped, a little vanilla essence, 3 oz. of chopped almonds.



E.A.Hope, R.B.A.



F.H.Mason, R.B.A.



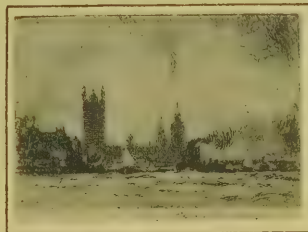
Alfred Hartley, R.E. R.W.A.



R.R.Gill, A.R.E.



Lucy E.Kemp-Welch, R.C.A., R.I.



Percy Robertson, R.E.



E.Verpilleux.



C.H.Haigh-Wood, A.R.E.

FACSIMILES OF SOME OF THE DRAWINGS AND ETCHINGS MADE FOR
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AGNES JEKYLL

Mix, place in small rounds on greased baking sheet, with room to spread, bake golden brown, remove on to a rolling pin to dry and curve over.

A popular sweet from Scandinavia called *Röd-Grö*, or *Rothe Grütze*.

Boil currants and raspberries with a little water and sugar in the proportion of two pounds of fruit to a tea-cup of water and a $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. white sugar. Pass through a sieve; put into an enamel stewpan with a large teaspoon of sieved arrowroot, stirring gently but continuously till smooth, and of a gooseberry fool consistency. Serve very cold with fresh cream and plain dry boiled rice in cut glass dishes.

Pancakes and Orange Butter.

Make 8 light thin pancakes in usual manner. Roll and lightly sugar. Beat $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. fresh butter to a cream with 2 oz. castor sugar and grated rind of 2 oranges, and serve as brandy-butter is served with plum pudding in the consistency of a soft fresh cream cheese. Serve the juice of the same two oranges (and perhaps a third), sweetened with a table-spoonful of castor sugar served as a thin syrup on second sauce bowl.

In chestnut time this is a popular Italian sweet.

Roast and peel 1 lb. of them to make *Mont Blanc de Marrons déguisées*. Put them in a stewpan with a piece of vanilla pod, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. white sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. best chocolate, and a little milk, and cook till soft. Rub through a coarse sieve into a basin-shaped mould well sprinkled with grated chocolate. Turn out and mask to whiteness with thinly whipped sweetened cream. Serve very cold on a silver dish.

Crab Apple Preserve.

Take 1 lb. selected rosy-red crabs. Skin and core, but leave on the stalks. Boil 1 lb. white sugar with a little water to a thick syrup. Put the crabs into the syrup in a preserving pan, and boil 20 to 30 minutes. Remove the whole crabs, reduce the syrup till it jellies, and pack in flat round glasses, the fruit half-set in jelly, the stalks emerging. Tie over with greaseproof paper.

The last recipe is for a festive bowl of *Punch for Christmas*.

Take 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ pints of good light red wine, 1 gill of rum, 1 pint of "Russian" tea (which contains green tea), 1 gill lemon juice, and $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sugar. Mix together, bring just to the boil, and serve with a ladle from a heated silver jug into long narrow glasses.

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GERTRUDE JEKYLL

THE GARDEN

CHAPTER I

It may safely be said that all good gardening consists in putting the right plant in the right place. To learn how to do this may take half a lifetime, for the learner must first gain a knowledge of each plant, shrub and tree and the general treatment that is needed for its welfare, and must not only have this technical knowledge but must also form with it an intimate and friendly acquaintance, so that all its tricks and ways and wants may be known and satisfied. To a beginner this may sound a hopeless task, for the number of garden plants is now so great, and of late years there are so many more than were formerly known or had been introduced, that the quantity may at first seem bewildering, and the problem, how to suit plants that come from all parts of the world in one garden, may well seem insoluble.

But let the beginner take heart and remember that every step on the way is full of interest, every success is a distinct reward and every failure is a useful lesson that impresses itself on the memory. Some knowledge of botany is also wanted—not botany of the more scientific kind, but such as will give the good gardener a general idea of the relationship of plants, so that at a glance he recognises the link between the roses and apples of our gardens, the mountain ash and whitebeam of woodland, the meadowsweet of the stream bank, and the brambles, whitethorn and blackthorn of our hedges and waste places.

Then he has to consider the questions of soil, situation and aspect, for some plants are happy only with lime, while others must have a rich loam, and others, again, thrive in poor, hungry sand. Then he has to know how often each kind of plant must be divided, for some, like the Michaelmas daisies, make a rapid yearly growth and should be separated every year, while others will stand for two or three years and a few deep-rooted things will go on for seven or eight.

When all these necessary things have been learnt the gardener will be ready to choose and arrange his plants to the best advantage.

CHAPTER II

From the early middle of the nineteenth century and for thirty or more years onward, gardening in England was of a rather dull and monotonous character. Everything was sacrificed in favour of a display of tender plants for not much more than three months in the year.

GERTRUDE JEKYLL

The perennial flowering plants, the old garden roses, and the favourite annuals of the good old gardens were rooted up and thrown away to make way for the short-lived geraniums, calceolarias and other tender plants, and for the greater part of the year gardens were left bare. Gone were the old columbines and peonies of May, the pansies and honeysuckles of June, and the lilies and sweet old bush roses that for centuries had been the delight of our ancestors. Even the charming little flower borders of wayside cottages were influenced by the prevailing fashion, and in place of their heartsease, hepaticas, auriculas, London Pride and Sweet Williams, they must also have the flaring scarlet geraniums looking painfully out of place and cruelly ousting the proper plants of the little gardens. Even in the larger places the object aimed at was not any good or harmonious combination, but only a garish effect of crude colouring.

But in the last quarter of the century better influences made themselves felt, and it was seen how much we had lost of pure enjoyment of flower beauty.

The old perennials were again restored to favour, the almost forgotten garden roses were hunted up and propagated afresh, and search was made for every hardy plant that could adorn a garden.

Botanical travellers were also collecting plants and shrubs throughout the temperate regions of the world, and year by year our gardens became enriched with new plants that soon became indispensable. The new and wider interest in hardy plants gave an astonishing impetus to horticultural trade, and prompted great activity in the production of new and improved varieties among those that were already well known. Great advance was soon apparent, not only among roses, but also in delphiniums, irises, peonies, sweet peas, Michaelmas daisies and other hardy perennials, as well as among bulbous and tuberous plants such as daffodils, montbretias, gladioli; so that there was now no lack of beautiful material but only, on the contrary, too much to choose from.

CHAPTER III

Following the reaction from the dull ways of the old bedding system came the better methods of using flowers. One of the main principles was to have them in bold groups, with some definite intention, instead of putting them together as a jumble of single items, or of repeating the same plant at a few yards apart. This grouping was a great advance and it led to the still more important practice of considering good arrangement for colour. Thus, during the early part of the twentieth century,

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the best designers considered the flowers as the painter thinks of the colours on his palette, for the production of beautiful garden pictures; so raising gardening to the dignity of a fine art.

1922.

F. TENNYSON JESSE

MY TOWN

On the Hill of the Wistful Heart MY TOWN is set, glowing warm as a lighted window at night; aloof as a star, serene as a summer dawn, alluring as the smell of wood-smoke in autumn; a place of pointed turrets and latticed windows; a single rose on a green tree, a spark from a fairy anvil.

Such is My Town, my city set upon a hill.

Who laid its foundations and planned its ways?

Doubtless two brothers called Grimm were busy with their golden trowels at its inception; Hans Andersen planted the overhanging gardens with their clipped hedges; George Macdonald planned the labyrinthine ways winding below them; and from the crowded pages brought together by Andrew Lang come the folk that pass up and down the cobbles.

Saints, too, are to be found in My Town. Just such a slim young boy-saint in scarlet hose and befurred jerkin as the painters of old have left to us; just such a delicate virgin with rippled hair and green mantle as you may see enthroned amid Italian cypresses here leans from her oriel; the very children playing in the streets are the curly little rogue-angels of many an old missal.

Not in any actual past, but in that land of childhood which seems another, rather than an earlier, life, is My Town still, in rare moments, to be found.

Perhaps it is a chance opening of an old nursery book, or, more likely, some suddenly caught aspect of land and sky, or—most potent passport of all—the drift of some remembered smell to the nostrils . . . brown sugar on bread and butter, that smell which marked red-letter nursery teas; a breath of mignonette, of warm water cloudy with the same soap that childhood knew . . . and lo! once again My Town stands upon its hill, smiling rosily, with head in a rosy sky, and emerald skirts sloping to the mists, the very Rose of cities. . . .

Once again I see the red pointed roofs like dark caps upon the towers;

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see the little gardens quiet as green wells; the pearly-coloured cobbles of the streets, the wing-wide casements. . . .

And from every turret and spire, from trees of yew and cherry and boughs laden with apple blossom, from every twinkling window-pane, comes an invitation that calls across the years.

I pass under the cool shadow of the archway, a shadow that falls on me softly as a benediction, and I am in My Town. Mine, mine, mine . . . And it is Then again, and Then is Now.

Yet this town does not know that it belongs to me; as I pass through the streets none turns to look after me, for none can see me. None knows of my presence, for none knows of my existence. . . .

Blessed freedom owed to the sure and inviolable instinct of childhood! Ever an invisible onlooker in this city, I am so still. . . .

If these people knew me; these bent old women with their charmed fingers, and velvet-gowned wizards who glide along in the shadows; these green-eyed girls with their yellow hair and these long-legged swaggering pages—then I could not watch, with the dazzling accuracy that only non-existence bestows, the progress of their lovely painted lives.

Town that never has been, and that we all have known, do you figure at all in the minds of children brought up to the clear hard certainties of to-day, when Pilots have succeeded Pirates, and wireless taken the place of wizards?

Fairy-story town, ridiculous, exquisite little Town, so incorrect to students of folklore, so profoundly shocking to followers of Freud! So merely silly to children of a smaller growth! How jewel-clear you gleam set in the framing years. . . .

Delicious medley of all that made the hard realities of childhood possible, City of Refuge from the black tragedies of nursery days, how more than ever fair you seem in the knowledge that only that bleak fortress, Philosophy, gives to the grown-up the security you gave to the child. . . .

How much richer in solace was My Town!

For there every woman is young . . . who ever was young . . . and every man a lover . . . who ever has been a lover . . . everyone happy . . . who has ever been unhappy.

It is a town where every tear, admired and sung, almost forgets to fall. . . .

Here pensive girls sit in a charmed shade; here burghers go befurred

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and the children are dressed in scarlet; here minstrels are held in honour and clowns are light of heart; here all the hens lay golden eggs and the only hour the clocks impose is Once-Upon-A-Time. . . . Hark! you can hear the chime of it now. . . . "Once-Upon-A-Time." Immortal prelude to those romances which end "And they all lived happily ever after. . . ."

No finer beginning or ending to a tale was ever forged, and between these two sentences lies the perfect City of Refuge.

Such is MY TOWN.

This story has a fascinating frontispiece from the author's own hand.—EDITOR.

SIR HARRY JOHNSTON

Sir Harry's contribution is a short story, "Jeannette Sidebotham," from his volume entitled *Little Life Stories* (1923).

HENRY ARTHUR JONES

ENGLISH DUKES AND AMERICAN MILLIONAIRES

(Written Dec. 24th, 1921, especially for this collection)

The prolific Archibald Shofforth, in his essay on Snobbishness, remarks that, like Stupidity, it is inherent in human nature, and is as widely and as equally distributed amongst mankind. Wealth always compels the adoration of Snobbishness, but Birth and Degree are also assured of its constant, devoted homage. In countries where there is no Aristocracy, Wealth assumes its functions, and often discharges them so admirably that an aristocracy is not missed; indeed, Wealth is the aristocracy of democracies, and it claims the privileges of aristocracy, amongst them the right to exact a heavy tribute from Snobbishness.

In America, the leading millionaires are regarded by the populace with the same fearsome respect that Dukes command in England. While in this country tourists are taken in charabancs to gaze at Chatsworth and Blenheim, in New York tourists are taken in charabancs to gaze at the outsides of the millionaires' houses on Fifth Avenue. It is difficult to say whether the English or the American tripper obtains the greater satisfaction from his day's outing, or is the more favourably impressed by the grandeurs of his country's nobility. If Chatsworth and Blenheim testify to the glories of the English aristocracy, Fifth Avenue suggests that those glories will be surpassed by the homes of the American aristocracy of the future. Certainly, as our pictures and art treasures are gradually shipped across the Atlantic, the interiors of the homes of

HENRY ARTHUR JONES

American millionaires will, in a short time, be better worth seeing than the interiors of our English mansions.

The houses of the American millionaires may well be described as palaces. It is said that a cultivated American millionaire and art connoisseur has chosen for his motto the fine saying of Marcus Aurelius—"Even in a Palace, life may be well lived."

A belief is current amongst a large class of Americans that English Dukes go about their estates in their coronets and robes, oppressing peasants. The same superstition prevails amongst the proletariat in English manufacturing towns.

There are 28 English Dukes, whose entire wealth, capitalised, was estimated a few years ago at twenty-nine million pounds. It is much easier to become an American millionaire than an English Duke. Consequently there are many more of them. It is disputable which of the two positions is the more onerous to fulfil. It is certain that the American millionaires are better paid for the services they render to society. Indeed, several of the American millionaires could buy up all the English Dukes.

The popular American institution, Tammany Hall, was calculated to cost the American people in one year twenty-nine million pounds in graft—that is, a sum equivalent to the capitalised value of all the possessions of all the English Dukes. Thus it appears that English Dukes are, comparatively, a quite inexpensive luxury to their country.

As English Dukes do not go about in their coronets and robes, it is impossible to distinguish them from other people. Indeed, the most remarkable fact about English Dukes and American millionaires is their astonishing likeness to their fellow-citizens.

RUDYARD KIPLING

This little book is one of the most interesting in the whole collection. Mr. Kipling threw himself with zest into the spirit of the thing and not only made a choice of poems but decorated several of them with great ingenuity and charm. Some of his drawings are reproduced in this volume.

"IF"

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;

THE DOLLS' HOUSE LIBRARY

If you can wait and not grow tired of waiting,
Or, being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or, being hated, don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good nor talk too wise:

If you can dream, and not make dreams your master,
If you can think and not make thoughts your aim,
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster,
And treat those two impostors just the same:

If you can make one heap of all your winnings,
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss;

If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on!"

If you can talk to crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;

If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my Son!

THE CHILDREN'S SONG

Land of our Birth, we pledge to thee
Our love and toil in the years to be,
When we are grown and take our place,
As men and women with our race.

Father in Heaven, Who lovest all,
Oh, help thy children when they call;
That they may build from age to age
An undefiled heritage.

Verses by Rudyard Kipling

A CHARM.

Take of English earth as much
as other hand may kindly clutch.
In the taking of it, bless the
Prayer for all who lie beneath...
Soft the grass, nor will he stir,
But the moss underneath, look,
Of whose life and death is none
Keeps not remembrance.
Say that earth, when by heart,
All by winds shall depart.



30

31

It shall sweeten, I make whole
Thee, sweeten, I make whole
Thee, sweeten, I make whole
Thee, sweeten, I make whole
Thee, sweeten, I make whole
Thee, sweeten, I make whole
Thee, sweeten, I make whole
Thee, sweeten, I make whole
Thee, sweeten, I make whole
Thee, sweeten, I make whole

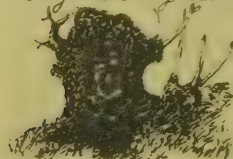
Take of English flowers these —
Spring's full, young, and merry,
Summer's white, with bearded nose,
Autumn's with house of the clove,
And the darkness to cleanse,
Winter's ice — these are my bloom,
Fad and serve them when they bid,
From Candemas to Christmas-tide

Jan.

31

For these samples, used or left,
Can assist in finding sight.

They shall come and part,
They shall come and part,
They shall come and part,
They shall come and part,
They shall come and part,
They shall come and part,
They shall come and part,
They shall come and part,
They shall come and part,
They shall come and part



40

Eddi's Service

EDDI PRIEST OF ST WILFRED,
AT HIS CHAPEL AT MANHOOD END,
ORDERED A MIDNIGHT SERVICE
FOR SUCH AS CARED TO ATTEND.

BUT THE SAXONS WERE FEEDING, AND
BID THE NIGHT WAS SOBBY AS WELLY,
NABODY CAME TO SERVICE
THOUGH EDDI RANG THE BELL.

"WICKED WEATHER FOR WALKING,"
SAID EDDI OF MANHOOD END,
"BUT I MUST GO ON WITH THE SERVICE,
IF FOR SUCH AS CARE TO ATTEND."



41

THE
MIDNIGHT SERVICE WERE LIGHTED —
AN OLD MASH DONKEY CAME
BOLLY AS A GUEST
INVITE

AND STARED AT THE GUTTERING
FLAME.

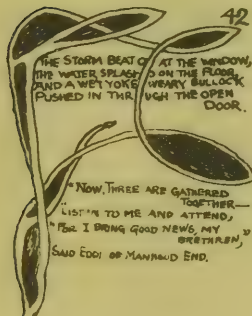
"HOW DO I KNOW WHO IS GREATEST?
HOW DO I KNOW WHO IS LEAST?
THAT IS MY FATHER'S BUSINESS,"
SAID EDDI OF WILFRED'S PRIEST.



42

THE STORM BEAT AT THE WINDOW,
THE WINDY SPLASH ON THE FLOOR,
AND A WET YOKE PUSHED IN THROUGH THE OPEN DOOR.

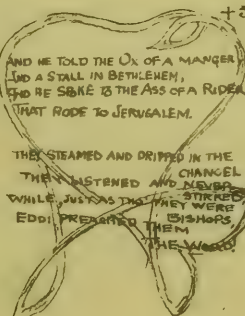
"NOW THREE ARE GATHERED
TOGETHER —
LISTEN TO ME AND ATTEND,
FOR I BRING GOOD NEWS, MY
BRETHREN,"
SAID EDDI OF MANHOOD END.



43

AND HE TOLD THE OX OF A MANGER
AND A STALL IN BETHLEHEM,
AND RE SBINE IS THE ASS OF A RIDER
THAT RODE TO JERUSALEM.

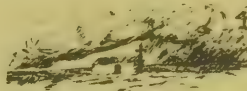
THEY STEAMED AND DRIPPED IN THE
CHANCEL
THEY LISTENED AND NODDED
WHILE, JUST AS THEY WERE
EDDI PREACHED THEM
THE WORDS.



44

TILL THE STORM BLEW OFF ON THE
MARCHES
AND THE WINDOWS SHAKED THE DAY,
AND THE OX AND THE ASS TAFTER
WHEELED AND CLATTERED AWAY

AND WHEN THE SAXONS MOCKED
HIM,
SAID EDDI OF MANHOOD END,
"I BARRIED NOT EDDI HIS CHAPEL,
"FOR SUCH AS CARED TO ATTEND."



A SELECTION IN FACSIMILE FROM THE VOLUME OF VERSES BY RUDYARD KIPLING

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

RUDYARD KIPLING

Teach us to bear the yoke in youth
With steadfastness and careful truth;
That, in our time, Thy Grace may give
The Truth whereby the Nations live.

Teach us to rule ourselves always,
Controlled and cleanly night and day;
That we may bring, if need arise,
No maimed or worthless sacrifice.

Teach us to look in all our ends
On Thee for Judge, and not our friends;
That we, with Thee, may walk uncowed
By fear or favour of the crowd.

Teach us the Strength that cannot seek,
By deed or thought, to hurt the weak;
That, under Thee, we may possess
Man's strength to comfort man's distress.

Teach us Delight in simple things,
And Mirth that has no bitter springs;
Forgiveness free of evil done,
And Love to all men 'neath the sun!

Land of our Birth, our hope, our pride,
For whose dear sake our Fathers died;
Oh Motherland, we pledge to thee,
Head, heart, and hand through the years to be!

THE ROAD THROUGH THE WOODS

They shut the road through the Woods
Seventy years ago,
Weather and rain have undone it again,
And now you would never know
There was once a road through the Woods
Before they planted the trees.
It is underneath the bracken and heath,
And the thin anemones.

THE DOLLS' HOUSE LIBRARY

Only the Keeper sees
That, where the ring-dove broods,
And the badgers roll at ease,
There was once a road through the Woods.

Yet, if you enter the Woods
Of a summer evening late
When the night-air cools on the trout-ringed pools
Where the otter whistles his mate
(They fear not man in the Woods)
Because they see so few),
You will hear the beat of a horse's feet,
And the swish of a skirt in the dew,
Steadily cantering through
The misty solitudes,
As though they perfectly knew
The old, lost road through the Woods. . . .
But there is no road through the Woods!

MERROW DOWN

There runs a road through Merrow Down
A grassy track to-day it is—
An hour out of Guildford town,
Above the river Wey it is.

Here, when they heard the horse-bells ring,
The ancient Britons dressed and rode,
To watch the dark Phœnicians bring
Their goods along the Western Road.

Yes, here or hereabouts they met
To hold their racial talks and such—
To barter beads for Whitby jet,
And tin for gay shell torques and such.

But long and long before that time,
When bison used to roam on it,
Did Taffy and her Daddy climb
The Down, and had their home on it.

RUDYARD KIPLING

Then beavers built in Broadstone Brook,
And made a swamp where Bramley stands;
And bears from Shere would come and look
For Taffimai where Shamley stands.

The Wey, that Taffy called "Wagai,"
Was more than five times bigger then;
And all the Tribe of Tegumai
They cut a noble figure then.

Of all the Tribe of Tegumai
Who cut that figure, none remain:
On Merrow Down the cuckoos cry—
The Silence and the Sun remain.

Yet, as the faithful years return,
And hearts unwounded sing again,
Comes Taffy dancing through the fern
To lead the Surrey spring again.

Her brows are bound with bracken-fronds,
And golden elf-locks fly above ;
Her eyes are bright as diamonds,
And bluer than the sky above.

In mocassins and deer-skin cloak,
Unfearing, free and fair she flits,
And lights her little damp-wood smoke
To show her Daddy where she flits.

For far, oh very far behind—
So far she cannot call to him—
Comes Tegumai alone to find
The daughter that was all to him !

THE FAIRIES' SIEGE

I have been given my charge to keep—
Well have I kept the same.
Playing with strife for the best of my life,
But this is a different game.

THE DOLLS' HOUSE LIBRARY

I'll not fight against swords unseen,
Or spears that I cannot view.
Hand him the keys of the place on your knees—
'Tis the Dreamer whose dreams come true !

Ask him his terms and accept them at once,
Quick, ere we anger him, go.
Never before have I flinched from the guns,
But this is a different show.
I'll not fight with the Herald of God !
(I know what his Master can do.)
Open the gate : he must enter in state.
'Tis the Dreamer whose dreams come true !

I'd not give way for an Emperor,
I'd hold my road for a King—
To the Triple Crown I would not bow down—
But this is a different thing.
I'll not fight with the Powers of Air,
Sentry, pass him through !
Drawbridge let fall, it's the Lord of us all,
The Dreamer whose dreams come true.

A CHARM

Take of English earth as much
As either hand may rightly clutch.
In the taking of it breathe
Prayer for all who lie beneath.
Not the great nor well-bespoke,
But the mere uncounted folk,
Of whose life and death is none
Report or lamentation.
Lay that earth upon thy heart,
And thy sickness shall depart !

It shall sweeten and make whole
Fevered breath and festered soul;
It shall mightily restrain
Over-busy hand and brain.

RUDYARD KIPLING

It shall ease thy mortal strife
'Gainst the immortal woe of life,
Till thyself, restored, shall prove
By what grace the Heavens do move.

Take of English flowers these—
Spring's full-facing primroses,
Summer's wild wide-hearted rose,
Autumn's wall-flower of the close,
And, thy darkness to illumine,
Winter's bee-thronged ivy-bloom.
Seek and serve them where they bide
From Candlemas to Christmas-tide,
For these simples, used aright,
Can restore a failing sight.

These shall cleanse and purify
Webbed and inward-turning eye;
These shall show Thee treasure hid,
Thy familiar fields amid ;
And reveal, which is Thy need,
Every man a King indeed!

RECESSIONAL

God of our Fathers known of old—
Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
Beneath Whose Awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine,
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies,
The Captains and the Kings depart—
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice—
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet—
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away—
On dune and headland sinks the fire:

THE DOLLS' HOUSE LIBRARY

Lo! all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre.
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet—
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet—
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard—
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And, guarding, calls not Thee to guard—
For frantic boast and foolish word—
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord.
Amen.

THE PRAYER

My brother kneels, so saith Kabir,
To stone and brass in heathen-wise,
But in my brother's voice I hear
My own unanswered agonies.
His God is as his Fates assign,
His Prayer is all the World's—and Mine.

“ MOTHER O' MINE ”

If I were hanged on the highest hill—
Mother o' mine—O mother o' mine!—
I know whose love would follow me still—
Mother o' mine—O mother o' mine!

If I were drowned in the deepest sea,
I know whose tears would come down to me!

If I were damned of body and soul,
I know whose prayer would make me whole—
Mother o' mine—O mother o' mine!

RUDYARD KIPLING

EDDI'S SERVICE

Eddi, Priest of St. Wilfred,
At his Chapel at Manhood End,
Ordered a midnight service
For such as cared to attend.

But the Saxons were keeping Christmas,
And the night was stormy as well;
Nobody came to service
Though Eddi rang the bell.

“Wicked weather for walking,”
Said Eddi of Manhood End:
“But I must go on with the service
For such as care to attend.”

The Altar candles were lighted—
An old marsh donkey came
Bold as a guest invited
And stared at the guttering flame.

“How do I know which is greatest?
How do I know which is least?
That is my Father's business,”
Said Eddi, Wilfred's Priest.

The storm beat on at the window,
The water splashed on the floor,
And a wet, yoke-weary bullock
Pushed in through the open door.

“Now, three are gathered together—
Listen to me and attend!
For I bring good news, my brethren,”
Said Eddi of Manhood End.

And he told the Ox of a manger,
And a stall in Bethlehem,
And he spoke to the Ass of a Rider
That rode to Jerusalem.

THE DOLLS' HOUSE LIBRARY

They steamed and dripped in the Chancel,
They listened and never stirred,
While, just as tho' they were Bishops,
Eddi preached them the Word!

Till the storm blew off on the marshes
And the windows showed the day,
And the Ox and the Ass together
Wheeled and clattered away.

And, when the Saxons mocked him,
Said Eddi of Manhood End:
"I dared not shut His chapel
For such as cared to attend."

EDWARD KNOBLOCK

THE DOLL'S DILEMMA: A COMIC TRAGEDY

CHARACTERS: *The Doll. The Saint.* PLACE: *The Nursery.* TIME: *Midnight.*

THE DOLL: Alas my fate!
Always a doll to be!
Early and late
Ever complacently
Ereft to stand!
Just so my feet apart,—
Just so each hand,
In fixèd attitude!
A staring work of art,—
A smirking platitude!

(*A pause*)

Ah, gentle Saint,
Upon the Mantelshelf,
Hear thou my plaint!
Pity my little self!
Is there no way
For life to come to me?
That like the child at play,
I, too, might breathe the air,
And move and be?
Answer, sweet Saint, my prayer!



Alfred Hayward



Tertek Williams, R.I., R.O.I., R.N.A.



Charles Ince, R.B.A.



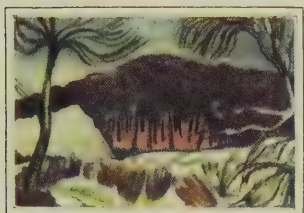
Bertram Nicholls.



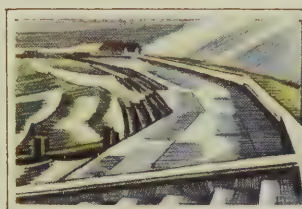
Martin Hardie, A.R.E.



R. Purves Flint, R.S.W.



John Nash.



Paul Nash.

FACSIMILES OF SOME OF THE WATER-COLOURS MADE FOR THE LIBRARY

EDWARD KNOBLOCK

THE SAINT: Dear Dolly Mine!
Heaven hath heard
Thy solemn word!
Even this hour,
By Grace Divine,
I hold the power
To end thy wooden ways!
Before the morn
Unfolds his magic rays,
Be thou reborn;—
A thing of flesh and blood,
A living human bud!

THE DOLL: Sweet blessed Saint!
Thy promise fills
My sawdust self with thrills ;
Nay, I could faint—
So wondrous is thy boon!

THE SAINT: Rejoice thou not too soon!
Reflect,—ere yet too late,—
Upon the mortal state!
Remember this :
That human life
Is far from bliss.
Think of the strife,
The bitterness, the pain!
The long, long years to run,
The single days of sun,
The many nights of rain!

THE DOLL: And is a Doll's life, pray,
So free from care?—
Petted perhaps a day,
Then flung as fare
To every nursery cat—
And sniggered at,
While beauty slim
And smiling grace
Are torn to ragged limb
And battered face!

THE DOLLS' HOUSE LIBRARY

THE SAINT: Will then thy human face
Outwear thy day?
Thy body's youth outpace
Life's broken way?—
The cat that claws thee now
Shall claw thee then;
Neglect and anguish bow
Thee yet again!
Nay, far—far more!
For now thy solid core
Knows neither hope nor doubt—
All pain is from without.
Once set a soul within,
Then shalt thou learn
Life's message stern,—
Then, only, shall unfold thy task!

(A pause)

So choose! Again I ask,
What wilt thou be?
A doll still with a smile
That serves its little while,
Unfeeling—free?
Or wilt thou drain the cup
Of love, of hate, of folly?

Speak, for thy time is up!

THE DOLL: Please! I'll remain a dolly!

R. A. KNOX

MORE MEMORIES OF THE FUTURE

BEING MEMOIRS OF THE YEARS 1915-1972, BY OPAL, LADY PORSTOCK

The kind reception given to my little book of Memories has suggested to my publishers that I might, from time to time, go back over the same ground, describing with first-hand knowledge some of the changes I have lived through, some of the human fads I have seen born and buried. Among other memories of this kind, one occurs to me which is hardly even a memory to most people nowadays—I mean the short-lived sensation which was created by the erection of the "Lord Mayor's

R. A. KNOX

Study" in 1961. As fate would have it, the public was never destined to see that remarkable exhibition, and it was only because I was myself on the Committee, and among the most active members of the Committee, which undertook the arrangements, that I am in a position to describe the full circumstances at all.

I find it hard to indicate even the site of the enterprise to modern readers. A confused pile of flats and offices has grown up over the area which was once occupied by the Lauder Hall, which in my young days used to rival the Albert Hall as a centre for classical concerts—I have myself heard the records of *Patience* and *Ruddigore* there, in the days when you still had to brave the weather after dinner in order to witness such performances. I can just remember the site even before that, when it was part of the old "South Eastern Railway" station at Victoria. The Lauder Hall never paid, and even before broadcasting had made the rest of the halls useless it was early condemned to demolition. But the place had an antiquarian interest, being (it was pointed out) one of the latest and finest examples of the ferro-concrete style, and there were loud protests at its threatened disappearance. In the end the eccentric old Duke of Michigan bought it for the Nation in his will. He had lived in England ever since he was one of the successful candidates for the "American Honours"; and after a few early mistakes (he began by appearing in a coronet at Ascot) had thoroughly identified himself with the old country. Almost his last act was to make a will by which the Lauder Hall should be bought for the Nation, and fitted up as a sort of Museum of the Art and Decoration proper to the period.

The arrangements for this he left entirely in the hands of the existing Lord Mayor.

The Lord Mayor of the day, Sir Ernest Mallory, was a man of some taste and refinement. Although a self-made man (he was the son of a country squire, and had worked his way up from the ranks), he was well known as a connoisseur in several branches, and his collection of Beerbohm first editions was said to be unrivalled. He did not, however, feel competent to interpret the scheme and work it out in detail entirely on his own responsibility. He co-opted a Committee, consisting largely of figure-heads, as such Committees will, but including also several Art critics and one or two City women like myself. We advertised a competition, inviting some of the best known architects of the day to send in designs.

I will not describe what we had to go through in the way of schemes,

THE DOLLS' HOUSE LIBRARY

criticisms of the schemes, and helpful suggestions. It is enough to say that in the end we decided to accept the plan put forward by Sanderson, the Praeteritist painter. His idea was that we were building for future generations a monument of what would then be the Past: now, he argued, we always imagine the scenes of our childhood, unless we have made the mistake of revisiting them, as far larger in scale than they really were. Wood and stream and field, by the mere force of relativity, live in memories as twice their real size, because the memories date from days when we were only half as large as we are. In that magic haze of retrospect, a gentle hill seems precipitous, cows walk with the majesty of elephants, stumpy aunts tower gigantic. When, therefore, you invite the human race to look back upon its Past, you must let it see its Past magnified, or it will lose the illusions of childhood. A building, then, which is to remain for all time as a lasting memorial of the early twentieth century, if it is a hundred and twenty feet long, will only represent a room that was twelve feet long when we saw it, so to speak, with the eyes of children, and magnified it for ourselves.

A hundred and twenty feet was the exact length of the Lauder Hall, its breadth about ninety; the height was roughly equal to the length, allowing for the false dome. Sanderson's idea was to make this into a model, ten times life size, of a business man's working room—it was the newspapers that called it "The Lord Mayor's Study." Coming into such a building as this, he said, would enable posterity to recapture a sense of its origins, just as a man would be able to breathe the airs of his childhood again, if he could suddenly find his father's study, or his schoolmaster's, enlarged to twice life size. The scheme would be expensive, he explained, but the old Duke had left no heirs, and no limits to the amount which might be spent on the regeneration of the Lauder Hall except the very ample limits of his own fortune.

It certainly was not cheap. The four legs of the table, which had to be carved out of the natural wood with a diameter of 3 feet 4 inches, and a height of twenty-five feet, were not difficult to provide, although the construction of the lifts inside them was a delicate matter, and demanded the manufacture of a special outfit of machinery; and even so only the more *svelte* members of the committee ever managed to travel up them. But the big pillars of the mantelpiece, which had to be five feet thick and sixty feet high, could only be procured from America, and even when they had been hollowed out the freight charges were considerable. Perhaps the most difficult thing to secure was the cigar which was to lie on the table: Sanderson was an artist, and he would have the natural

R. A. KNOX

leaf used, although it meant careful selection from a whole year's tobacco crop.

One point defeated him, and that was the stove. Even in those days, it did not seem natural to have any more primitive heating power than radium; but in those days a piece of radium ten times the normal size simply could not be procured. We suggested central heating, but there was a consistency about him which led him to very difficult lengths; he said, if so, the heating apparatus must be not only ten times as large as the ordinary, but ten times as hot. And as our medical advisers doubted whether this could be managed without grave risk to the health of visitors, the idea had to be abandoned. There was the same difficulty over the electric lights—this was before lighting by radiance came in—it must be ten times the power over and above the fact that it was ten times the size. But we managed to avoid the necessity of providing visitors with smoked glasses by protecting the lamps with alabaster shades. Juliet Savage, who (to my great relief) had been appointed a member of the Committee, asked him whether it would be necessary to make the tiles of the stove-place ten times as slippery, but he waved aside the suggestion.

The room was to be uninhabited, since Sanderson would not allow any lifeless models of living things; but it was to look as if the occupant had only just left it—the chair pushed away carelessly from the desk, on which lay a sheaf of type-written documents, ready to be signed with a gold fountain pen that lay beside them—it drew about half a pint of ink. A plain wireless decoder hung within easy reach—I mean, within easy reach if your arm was twenty feet long or thereabouts—and this was actually connected with an instrument on the roof; but it never worked, because, of course, it was meant for a wave-length ten times the pitch of the Commercial Standardized. A large eighty-day clock faced you—this we were lucky enough to pick up cheap from one of the City Churches that was being pulled down—and a calendar which registered the movable feasts for ten years ahead. There were various odds and ends dotted about on the desk—a quill pen, for example, which had been taken from an ostrich, and a bar of sealing wax with which you could have knocked a man down, and a piece of chewing gum in which a child got caught once, and had to leave its slipper behind.

That reminds me of the difficulty we had over the carpet. You were always catching your foot in the pile, but that was a trifle compared with the difficulty we had in laying it. Of course, it all had to be made in one piece, and nobody can know how thick a 120-foot roll of carpet

THE DOLLS' HOUSE LIBRARY

can be until he has seen it coming in a lorry down the permanent way of Victoria Street. Georgina Grosheim saw it as it passed Cathedral Square, and she said it made the Cathedral look like a small Parish Church. When it got to the door of the Lauder Hall, or rather to the vast opening we had made in its façade, it proved to be too long to turn round in the street, and we had to erect a crane and upend it before we could satisfy the protests of the Vestry.

The door of the "Study" itself was a matter of acute debate. Sanderson had actually designed one himself in the "push-door" style which was then usual; and he claimed that by running the hinges on ball-bearings he could allow for a moderately large party of visitors to open it by hand. Sir Ernest criticised the scheme as unnecessary; a curtain could conceal an imaginary door, and the guests could enter the study by an ordinary life size opening. Sanderson, who was nettled, replied that he did not know that he was being invited to design a hen-house; had he supposed this to be in contemplation his whole scheme would have been different.

In the end we had a "roll-up" door, which was then considered something of a novelty. For the walls, however, we were forced to fall back upon oak panelling, which was even then going out of fashion; if we papered them, it was argued, we should have to stick the paper on, without nails or screws, and it was doubtful whether any colletic could be found powerful enough for the purpose. Pictures on the wall would, of course have been quite out of keeping with the traditions of the time, but Sanderson himself painted a design on the interior dome of the roof; it represented, he explained to us (the Praeteritists never had any shame in explaining what their pictures meant) Matter in its pre-Chaotic state. I never understood these things myself, but the experts said it was one of the finest pieces of work he ever did. There was an awful day when he took old Lord Billericay, who was on the Committee, to see the finished product; and Lord B.—no one ever knew whether he said these things on purpose or not—screwed up his eyes and said "Cucumbers, ain't they?"—Sanderson very nearly painted the whole thing out.

The Smoker's cabinet was perhaps the most satisfactory part of the whole arrangement. There is something really inspiring about leaning back with both your elbows resting on a "quarter-pound tin" of tobacco. There had been considerable discussion over this: several members of the Committee maintaining that we should observe a rule of mere avoir-du-poids proportion in this matter—that would mean, of course,

R. A. KNOX

that one of our "quarter-pound" tins was not nearly ten times the height or ten times the width of a life-size quarter-pound. But the general sense of the Committee was that all proportions must be multiplied ten times, so that the "quarter-pound" tin had to weigh, not two and a half pounds, but twenty-five decapounds. You could put your arm up a cigarette-holder, your head into the bowl of a pipe; you could practise golf strokes with a pipe cleaner, and Lord Billericay had a narrow shave when a "smoker's companion" fell from the mantelpiece within a few feet of his head. The greatest feature of this part of the exhibition was a pair of "churchwarden" clay pipes, each ten yards in length, and with a ten-inch curve in it. A statistician told me that if you made a circle whose circumference consisted entirely of such pipes you could not get it into Trafalgar Square, and I partly believe it. He also told me that a soap-bubble blown from such a pipe would knock a man down if it exploded near him. Even the matches had something rather imperial about them, and I have heard a heated discussion as to whether one of them would take one minute or ten minutes to burn! There was, especially, a vast box of "Club" matches, made so exactly to scale that you could put your hand in between the box itself and the cardboard cover. But I shall have more to tell of this box of matches in a moment.

And then there were the book-shelves. These stretched along the wall in the old-fashioned way, with the ends of all the books open to view: it was very wasteful of space, of course, but I always felt that such shelves, carefully filled, were an ornament rather than a disfigurement to the room: and a good deal of attention was naturally paid to the "backs," which showed. The great difficulty of publishing at the time of which I type was the enormous length of the books which most of us wrote in those days, and some of us read. Old Lady Wyrely, for example, devoted a whole volume of her *Reminiscences* to the "Great War" of 1914-1918, although she was only twelve years old when it happened, and was living in the West Indies the whole time. And as for Henricourt's *Kleptomania*, which was, I suppose, the most popular novel of the day, and sold nearly 10,000 copies—you read it at a desk, like a dictionary.

A novel was never published in fewer than three volumes, and it needed a good deal of crowding to get most of them into that.

You will understand, the more clearly for this description, how some of us demurred when Sanderson informed us that according to his design all the books were to be ten times as big, in each measurement,

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as the ordinary. Sir Ernest pointed out that at this rate each volume would be about seven feet high, almost five feet broad, and more than two feet thick. A book of such a size, he suggested, could not easily be consulted by anybody who was not endowed with the physique of a railway porter. Sanderson was unmoved. Could anybody, he asked, dare to suggest that the imaginary giant should rise from his Brobdingnagian chair to take down, say, a Johnson's Dictionary of a size that would make it look, to him, no larger than a pocket diary? No, we had accepted in theory the system of proportions which he had had the honour to suggest; and as long as he was having anything to do with the carrying out of his design, he would not admit so much as a novel which was not one thousand times as heavy as it was when first published—Juliet Savage's whispered doubt as to the possibility of this was fortunately inaudible to him.

Sanderson's attitude threatened to wreck the proceedings. The question of the library had been left till last; except for the book-shelves and the books which were to occupy them, the whole exhibition was complete. Sanderson had, it must be confessed, prepared his plans down to the last detail: he told us, for example, that he had consulted various printers about the production of his giant volumes, and had come to the conclusion that the cheapest course was, not to print a series of new editions, but to photograph existing ones and have the photographs enlarged. The binding, he said, would need to be exceptionally strong; he suggested indestructible pig-skin. (Lord Billericay, who had only just been pardoned his last offence, here disgraced himself again by proposing hippopotamus hide.) But what was the use of discussing details, when the whole question of the proportions remained a deadlock? I can remember that meeting of the Committee as if it were yesterday, in one of the waiting rooms of the Lauder Hall itself: the uneasy tension of the atmosphere, the grey November sunlight edging in apologetically through the long uncleaned window panes, the whirr of the Dictaphones.

It was Lady Pulbrooke who first noticed the smell of burning. A glance into the passage told us that the main Hall itself was the exhaust from which the spouts of eddying smoke crept towards us. We were all downstairs in a moment, but we found that the caretaker had already done what could be done: he had broadcast the fire-call and was beginning to remove his personal effects. The idea of rescuing furniture from the blazing "Study" was suggested only to be dismissed. The fire had arisen, it is thought, from the enormous box of Club matches (perhaps

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dislodged from the mantelpiece gradually by the jolting of the traffic) bursting into flame within half a foot of the waste-paper basket, which was burning with all the appearance of a forest fire when we looked in. The "roll-up" door had by now been installed, and the mechanism of it had been put out of action by the heat. Only a single ventilator allowed us to enter, and what was the use of trying to save anything? The chewing gum alone would have been a man's load. Besides, six bottles of brandy, each as tall as a man, had by now burst and spilt on the carpet.

The fire-planes were commendably quick, and within ten minutes after the call was sent they had dropped two dozen Minimax bombs in the heart of the conflagration. They got the fire under at last, but only when the building was unrecognisable.

It was not insured.

DORIS M. LEE

A beautifully illuminated copy on lambskin of William Blake's *Songs of Innocence*.

WILLIAM J. LOCKE

MILES IGNOTUS

A LITTLE TALE OF THE GREAT WAR ESPECIALLY WRITTEN FOR THE LIBRARY OF HER MAJESTY'S MODEL PALACE BY WILLIAM J. LOCKE

They picked him up on a sticky, muddy plain of horror, over which attacks and counter-attacks had passed. Only a slight tremor of the shoulder had shown him to be alive. His face had been smashed in by German boot or rifle-butt, so as to be unrecognisable as that of a human being. Save for a flannel shirt he was naked. He had no boots, no identification disc; only the regulation flannel shirt that marked him as British.

They took him to England to a great general hospital in a London suburb, where a marvel among surgeons built up a face for him. It took nearly two years, at the end of which the surgeon surveyed him with legitimate pride. It was a fancy face, made according to the surgeon's ideal of what a face should be; for he had nothing whatever to go upon. It couldn't be called beautiful; but the owner could confront his fellow-men without evoking a shudder.

The physicians of the hospital were less successful. The man had lost his memory. Beyond a vague eternal past of mud and blood and war he could remember nothing. He knew neither his name nor his regiment nor his pre-war handicraft, nor town or country from which he came.

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By his shirt they knew him to be English, probably a countryman; certainly not of the North or the Midlands or the extreme West. As he had neither name nor number, and as all efforts to trace him had failed, a waggish G.M.O. called him Thomas Atkins of the Nowhere Fusiliers. He was the pet enigma of the hospital, the most gentle monster of the surgical Frankenstein. From all indications he was still a young man, though his hair, once black, had turned nearly white; and the artificial visage compounded of flesh and cartilage and muscle taken from various parts of his body showed no kind of age at all. Of all living soldiers there was not one so unknown as he.

Now and then he complained of dreams of terror and anguish, unseizable, indefinable when he woke; and during the following day he would be moody, morose, seeking to pierce the baffling backward fog. But as a general rule he showed himself cheery, docile, eager to lend a hand's turn to anyone; and with it all, intelligent, practically able to co-ordinate current events with past history. But, as far as his own past was concerned, he had been reborn.

One day, while reading the newspaper—true to class he took interest in the police news—he came across the account of a murderous assault on a woman in the little village of Overton. It was a trivial, vulgar affair of no importance. But the name of Overton stuck in his mind. All day long the word hammered on his brain. It kept him awake at night. The next day he asked a friend, "Where is Overton?" "In Surrey, down Leatherhead way. You can get to it direct from the station here. What do you want to know for?" "Nothing," said Thomas Atkins, and went away. But from that moment an irresistible force drew him to Overton, why, he knew not. It became the Mecca of his dreams. But how to get there without money? For he had none, the War Office, save for his keep in hospital, which they regarded as an inevitable outrage, refusing to open an account in the Pay Department for a mythical Thomas Atkins of the Nowhere Fusiliers. At last he begged a few shillings from a compassionate comrade in easy circumstances, surreptitiously consulted a railway time-table, and, one afternoon, slipped out of the hospital and took the train to Overton.

He walked down the dusty lane leading from the station, elated with the new sense of freedom, yet haunted by fickle gleams of the familiar. He knew that in the forgotten past he had not always lived in scenes of blood or mud, or among the crowded terrifying streets of London whither, since his recovery, he had occasionally been conducted with other blue-habited, red-cravatted comrades, to theatres and museums;

hold on," said
the limpet.
"It's grand
to feel the
waves come
roaring and

A. C. Benson

search?
"If they haven't, by God
they've had to fight for
it," he resolved with
flame of eyes.
The old Am-kaper followed
at the priest's and let
him out. Stranger
stepped forward into

A. E. W. Mason

heard this morning
that Edwin Lutgens
had built for the
Queen "a one inch
scale model of a
twentieth century
mansion", was it
not natural that

Max Beerbohm

Miles Ignotus

A little tale of
the great war especially
written for the library
of Her Majesty's
mole palace
of
William J. Locke

William J. Locke

13
about the region
of these waters
and he then
showed me the
complete map

Hugh Walpole

Sakes! what a
different world
this would be
if mothers chose
their sons'
wins.

H. A. Vachell

Between Midnight and Morning

You that have faith to look
with fearless eyes
Beyond the tragedy of a
world at strife,
And trust that out of night
and death shall rise
The dawn of ampler life,

Rajice, whatever anguish
rends your heart,
That God has given you,
for a golden dowry,
To live in these great times
and have your part
In Freedom's crowning hour

That you may tell your sons
who see the light
High in the heaven, their
heritage to take:—
I saw the powers of darkness
hut to flight!
I saw the morning break!

22. 10. 16

O.S.

From Verses by Sir Owen Seaman

WILLIAM J. LOCKE

but beneath the open sky, in green fields, among trees with cattle lying in their shade, just as, peeping over the hedge, he could see them now. And yet it was long, long ago. Between that life and the dim consciousness of oozing trench and naked waste, there seemed to stretch an interval, a lifetime's interval of grey, and stone, and cold.

He sniffed the sweet country air and laughed.

"It's all blooming odd," said he, and, putting conjecture aside, gave himself up to the exhilaration of the moment. Presently he came to the straggling outskirts of the village, a row of cottages set back from the road, with strips of gardens in front. At the third he paused, for the garden was rustically beautiful in its profusion of English August. There were tall hollyhocks drooping with weight of blossom, dahlias, Canterbury bells in blue masses, clumps of scented stocks, flaming heads of red-hot pokers and simple roses, white and pink—he knew all their names, amused himself by calling them out aloud. Certainly they belonged to where he belonged, for otherwise how could they be so friendly?

A youngish woman, comely, buxom, neat in print dress, came from the open door of the cottage, down the red-tiled, moss-grown pathway to the gate over which he leaned.

"Do you want anything?" she asked; for these were days just after the war, when women's hearts turned kind at the sight of hospital blue.

"No, missus," said he; "I was only just admiring the flowers."

"They do make a good show, don't they?" said the woman with a proud glance round. "Um," he assented awkwardly. Then, feeling his throat dry, whether through thirst, for his walk had been hot and dusty, or through shyness at having to talk to a strange woman, he knew not, he summoned up courage and asked for a drink of water. She smiled compassionately. "I'll give you a cup of tea if you like—it's on the brew—and some home-made scones. I expect my husband every minute. Come in." He followed her up the path through the herbaceous borders now alive with the buzzing of bees, into the cool, stone-flagged living-room, simple and rude, yet manifesting a woman's supreme ordering of things. The table was already laid. The cloth was spotless.

Said he, fingering it with curious enjoyment: "This reminds me of something I've seen before."

She laughed. "What do you mean?"

"They haven't got them in hospital."

"But you saw tablecloths before you went to hospital?"

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"I suppose I did," said he, with a pucker of the brows. "If I didn't I shouldn't know it was a tablecloth."

She turned round holding the teapot which she had taken from the hob, and for the first time took into her consciousness the expressionless face and the cropped grey hair of her guest. Her hand dropped for a moment and the tea spilled from the spout.

Accustomed to explanation, he realised her perplexity.

"I've lost my memory, Missus. That's what's wrong with me. The doctors say I'll get it back in time, and they're training me at the hospital. It's funny not to remember anything, ain't it?"

"It must be dreadful," said the woman. "Anyhow, here's a nice strong cup of tea. I hope you'll like it."

"Surely," said the man.

She served him with milk and sugar and gave him her home-made scones to eat. At the back of her mind she was somewhat frightened, somewhat regretful of her generous impulse. She had read—as who had not—of loss of memory, shell-shock, of the irresponsibility of the victims. And the man's face. What was the matter with it? It might be that of a man not right in his head. She glanced at the clock and longed for her husband's return.

Meanwhile he ate the scones and the strawberry jam and the country butter with great appetite and enjoyment. A little fox-terrier trotted in from the gardens. The man eagerly stretched out his hand. The fox-terrier smelled it, licked it, suffered a caress, and planting its delicate paws on his knee, begged for food. He gave it a bit of scone, then suddenly took its head in his hands and laid his cheek against the dog's cheek and murmured silly things. The woman's heart softened.

"You're fond of dogs?"

"I suppose so," said he, passing his hand over his forehead. "I've not played with one for a thousand years."

He stared into vacancy while the dog scratched at his knee. "I had one once," he said, dreamily. "A bull-terrier bitch. Her name was Judy."

"That's odd," said the woman, who, reassured of the man's gentleness, had sat down to her own tea. "I once knew a man who had a bull-terrier called Judy."

The man seemed not to hear her, but went on:

"Yes there was me and there was Judy. And there was Judy and there was me." His lips curved into the similitude of a smile. "And that's all

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I can remember about it." He laughed. "Don't worry about me, ma'am. I'm all right." And he continued to eat healthily.

The perfumes of the August afternoon stole in through the open door and mingled with the scent of musk in the flower-pots ranged on the sills of the latticed windows. Coloured prints in maple frames of King George and Queen Mary and Lord Kitchener, all resplendent with orders, and a faded engraving of the death of Nelson, looked down from the walls; also a framed certificate, much enc scrolled, of the husband's membership of the Ancient Order of Foresters. A couple of cheap greenish-blue vases stood on the mantel-piece. In a corner an old horsehair-covered arm-chair, its back protected by a white anti-macassar. A table by the window was primly set with a few treasures—a German helmet, a conch-shell, a small inlaid casket.

Thomas Atkins surveyed the room approvingly, when, hunger satisfied, he had lit a cigarette from the hospital-provided packet. He was at peace with the world, particularly with this little intimate, curiously familiar corner of the world, and with the brown-haired, brown-eyed, fresh-complexioned and gracious woman who was the queen of it all. A child's vanity impelled him to talk.

"From what they tell me, Missus, I'm the greatest wonder of the war. You wouldn't think it, but all kinds of great folk come from everywhere to look at me. They say, when they picked me up I hadn't got no face at all, just mush."

He went on, the woman a fascinated listener, describing from oft-repeated hearsay the transformation of his face from "just mush" to that of the semblance of a human being.

"And I've a silver jaw-bone," said he, proudly, "the lower one, with teeth set in it as sound as this dog's. There's an account of it, with all my photographs, in a great thick magazine. The *Lancet* they calls it. I'll try to pinch a copy and send it to you, because you've been so good to me."

The time wore on. The woman, still half-distrusting her extra-human though gentle guest, kept on looking at the clock and apologising for her husband's lateness. Thomas Atkins rose and wandered about the room. Presently he stood in front of the little inlaid casket and laughed. "I know what that is," he said, "it's an old musical box. A bird comes out and sings. I had one once and gave it away. It belonged to my grandmother. Funny I should remember. Afterwards it hadn't got no bird, for somebody busted it and pitched the bird away."

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The woman came forward and said, with a catch in her breath:

"Somebody broke the bird in this one and threw it away. Look."

She was bending down to open the box when heavy steps were heard approaching, and through the window they saw the figure of a man.

"Here he is at last," said the woman.

He entered, a hulking, sallow man, broad-shouldered, low-browed, though not ill-favoured.

"This is a friend," she began.

But then she stopped, for with lightning swiftness her guest had sprung at her husband's throat, with a great cry.

"You murdering, thieving villain! Give me that pocket-book. Yes, I saw you hit him. There he lies, Gawd knows whether he's dead or not. Give it me so I can put it back on him, and you run like hell. . . . If it weren't for Nellie I'd follow you and give you to the police. . . ." Such was the purport of his wild words while he screeched and struggled in the heavier man's defensive grip. Then, suddenly, he ceased, slipped away and rocked backwards, looking from husband to wife with a ghastly stare. He reeled to a chair and sat, holding his head with both hands, huddled up, uttering whimpering sounds: "Oh, my Gawd! Oh, my Gawd!" while the husband stood white-faced and trembling and the wife looked on in a terror of awful surmise.

After a few moments she turned on the soldier and shook him by the shoulder. "You're not——?" she began.

"Yes," he said, in a low voice, without looking up. "It's all come back to me now. I'm Jim Leggatt and you're Nellie, and——"

"And it was John and not you who committed the robbery?"

He shook his head wearily, tapped his breast.

"No, no, it was me. I did it all right. Don't let's talk of it. It's all over. Let me think——"

Memory had come back, stage by stage, started on its train by the haunting name of the familiar village. And then the country, the flowers, the well-known room, the dog, the musical box, and lastly the man himself. All was clear now.

The grim grey period between the life of green fields—he had farmed his own bit of land—and the life of mud and blood had been spent in penal servitude. Robbery with violence. . . . It was long ago when he loved Nellie, who had thrown him over and had married John, then a

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waftrel and a gambler on horses. Even as memory surged over him now his heart ached with the old love of her.

Chance had brought him to the spot at the moment of John's murderous attack on the farmer trudging down the lonely lane on his return from market, with a wallet of notes in his pocket. He had snatched the wallet in horror from John, and the latter had taken to his heels. But before he could approach the senseless form in order to restore it and render what aid he could, the sound of a motor-car frightened him, and he ran too, intending to return. And fate, aided by stupidity, was against him; for he was caught with the money on his person, and maintaining silence, for the sake of Nellie, made the great sacrifice. John had seen him before the trial and had sworn great oaths that he would amend his ways and make Nellie happy. . . . And that had been his happiness, his consolation during his imprisonment, whence he had been released to serve in the war. It had been the meaning of his living life. And now, independently of his will, the first shock of returning memory had made him denounce John. . . . From the tone of Nellie's voice he knew that she did more than wonder, more than suspect. The truth had burst upon her, and the happiness of twelve years had crumbled into sudden dust. For she had been happy. During their talk she had told him of her good, kind husband. The home's air of sweet orderliness proclaimed its serenity. This he had destroyed. He had been reborn into a world of remorseful torture.

Yes, he was Jim Leggatt, and he owned a little farm administered by trustees during his imprisonment and during the war. There must be a tidy sum of money due to him all round. He was a man of substance. But what did it matter, now that he had dragged Nellie into the hole from which he had given all but his life to save her?

He heard John say huskily: "What does the fellow mean? He's no more like Jim Leggatt than I am."

He rose, counselled by despair, and drew himself up. "You're right, mate, I'm a bit off my head and not responsible for my actions. I did know Jim Leggatt, he was a pal of mine. He done time and told me the tale as how he had been wrongly accused. They all say it. And I thought as how I'd come down and give you a fright. That's the way shell-shock catches us, you know."

Even while he spoke the heavy tread of men in khaki was heard on the path. A corporal entered by the open door.

"Beg your pardon, ma'am," said he, "but this is my prisoner. Now,

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Private Thomas Atkins of the Nowhere Fusiliers, what d'ye mean by breaking bounds and giving us all this trouble in looking for you? Come along of me, like a good fellow, back to hospital."

"I'm quite ready, Corporal."

The corporal became aware of the drawn, strange faces of the husband and wife. "Why, whatever has he been a-doing of?" he asked.

"He's not Thomas Atkins," said Nellie in a hard voice. "He has recovered his memory. His name's Jim Leggatt, and he owns property round about here."

"That's what she tells me, Corporal; but I've never heard of Jim Leggatt in my life. They must have made up my face to look like someone she once knew. She says I'm him—but her husband says I ain't. Look here, mate, am I this Jim Leggatt or not?"

John passed his tongue over dry lips.

"No. Nothing like him."

"That settles it." The corporal looked at his watch. "Just time to catch the train. Come along, Tommy."

The prisoner turned to the woman. "Sorry, missus, to have worried you with a pack of lies, especially when you've done me so proud. I'm afraid pore Jim Leggatt is like me, an unknown soldier. Thank you kindly, ma'am. Good-bye."

She followed them half-way down the tiled path and watched them out of sight. Then she turned and confronted her husband standing on the threshold. He edged away so that she could pass into the house. She did not look at him. Her eyes were hard, set in a stare. John remained for a few moments on the threshold; then, seeing a hollyhock drooping from its stick, he fumbled in his pocket for a bit of baſt, for he was a gardener by trade, and went and carefully tied it up.

January, 1922.

MRS. BELLOC LOWNDES

WHY THEY MARRIED AND WHY THEY REMAINED MARRIED

"No indeed, my dear young neighbour, you've come at just the right time! I like a morning visitor. And when I saw your husband pass by my window on his way to the City just now, I couldn't help hoping that you would come in.

"Tired? Not a bit tired. After all, I'm only seventy-nine! Perhaps I shall be tired before the day is over, but I have said that no one, not

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even any of our children, to say nothing of our grandchildren and great-grandchildren, are to think of coming before five o'clock. Edith's foolish husband proposed we should have a diamond wedding lunch, but that would have tired my old man out. As it is, he's staying quietly in bed till twelve o'clock.

"Did I remember the moment I woke up? Of course I did! I waited till John was really awake and then I said: 'John! Do you know what day to-day is?' And for a moment—I don't mind telling *you*, though I wouldn't say it to any of the children—I felt quite hurt, for all he said was: 'Eh—what? Isn't it Saturday, Grace?' And I said: 'Think again!' And then my dear old man exclaimed: 'The tenth of March?—our wedding day—our diamond wedding day!' And we kissed each other and felt quite sentimental—at least, I know I did.

"Why we married? For the same reason, I hope, that most people marry nowadays—because we fell in love. John met me first at a breakfast party, and everyone was so excited, for the betrothal of our dear Prince of Wales to Princess Alexandra of Denmark had been officially announced that very morning.

"Did I make up my mind at once? I'll tell you a little secret that I've never told to anyone—in what I suppose most people would say was a long time, sixty years and a bit. Something—I can't say what, exactly—seemed to make me pick out John at once! He's a fine-looking old man now, and he was a very handsome man then, in his blue coat and yellow waistcoat, and nice thick little whiskers. Young women were modest in those days, but all the same *I made up my mind to have John*. But, of course, he's never known that, and I am sure that nothing would make him believe, even now, that I could have been so forward.

"Yes, I suppose the tenth of March, 1863, does seem a long time ago to most people, though I can remember it—of course I can—as if it were yesterday. I had set my heart on being married the same day as—you know who! So John had to agree, though I think it did make him feel just a bit foolish. We were married in Highgate parish church. Highgate was quite a village then, and my dear father's beautiful old house was taken down a matter of forty-five years ago. You know Edith—our eldest daughter? (I little thought when she was born that I would live to see her a woman of fifty-nine.) Well, Edith drove me to Highgate in her new motor last October. I hadn't been up there since my dear old home was sold, and I was sorry I'd gone, my dear! I felt like a ghost, and it was such a horrid feeling.

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“What kind of life did I lead as a young married woman? Of course, I might tell you a lie, and say I don't remember anything about it. But I do remember some of it very well indeed! We married on six hundred a year, which was considered quite a nice income then. John's father was what would be considered a rich man even now, but he had a notion that young people should be very careful, and I remember his speaking quite sharply to John because he noticed a new armchair in our sitting-room. My kind John had made time to go and choose it for me about three months before Edith was born. It's in my bedroom now, and though it's supposed to be old-fashioned, in the dear old, bad, early Victorian way, I wouldn't part with it for the world.

“Did anyone make love to me after I was married? What an indiscreet question. I really must pretend to be shocked!

“And was John ever jealous? Well, yes, he certainly was very jealous twice, though never of the right man! Not that there ever was a right man, my dear, for though I was very, very pretty, with large blue eyes, bright brown ringlets, and an eighteen-inch waist, I was, most fortunately for myself, by nature what is now called 'straight.' And as for doing what I believe some of you young ladies call 'going over the top,' such an idea would never have occurred to me in my naughtiest dreams—

“How long did we live on six hundred a year? Well, now, that's a thing I really can't call to mind. But I do remember how I cried when we left our cosy little house on Clapham Common and moved to Bloomsbury Square. But we had to have a bigger house by then, because of the children, and because John wanted to be nearer the City.

“A large family? In those days six children were not regarded as a large family, my dear. My husband was the eldest of thirteen, but I confess I thought three boys and three girls quite enough, tho' John would have been willing to have had as many as had had his father.

“Did we two always get on absolutely well together? That's another rather indiscreet question, eh? But I'll answer it by saying that on the whole I think I may say that we have got on very well, considering, though I was always a hot-tempered woman, and John the kind of husband who always likes to have a grievance, if not about one little thing, then about another! And now I'm going to preach you a little sermon. You young married people of to-day make a terrible mistake in having no children—or only one or two. It's very short-sighted, as well as foolish, to have only one child. Nine times out of ten an only child

MRS. BELLOC LOWNDES

makes three fools, and the tenth time the father would rather the child weren't there—and I call that wicked!

“Six children seems rather a lot? Not at all, my dear. If a man and wife have six children between them it gives them a lot to think about and to talk about when they've passed the stage of thinking and talking about themselves. John and I always agreed about the children, I'm thankful to say. Though—stop! I *did* have a tremendous battle with him over Gracie's engagement. She was our youngest child, as well as our youngest daughter, and John has always doted on her. So he was terribly angry when she went and engaged herself without saying as much as 'by your leave' to a penniless Scotch soldier. I took her part, and it was the only serious disagreement John and I ever had. But I'll tell you one thing to my credit. I've let bygones be bygones, though Gracie's husband has long been my old man's favourite son-in-law. But then, though John would be very cross to hear me say it, he does like success! Very soon after they were married Alick (as we called him then) won his V.C. in one of those wonderful frontier campaigns of which *now* no one even remembers the name. Also Sir Alexander (as we call him now) is one of the very few divisional generals who did *really* well in the Great War; at least so Gracie says. Why, John actually wanted to have him and Gracie to lunch here to-day—on the sly! But I wouldn't hear of it. It wouldn't have been fair to the others.

“Of course, you may ask one last question, and you needn't be a bit afraid that I shall be offended.

“Why we remained married? My dear! That *is* a strange question. And if you weren't the one dear little neighbour I've got who is never too busy, or too happy, to waste her precious time on giving pleasure to an old woman, I simply wouldn't answer you at all! Why, in my young days *everybody* remained married. I was forty, at least, when I first had a divorced woman pointed out to me, and I remember how very surprised I was that she looked just like everybody else!

“How about little Doris? I can't tell you what a dreadful shock it was to both her grandfather and to me when we heard that she had worried that kind, silly husband of hers into allowing himself to be divorced. And I'll tell you a sad little secret, my dear. Doris isn't a bit happier with her second man than she was with her first; and yesterday I made my old man quite angry by prophesying that if God spares us to enjoy real old age the child will in time present us with a third, and perhaps even with a fourth, grandson-in-law! By the way, if you'll join our large

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party at five o'clock, you'll see the naughty girl, as well as that most unfortunate young man, her present husband.

"Don't I believe in divorce at all? My dear, hard cases make bad law, and what I have seen of life has left me no believer in divorce, easy or otherwise. It's much better for married people to feel that they've simply *got* to stick to one another, not only for poorer or richer, but for better, for worse. . . . But isn't that twelve o'clock striking? I must stop gossiping and go up to John!"

E. V. LUCAS

This book is the smallest among the original contributions, measuring only 1 in. by $\frac{7}{8}$ in. That is to say, it approximates to a miniature octavo book where the others are more like reduced folios. The author, it seems, all unconsciously, and at a very long interval, was carrying out the idea which the late Sir Walter Raleigh had been contemplating, as is mentioned in the Preface.

THE WHOLE DUTY OF DOLLS

An honest doll's the noblest work of man.

It is the whole duty of dolls to comfort their owners. It is their privilege, too. This is done mainly by perfect placidity and silence.

No doll should ever say, "I told you so."

Each doll should be the sole repository of its owner's secrets, whether happy or unhappy.

It would be useless to forbid the discussion of an owner's merits and defects, but chiefly defects, among her dolls; but it is hoped that charity and imagination will be brought into play.

Charity is a quality that all dolls will sometimes need.

Dolls should know that few owners are as black as they are painted, or as white. Most owners are grey.

A doll must always be at hand when it is wanted. At other times it should not obtrude itself.



FACSIMILES OF BINDINGS

"THE CURRAGH" BY GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM ON TOP SHELF BOUND BY BIRDSALL AND SON, OF NORTHAMPTON; THE OTHERS BY SANGORSKI AND SUTCLIFFE

The Shelfedging designed and made by Sangorski & Sutcliffe

E. V. LUCAS

It should be remembered that a wooden doll that costs a few pence can win as much affection from its owner as a waxen doll that has real hair and says "Mamma."

"The rank is but the guinea stamp;
A doll's a doll for a' that"—

as one of the less sober poets of Lilliput wrote.

The worst calamity that dolls have to fear is fickleness in owners. It is to meet this that they should fortify their souls.

A doll's soul is none the worse for being sawdust.

Good dolls, when they are forsaken and given away, comfort their new owners. Devotion, in dolls, is a transferable quality.

Good dolls, when they die, go to Windsor.

ST. JOHN LUCAS

To write no word that has not thrilled
My heart; to serve nor gold nor fame;
To do no languid act unwilled
By Nature, nor make terms with shame;

To scorn rewards that fools count dear;
To love my art, to keep my friends;
To help the weak, to live sincere—
Ah me, what broken vows to mend!

SIR HENRY LUCY

Sir Henry Lucy, who died while this book was at the printers', here copies a very apposite passage from a diary of twenty-two years ago.

DIARY OF A JOURNALIST

By TOBY, M.P.

28 JAN. 1902.

Passing up St. James's St. this morning I saw a pretty sight. It was nearing eleven o'clock, the hour at which the guard is relieved. A company of the Guards lined the approach to St. James's Palace. Across the courtyard walked two children, a boy and girl, accompanied by a nurse. The boy, some eight years old, was dressed in Garibaldi shirt and

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white flannel trousers—a simple dress that set off his straight little figure.

At sight of the children advancing, the stalwart Guards, most of them wearing medals testifying to presence at far grimmer scenes, presented arms. The little boy, leaving his nurse, advanced and, drawing himself up to his full height, saluted and passed on through the Palace gateway. He was little Prince Edward, eldest son and the heir to the Throne, to-day our popular Prince of Wales. The girl, his sister, was Princess Mary (Viscountess Lascelles).

For an ordinary boy of young Edward's age to have a boxful of tin soldiers is the fulfilment of delight for martial tastes. For our Kings-to-be there is from earliest childhood the real thing. It was delightful to see the boy's bright eyes, his eager movement, his gravity withal, as he returned the Guards' salute.

ROSE MACAULAY

THE ALIEN

Mazily wandering through a blind land,
As a sailor gropes a strange shore,
Continually would he stop and stand,
His ear to a door.

Shadows and droll shapes thronged him about,
But he cared no whit for them all;
He, all alone in that crazy rout,
Heard through the wall.

As the sea beats on a fog-bound beach,
A clamorous whispering broke,
And against the shaken door surged the muffled speech
Of a world of folk.

But and if they called him they were not heard.
And he might cry to them in vain;
Between them and him not the least small word
Could pass again.

Only through a crack in the door's blind face
He could reach a thieving hand,
To draw some clue to his own strange place
From the other land.

ROSE MACAULAY

But his closed hand came back empty,
As a dream drops from him who wakes;
And naught might he know but how a muffled sea
In whispers breaks.

* * * *

On either side of a grey barrier
The two blind countries lie;
But he knew not which held him prisoner,
Nor yet know I.

THE THIEF

When the paths of dream were mist-muffled,
And the hours were dim and small
(Through still nights on wet orchard-grass
Like rain the apples fall),
Then naked-footed, secretly,
The thief dropped over the wall.

Apple-boughs spattered mist at him,
The dawn was as cold as death,
With a stealthy joy at the heart of it.
And the stir of a small sweet breath,
And a robin breaking his heart on song,
As a young child sorroweth.

The thief's feet bruised wet lavender
Into sharp sweet surprise;
The orchard full of pears and joy,
Smiled like a gold sunrise;
But the blind house stared down on him
With strange, white-lidded eyes.

He stood at the world's secret heart
In the haze-wrapt mystery:
And fat pears, mellow on the lip,
He supped like a honey-bee:
But the apples he crunched with sharp white teeth
Were pungent, like the sea.

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And this was the oldest garden joy,
Living and young and sweet.
And the melting mists took radiance,
And the silence a rhythmic beat,
For the day came stealing stealthily,
A thief, upon furtive feet.

And the walls that ring this world about
Quivered like gossamer,
Till he heard, in the other worlds beyond,
The other peoples stir,
And met strange, sudden, shifting eyes
Through the filmy barrier. . . .

PATRICK MACGILL

THE WEE RED-HEADED MAN

The Wee Red-Headed Man is a knowing sort of fellow,
His coat is cat's-eye green and his pantaloons are yellow.
His brogues are made of glass and his hose are red as cherry,
And a lad for divilment if you only find him merry.

He drives a flock of goats, has another flock behind him—
Though the little children fear, the old folk never mind him.
To the frog's house and the goat's house in the hilly land and hollow,
He will carry naughty children where their parents dare not follow.

Oh, little ones beware ! If the red-haired man should catch you,
Rats will be your playmates and frogs and eels will watch you—
A bed between two rocks and not a fire to warm you—
But, little ones be good, and the red-haired man can't harm you.

The Wee Red-Headed Man has piles and piles of riches—
Guineas in his wallet and the pockets of his britches—
And if you're very poor and meet him he is willing
To bargain for your soul if you'll sell it for a shilling.

COMPTON MACKENZIE

He's cute and he is coaxing and hard although he's civil,
But let him get your soul and he'll give it to the devil.
And when the devil gets it (the devil's hoof is cloven)
He'll spit it and he'll steam it and he'll roast it in an oven.

But, children, if the Red-Haired Man comes up to you don't worry—
Just say : " Excuse me, sir, to-day, for I am in a hurry ! "
He'll roar : " *Be off !* " Then shake your heels. Let one leg race
the other,
And never turn to look behind, till you get back to mother.

STEPHEN MCKENNA

Mr. McKenna has copied Chapter V, "Amid the Blaze of Noon," from his most popular novel, *Sonia* (1917).

COMPTON MACKENZIE

Mr. Mackenzie's contribution is not new, being an extract from Book III., Chapter 7, of *Sinister Street* (1913); but it is of value both to Oxford men and to bibliographers for the reason that the author has put back the real names.

RICHARD GUNSTONE

Late Steward of the J.C.R., Magdalen College, Oxford

Richard Gunstone had been Steward of the Junior Common Room for 33 years, but he seemed to all these young men that came within the fragrance of his charm to be as much an intrinsic part of the college as the tower itself. The bearded President, the dry-voiced dons, the deer park, the elms, the ancient doors and traceries, the lawns and narrow entries, the groinings and the lattices, were all subordinate in the estimation of the undergraduates to Gunner. He knew the inner history of every rag; he realised why each man was popular or unpopular or merely ignored; he was a treasure-house of wise counsel and kindly advice; he held the keys of every heart. He was an old man with florid, clean-shaven face, a pair of benignant eyes intensely blue, a rounded nose, a gentle voice, and most inimitable laugh. Something there was in him of the old family butler, a little more of the yeoman-farmer, a trace of the head gamekeeper, a suspicion of the trainer of horses; but all these elements were blended to produce the effect of someone wise and saintly and simple who could trouble himself to heal the lightest wounds and could rouse with a look or a gesture undying affection. With such

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a tutelary spirit, it was not surprising that the freedom of Gunner's should have been esteemed a privilege that could only be conferred by the user's consciousness of his own right. There was no formal election to Gunner's : there simply happened a moment when the Magdalen man entered unembarrassed that mellow office and basked in that sunny effluence. In this ripe old room, generous and dry as sherry wine, how pleasant it was to sit and listen to Gunner's ripe old stories: how amazingly important seemed the trivial gossip of the college in this historic atmosphere: how much time was apparently wasted here between eight and ten at night, and what a thrill it was to come into college about half-past nine of a murky evening and stroll round Cloisters to see if there was anybody in Gunner's. It could after all scarcely be counted a waste of time to sit and slowly mature in Gunner's; and sometimes about half-past nine the old man would be alone, the fire would be dying down, and during the half-hour that remained of his duty it would be possible to peel a large apple very slowly and extract from him more of the essence of social history than could be gained from a term's reading of great historians, even with all the extra lucidity imparted by a course of Mr. Fletcher's lectures.

Michael found that Gunner summed up clearly for him all his own tentative essays to grasp the meaning of life. He perceived in him the finest reaction to the prejudice and nobility, the efficiency and folly of aristocratic thought. He found in him the ideal realisation of his own most cherished opinions. England, and all that was most inexplicable in the spirit of England, was expressed by Gunner. He was a landscape, a piece of architecture, a simple poem of England.

One of Gunner's applauded tricks was to attach a piece of string to the tongs for a listener to hold to his ears, while Gunner struck the tongs with the poker and evoked the sound of Magdalen chimes. But the poker and the tongs were unnecessary, for in Gunner's own voice was the sound of all the bells in England.

Communion with this gracious, this tranquil, this mellow presence affected Michael with a sense of the calm certainty of his own life. It lulled all the discontent and unrest. It indicated for the remainder of his Oxford time a path which, if it did not lead to any outburst of existence, was at least a straight path, green-bordered and gay with birdsong, with here and there a sight of ancient towers and faiths, and here and there an arbour in which he and his friends could sit and talk of their hopes.

W. H. MALLOCK

Mr. Mallock, who died in 1923 at the age of seventy-four, was delighted to provide a book for the Dolls' House, and he threw himself into the task with energy. Half his book is verse, some of it written for the special purpose, and the other half is an extract from the author's most famous work, *The New Republic* (1877), from Book I, Chapter 3. I print the verses.

DEDICATION

Go, little book, nor let the reader blame you
For your blank pages. Rather let him name you
Not "blank," but "spotless," and let candour see
If Heaven can say as much for you or me.

MEGA BIBAION MEGA KAKON

An ancient philosopher writing in Greek
—And others have held the opinion before—
Declared as a fact of which few people speak,
That a very great book is a very great bore.

But let poets whose pens are invited to write
On a leaf such as this, but whose fancies are sterile,
Take courage, for here, by one fact of their plight,
They are safely secured from one species of peril.

For if length be an evil, they can't be too long,
The page puts a stoppage to metre and measure;
Let us hope 'twill be found when they cease from their song,
That a very small book is a very great treasure.

BETWEEN TWO HOMES

Homeless goes man, even in life's summer slope
And yet between two homes he takes his way:
Between to-morrow—that's the home of hope,
And happiness—whose home is yesterday.

Yet, man, repine not. Thank your stars instead,
And call them good before they bring you worse:
The days when hope shall in her home lie dead
And happiness forgotten fade from hers.

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HER TO HIM

What did you crave for—the worst or the best of me—
There by the sea at the evening's close,
Love, when you held me, and took from the breast of me
Only the petals of one poor rose?

What did you crave of me, what did I bring to you,
There by the sea when the winds were still?
Love—was it only a hand that may cling to you,
Merely a cheek to be yours at will?

This did I bring to you,—last of me, first of me,
There by the sea when the lights were low—
Body and soul of me, best of me, worst of me,
Love, you have taken me all, and know.

What shall I say to you, how shall I deem of you,
Here by the sea when the long nights come?
Nay—I shall chide not. Your lips when I dream of you
Still are on mine, dear, and mine are dumb?

CHARLES MARRIOTT

LITTLE THINGS

A great French writer said: When you have said it in a page, try to say it in a line; and when you have said it in a line, try to say it in a word.

With this little book before me, I feel that some such brevity is needed to fit the page. It must be not only small writing but small words; not only small words but a small form—in the sense of something complete in little space. What then shall I write? A poem would be best, but, alas, I cannot write poems. A story, then? but a story should carry the reader on, and the small page seems to ask for one word at a time. A fable? but to write a new fable needs a great mind . . . so, one form after another is thought of and put aside.

Let me try to write about little things. That I shall also put down little thoughts is the fault of the writer and not of the subject for, consider what great meanings are held in little words. God, Life, Death, King, Queen, Love, Hate, Peace, War, Work, Play, Yes, No, Sun, Moon, Star, Night, Day, Sword, Pen, Spade, Home—truly, when you come to think of it, all the great things are said in words of one syllable. Each of them contains a world of meaning, as the seed contains the tree, a drop

CHARLES MARRIOTT

of attar contains a garden of roses, a pearl contains the ocean. Only to go over a list of such words, like a man telling his beads, is to cover the whole range of human thought and action. Indeed, as I write these little words, one by one, and look at them on the page, I begin to think that the best art of the writer is to write them plain and let them do their own work in the mind of the reader. To say what they mean in longer words is only to unpack them, and to spill part of their meanings in the process.

But the power of the small to mean the great does not end with little words. We have been told of the Cup of Cold Water, and of the Widow's Mite, and there are a dozen sayings from the Poets, and from Legends to the same effect; Eternity in a Flower, the World in a Grain of Sand, the Prisoner's Mouse, the Kingdom that was Lost For Want of a Horseshoe Nail. In our own lives, too, do we not know the power and value of little things; when at the end of the day we go over the doings of the day, how often do we not find that the larger things have come to nothing, while the little things, hardly noticed at the time, have become part of our lives. A Gleam of Sun on a grey day, the Song of a Bird on rising, a Child's kiss, a kind word, the first Crocus, a Daisy in the grass, a Face at a window, a Smile in the Train. These, and not the affairs of what we call "business" are our harvest of the day.

To say that Life is made up of little things is a truism, but do we always act upon it as we should? We make large plans and take the little things for granted. At a time like the present, when the world is ill at ease, we might with profit think more of little things. There is a true moral in that story of the Converted Housemaid who began to sweep under the mats—as she did not before—and a writer has lately said that we might reform the World if we began with our own handwriting. It is true that if each one of us did well and truly the little things to hand, most of the great things would do themselves. After all, we are very small creatures in a great universe that we know very little about; and the chain of cause and effect is so closely linked that nobody can say what will be the final result of the smallest action. A great Poet has said: Thou Canst Not stir a Flower without troubling of a Star. These words are particularly true; and since it is a long way to the Stars, while the flowers are ever at our feet, we should be wise to take care how we move among them. This does not mean that we should lose sight of larger ends, but that we should do first things first, and take care that they are well done. The coral insect lives and dies in a small task, but in good time the Island rises above the Sea. I feel sure that all the men and women who have

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been glad and proud to work at this House will have learnt a great deal about the power and value of little things. There is great discipline in carving cherry stones. In working large or at length one is apt to grow slack, knowing that one stroke or one word will correct another; but a small scale needs close work, for one slip may spoil it. In working small, too, one learns to love the materials—just as we learn to love our fellow creatures when we study them at close quarters. Every scrap of the material becomes precious, and one finds oneself wishing that every word could be a pearl. Also, when the hands and eyes are closely engaged, the heart—which wide thinking distracts—is free to dream; and I like to think of this House as warm and fragrant with the dreams of many hearts. As when a child lies down in the grass and pretends that the blades are a forest, so I believe that when grown-up people fix their attention on the very small they get a new vision of Life. There is an infinity of the small as well as of the great, and it is more within our ken. Is it fanciful to say that if for a time we all worked on the same scale we should understand each other—our joys and our sorrows, our difficulties and our aspirations—better than before. Space and time have this in common, that they bring things together. We all know the virtue of doing one thing, thinking one thought at the same moment. We cannot all do the same things, but if we all did our different things on the same scale we should be nearer than before. We should have at least one thing in common.

At any rate I think that this will be one effect of this House. It will be something more than a model residence in miniature; it will be a common act on the same scale of many powers and talents. Working on the same scale, in the same spirit, for the same purpose, these powers and talents will, for once, have said the same thing. That they will have said it in many forms, in painting, carving, writing, building, sewing, only proves how many things can be summed up in a single word. There can be no doubt what that word is; it is "Loyalty." As when we have but a little time to speak, we try to think of the one word which shall say everything, so, when we have but a little space in which to paint, to carve or to write, we try to think of the one thing which we mean with all our hearts. Or, rather, we do not try to think of it. For it comes of itself in the work of our brains and fingers engaged upon a task in which there is no room for anything but complete sincerity. We are content to be little people doing little things to the best of our powers, knowing that the will will be taken for the deed. And though we have said it in many different forms, we mean one thing : God Save The Queen.

EDWARD MARSH

Mr. Marsh, who, over the initials E. M., has done so much to excite interest in the Neo-Georgian muse, has compiled for the Dolls' House Library an anthology from the works of his friends, and has copied it out himself. The full selection is as follows:—

- Lascelles Abercrombie, *The End of the World*.
Herbert Asquith, *The Volunteer*.
Maurice Baring, *In Memoriam A. H.* (An Elegy on Lord Lucas).
Gordon Bottomley, *Lullaby*.
Francis Brett Young, *Song*.
Rupert Brooke, *The Soldier*.
William H. Davies, *The Moon*.
Walter De la Mare, *The Linnet*.
John Drinkwater, *Birthright*.
James Elroy Flecker, *Santorin: A Legend of the Ægean*.
Wilfred W. Gibson, *The Going* (On the Death of Rupert Brooke).
John Freeman, "*It was the lovely moon.*"
Robert Graves, *Not Dead*.
Ralph Hodgson, *The Bells of Heaven*.
D. H. Lawrence, *Service of all the Dead*.
Francis Ledwidge, *The Wife of Llew*.
John Masefield, *Sonnet* ("Roses have beauty").
Harold Monro, *Strange Meeting*.
Thomas Moulton, *Lovers' Lane*.
Robert Nichols, *To —*.
J. D. C. Pellow, *The Temple*.
Isaac Rosenberg, *A Fragment* ("Ah, Koelue!")
Siegfried Sassoon, *Sick Leave*.
Edward Shanks, *The Cataclysm*.
Fredegonde Shove, *A Dream in Early Spring*.
J. C. Squire, *Epitaph in Old Mode*.
James Stephens, *The Rivals*.
Robert C. Trevelyan, *Dirge*.
W. J. Turner, *Song*.

ARCHIBALD MARSHALL

The author of *Exton Manor* and so many leisurely chronicles of English country life has copied the episode of the Twins and Miss Bird from his novel *The Eldest Son* (1911).

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A. E. W. MASON

THE SILVER SHIP

These things happened in the year 1916, when young Anthony Strange, disqualified from active service by a weak spine, found health and an opportunity of repaying some trifle of the debt which he owed to his country by working for the Naval Intelligence in the Western Mediterranean. He found something more than these two things. He regained his pride; and he made his life spacious with the glory of the sea.

But a morbid sensitiveness stayed with him and made him very shy of women, and therefore the case of Joan Carbery took him utterly by surprise.

He dined with her one night in May when he had come to Mallorca on leave. The table was set on the wide paved half-circle of terrace at the end of the house. The night was windless and warm, the candles burned more steadily than the stars, and far below them the Mediterranean broke sleepily upon the rocks. It was an hour for confidences.

"Harry has a destroyer in the North Sea," said Joan. "He's having the time of his life. I told him he was getting fat here, and that it was high time he took it off. I expect he has taken it off by now." She had begun with a laugh, but the laugh did not last the sentence out, and her voice broke at the end with the sudden filling of her eyes.

"I wonder you didn't go home at the same time," said Strange gently, and Joan Carbery stared at him.

"Oh, I couldn't have done that!" she cried, and she looked backwards to the queer old brown house, which was the very casket of her happiness, a casket chiselled and made beautiful by a thousand memories. The Casa Santa Anna was built in two long wings, which faced one another. At one end, a high black wall with the great entrance doors joined them; at the other was the wide bay of terrace on which Joan Carbery and Strange now dined. Each wing had two storeys, but there was no staircase to the house at all. To reach the bedrooms in the upper storeys, you must mount from the courtyard to the terrace by a broad steep path of cobblestones and then turn back along an unroofed gallery. It was an inconvenient house, but it was open to the sea and Joan found the space and sunlight and open air worth many inconveniences. Down the walls bougainvillea trained its purple.

"Harry and I came here for our honeymoon," she said. "We meant to stay a few weeks. We stayed five years, until war broke out and he went back to the Navy. No, I couldn't wait anywhere else."

A. E. W. MASON

The place was throbbing for her even now with memories, which ranged from her cry of delight when she had first stepped upon its threshold to the night of stars a year ago when for the last time she had sat opposite to her husband at this table.

"Besides, I have a great many friends here," she waved her hand towards the sea with a gurgle of laughter; "oh, friends of the most disreputable kind, but very amusing. And—I talked it over with Harry—he was unwilling at first, but he came to see with me that I might be just a little use—oh, ever so little, of course—by merely staying here and keeping up my friendship. The Germans have their eyes on the Balearics—everyone knows that—and it would increase confidence in us if I didn't run away as if the game was up." She suddenly broke off and clasped her hands together. "Oh, how I wish that I could help, really help, as you have done," she cried, with so honest an envy that Strange tingled from head to foot.

"But you are helping," he answered. "You are here alone, when you could be amongst your own people and near the North Sea."

"Am I helping?" she asked; and her gaze went up to the sky of stars and out over the dark floor of sea with such a yearning to *give*, her face quivered with so flame-like a purity of devotion, that Strange had a swift vision of a saint of other days leading armies. The vision passed, but it remained as the mark of her in his thought. Joan Carbery brought him back to earth with one of her sudden changes of mood. She had friends amongst the smugglers and also amongst the men who more or less tried to catch the smugglers. She was on intimate terms with crafty tribesmen of Morocco who fished for sardines off the Cabo de Tres Forcas. Seen from the sea, the Casa Santa Anna stood out on its high shoulder of land like a monastery, and its lights at night were a beacon. For there was a small creek just beneath it and many a felucca in flight slipped into it as into a sanctuary. Joan had *relaciones*, too, with any number of the ineffectual loiterers who haunt the forts of Spain and will do anything for a smile and 5 pesetas.

"I used to think of people going to solemn dinner parties in London," she said, "and then of the fun we had here with amusing ruffians with their long knives and charming manners. Now that I am alone, they bring me the most wonderful stories. I had a fresh one brought to me to-day."

Strange looked up quickly. But there was a movement in the courtyard below; the great doors groaned gently upon their hinges; and Joan looking down towards them saw the flutter of a white mantilla.

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"I'll tell you about it afterwards. There's a neighbour of mine and unmarried, and she haunts me. She's a devout Catholic and dead against us, though she pretends not to be. So you mustn't say a word in front of her, for it will be used against us." Then Joan's face changed. "Just go on talking to me. You'll see."

Strange obeyed, expecting every instant to be interrupted by the approach of Joan's visitor. But he was not interrupted.

"She slipped across the patio," Joan explained in a whisper. "She thought we hadn't seen her. She's just under the terrace now, listening."

"Does she understand English?" he asked. Joan smiled and raised her voice.

"Otilia, my friend wants to know if you understand English. Come up and meet him."

Otilia Moreno climbed up to the terrace quite unabashed.

"I was waiting until you had finished dinner," she said.

She was a stout, middle-aged woman, with a hard, high-pitched voice, a shrill laugh, and a little mean face like a bird's, unintelligent and yet cunning. She was unlike a bird in this, however: she would not go. She chatted with amazing volubility and set childish little traps to discover who Strange was and what he was doing in Mallorca.

"I am learning Spanish," said Strange.

"Then you will come and see my father and myself and you will learn very 'kick.' But you will not come. You will be like all the English—making kindnesses all day and never doing any of them."

She went at last, and Joan drew a breath of relief.

"There! That's what I have to put up with. The old woman who keeps the gate lets her in. I think they both want to convert me."

"You had a story for me," said Strange. Joan bubbled over with laughter.

"It was told to me most solemnly by a dear friend of mine—an awful little ruffian. His mouth alone would send him to Dartmoor, and he wears white canvas shoes with black patent-leather tips. But he's devoted to me, and he says that the great Professor Ernst Hatzel, of Berlin, is going to cross the Mediterranean with his pockets full of money to raise the tribes of Morocco. Can't you see him, fat and round and bespectacled and full of beer—why, what's the matter?"

"I know something of Hatzel. He has lived for fifteen years in Mussulman countries, waiting probably for this moment."

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"Then, after all, it's serious?" Joan asked in surprise.

"It would be—if he got across," replied Strange. "When does he start?"

"Early in June."

Strange was silent for a moment. Then he said: "I think I'll go and learn Spanish in Gibraltar."

"You'll stop him?" cried Joan in an eager voice. "Out at sea?"

"We'll try," said Strange.

"And you'll let me know if you do!"

"Rather!"

"Oh, I shan't sleep till I know."

She came with him to the door and stood in the moonlit road radiant and eager. That was the picture of her which Strange carried away with him.

He started the next morning for Gibraltar, and there one Major Slingsby of the Marines, the Intelligence Officer, received him with bad news.

"Harry Carbery's destroyer struck a mine in the North Sea three nights ago and was lost with all hands."

The very night, then, when Strange had seen her, first rapt by a vision of service and then radiant with the knowledge that she had served! Strange was overwhelmed. Alone in that old house, in an island of strangers, she was going to pay for the right to serve to the uttermost farthing. At all events this return she must have, that she should not have served in vain!

Strange told the Intelligence Officer about the professor.

"He has a great reputation amongst scholars. He is young, too, for a professor, and quite active."

Slingsby listened and wrote down the professor's name on his blotting-pad and went on with his work. He was very sorry for Joan Carbery, but his business through each long day was to squeeze two hours' work into one.

Strange wrote at once to Joan Carbery and received no answer; and the significance of her silence loomed in his thoughts. The Casa Santa Anna, that brown house of sunlight and flowers, had become a house of pain and she its stricken inmate.

A month later Slingsby remarked as he pushed a slip of paper under Strange's eyes:

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"That's the day of your professor's departure from Barcelona for Morocco. He's at Barcelona now."

Strange looked up eagerly. The story was true, then!

"He mustn't escape," he cried. Slingsby leaned back in his chair and yawned.

"I hope it'll be all right," he said. He had been up half the night. "By the way, there's a telegram for you," and he fished it out of a tray.

Strange read:

"Please come Casa Santa Anna at once. A Friend."

Strange handed the telegram to Slingsby, who examined it imperturbably.

"Unsigned and sent not from Mallorca, but from Valencia. There's something up. My friend, you had better go and see."

Strange nodded.

"What's the date on which Hatzel sails from Barcelona?" he asked.

"June the 20th."

"Ten days from now. Right! I'm off," said Strange.

Something had gone wrong in Mallorca, and so utterly and unintelligibly wrong that it was unsafe to send from the island to him at Gibraltar even an unsigned telegram. He travelled by Bobadilla to Valencia, and every pulsation of the railway carriage told off a day of the ten days before Hatzel was to leave for Morocco, and then began upon the tale again. And without assignable reason Strange was convinced that whatever was wrong in Mallorca threatened to make void Joan Carbery's service.

On the morning of the third day he saw the great cathedral of Palma stand high behind the fort, and hiring a motor-car he drove between the dusty olive groves and up over the exquisite Col de Soller to the Casa Santa Anna. It was noon when he stopped before the great door—the noon of a still, hot, slumberous day. The doors were closed, the house slept in the sunshine, there was no sign of life; as, indeed, there would be none at this hour in any normal house of Spain. He rang the bell, and an oldish woman opened one of the two doors a little way—the woman who had let Otilia Moreno into the house on the night when he had dined there.

She blinked at him in surprise; and the surprise deepened into consternation.

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"The Señora is at home?" he asked.

"She is very ill. She can see no one."

"Yet perhaps she will see me."

Grudgingly the woman opened the door wide and let Strange through. It was clear that he was unexpected. Whoever had crossed the sea and sent the telegram from Valencia had kept his counsels. The servant took Strange's card, led him into the drawing-room on the ground floor of the left wing, and then, grumbling to herself, climbed up to the gallery of the wing opposite. Then she knocked on a door and went in. All Strange's uneasiness was increased. Joan Carbery had not one English servant in the house. Even her maid was Spanish. No one can be more devoted than a Spanish servant—he knew that very well. But as he stood in the room darkened by the overhanging gallery and looked out upon the sunlit gates, he became conscious of a curious discomfort. A subtle extra sense waked in him. The bougainvillea still dropped purple down the walls, the terrace was still like a great bay window open to the sea; but the character of the house had changed.

"It has lost its frankness," he thought. He was aware of a hostile presence, something velvety and cat-footed, furtive and very watchful. It was not well that Joan Carbery should be here alone.

Strange was in the mood to be startled by trifles, and a little incident which occurred whilst he stood looking out of the room suddenly became to him of extraordinary importance.

The big wooden house door had been left unlatched. He saw it slowly open and Ottilia Moreno appear in the opening. She looked on this side and on that with her queer bird-like movements of the head and then glided along the patio—very lightly for a woman of her build. She stepped into a room opposite to the room in which Strange stood. He knew it to be Joan's private sitting-room.

Standing back in the dark drawing-room Strange in his dark blue suit was quite invisible. But across the patio the gleam of Ottilia's white blouse betrayed her. He saw her moving amongst the shadows. Now she bent over a table, now she crossed the room, now she stooped as though she had knocked down some noiseless thing and picked it up. Afterwards she came out into the patio, and mounting to the gallery entered Joan's room. Ottilia Moreno, who was "against us," before whom one must not speak, had now right of way in the Casa Santa Anna. The secret, then—the great secret of Hatzel's journey being known to the English—was in danger, then, if Joan had written a note

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about it. But she wouldn't—surely she wouldn't! Yet Ottilia Moreno was prying as if she expected to discover something!

Strange crossed to Joan's sitting-room. A pile of letters lay upon that table over which Ottilia had stooped. But they were all unopened, even the one which he himself had sent.

His eyes fell upon a newspaper and his whole body stiffened. It was the great clerical paper, the paper with the garbled reports and lies: crocodile lamentations upon the misfortunes into which Belgium had allowed herself to be hustled; and soothing accounts of how well she could afford to pay the war fines imposed upon her!

"How in the world does this paper come into the Santa Anna?" he asked in perplexity—and the next moment answered him.

A heavy tread made the boards of the gallery above his head groan, and down the slope from Joan's room, his face rosy and complacent, walked a Spanish priest. Not only did the enemy's paper flaunt its lies, the enemy himself was in the house.

Strange—yes, even he, the man ignorant of woman—grasped something of the truth. Joan, sick, lonely, sunk in the blackness of grief, and persuaded by the persistencies of Ottilia, had turned with a swift and complete revolution towards the enemy—because the enemy meant a religion of colour and incense and security and deep emotional appeal. No wonder that telegram had been sent to him from a distant port.

"Have I answered it in time?" he asked. Joan, weak, sequestered, miserable, was at the enemy's mercy. Had she spoken? Had they got it out of her—her one secret?

"If they haven't, by God they'll have to fight for it," he resolved, in a flame of anger.

The old door-keeper followed the priest and let him out. Strange stepped forward into the patio.

"The Señora will see you for a little while," the woman said grudgingly.

"Not now," returned Strange. "When the Señorita Ottilia has gone. One at a time in a sick-room."

The woman was disconcerted. It was not meant that Strange should see Joan alone. The Señorita Ottilia descended after a while and, Strange was delighted to see, in a very bad temper.

"Joan is very ill," she said. "She is much upset by your visit. You should have written before. It makes one think better of Spanish men when one sees how inconsiderate you English are."

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Strange smiled. Clearly he had come at a most inconvenient moment. He went up to the door on the gallery, passed through an ante-room into the darkened bedroom and found himself looking down at a woman he hardly recognised. Her great eyes, ringed with blue, gazed at him out of a thin, white face.

"What are you doing here?" she asked with a faint smile. She held out her hand to him and the sleeve of her dressing gown fell back. Not until that moment did Strange fully understand the urgency of the telegram which had been sent to him. He was horror-struck. There was a beating in his ears of drums—yes, the drums of the German Army. In a moment or two his mind grew steady, his vision clear. He knew the duty laid upon his shoulders. He had to fight for England here, and for Joan Carbery, too, whose husband lay at the bottom of the North Sea.

"I have come to stay until you are well," he answered.

At first her eyes thanked him. Then her lips said fretfully:

"How do you know when I shall be well? You all think you have only to say the word."

"I am going to telegraph for an English nurse for you," he continued. Joan looked startled and doubtful—doubtful whether she wanted expert knowledge at her side.

As Strange came out from the bedroom, on a chair close by the door, sitting as quiet as a mouse, was Ottilia Moreno. Before she could speak, he smiled and, laying a finger to his lips, beckoned her away.

"What is the matter?" she asked, but he did not answer until they were out upon the terrace.

Then, still smiling, he said:

"You must not see her for a little while."

Ottilia raised her hard, shrill voice in anger.

"I am her friend. You cannot shut me out of her room."

She nodded at him with a significance of which he guessed the meaning.

"She will want me. You will not be able to keep me from her." Strange, suavely smiling, escorted her to the great doors. There he met the local doctor and turned back with him.

"I have sent for a nurse, and I think that until she comes Mrs. Carbery should receive no visitors."

The little man beamed. "But that is what I have wanted. Only I could not keep them out."

"I will," said Strange, quietly. "By the way, who brings her morphia?"

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The doctor flushed and shrugged his shoulders. "I do not know," he replied, but it was as clear as noonday to Strange that he had not had the courage to enquire.

However, during the next few days Joan answered the question herself. They were the most terrible days which Strange had ever passed. Joan cried aloud for Otilia Moreno. Then she would fall into paroxysms of rage, taunt and revile him until it seemed that she had lost all that used to be Joan Carbery and had been changed into a fishwife of the slums. Her eyes bright, her fingers clutching and twisting, she would insult him until passion ended in an outburst of tears.

Strange, torn with pity, and stripped of all his delicate misconceptions of woman, still held firm. He fought for her and her secret—if she had not yet let it slip.

But the Spanish servants were not to be relied upon. He would find Otilia somewhere in the house each day, waiting her chance. He faced the priests, too. "The Señora is daily growing stronger. In a little while——"; and in that he spoke the truth. For there were signs now of the old Joan Carbery, a hint of her smile, a glimmer of her humour.

"To-morrow the nurse will come," he said.

"Are you so glad?" asked Joan. "Well, I expect I have taught you something about women which you didn't know before. How long have you been here?"

"Seven days."

Joan began to calculate. She started up. She had awakened—and awakened to fear. To-night was the night when Hatzel was to start across the Mediterranean—if she had not let her secret slip, if the others did not know what she knew.

The next day the nurse arrived and took over, and Strange became suddenly aware that he was tired to death. He sat alone that night upon the terrace. Above Aldebaran and Rigel mounted in a clear, dark sky, and a planet flung a beam of light across the seas.

At eleven o'clock there came a knock upon the outer door. Strange opened it himself and saw Antonio Plata. He was one of Joan's own particular friends. He was dressed as a sailor and he had not shaved for a week.

"It was I who sent the telegram, Señor," he said.

"Come in," said Strange, and he took him up on to the terrace and went in search of a bottle of beer.

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"Yes," continued Antonio, "I had seen you here, and when the Señora fell ill and her door was closed against all us honest men——"

"You did finely," replied Strange. "Thank you!"

He gave Antonio a cigarette, and Antonio drew his chair closer. "It was not of that, however, that I came to talk. No! I saw a strange thing last night. I was out in my felucca, and very far from the coast of Spain—and on my own business—so that I was not showing any lights—you understand?"

"Quite so," returned Strange with a smile.

"Well, about fourteen miles out from the Cabo San Antonio, I saw a searchlight in the sky. You understand that when a man is on business searchlights are not very desirable. But I had my business, and I held on. As I got nearer, however, the searchlight no longer wheeled about the sky: it became fixed, and then I saw a second, still stronger light. That, of course, was extremely disconcerting, but with no lights I thought my little boat might pass. So I crept on until I saw that the big second light was not a light at all but a big white ship in the glare of a searchlight. She was stationary and her sides shone like silver. The other boat I could not see at all. It was hidden behind the glare of its searchlight. And for two hours I saw them like that, neither the silver ship nor the other moving at all."

"What sort of a big ship was the silver ship?" said Strange.

"Oh—a passenger ship, Señor, without a doubt," said Antonio, and to his amazement he saw Strange run along the gallery and beat upon a door.

He roused the nurse, bullied her into acquiescence, waked Joan and made Antonio Plata re-tell his story before her.

"So, you see, we've got the professor," cried Strange, shaking Joan's two hands. Over her face swept an inexpressible relief.

"But for you I should have told that priest and Otilia. Oh, I was very near to telling that and everything. I was afraid that I had told."

"But you hadn't, you see," cried Strange. He did not sleep that night for sheer joy that not in vain had Joan Carbery paid for her right to serve. Confirmation of the news came in a cypher telegram from Slingsby the next morning.

The professor was found, after a two hours' search, in one of the coal-bunkers.

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THE PRINCESS AND THE NIGHTINGALE

First the King of Siam had two daughters and he called them Night and Day. Then he had two more, so he changed the names of the first ones and called the four of them after the seasons, Spring and Autumn, Winter and Summer. But in course of time he had three others, and he changed their names again and called all seven by the days of the week. But when his eighth daughter was born he did not know what to do till he suddenly thought of the months of the year. The Queen said there were only twelve, and it confused her to have to remember so many new names, but the King had a methodical mind and when he made it up he never could change it if he tried. He changed the names of all his daughters and called them January, February, March (though, of course, in Siamese) till he came to the youngest, who was called August, and the next one was called September.

"That only leaves October, November and December," said the Queen. "And after that we shall have to begin all over again." "No, we shan't," said the King, "because I think twelve daughters are enough for any man, and after the birth of dear little December I shall be reluctantly compelled to cut off your head." He cried bitterly when he said that, for he was extremely fond of the Queen. Of course it made the Queen very uneasy because she knew that it would distress the King very much if he had to cut off her head. And it would not be very nice for her. But it so happened that there was no need for either of them to worry because September was the last daughter they ever had. The Queen only had sons after that, and they were called by the letters of the alphabet, so there was no cause for anxiety there for a long time, since she had only reached the letter J.

Now the King of Siam's daughters had had their characters permanently embittered by having to change their names in this way, and the older ones, whose names, of course, had been changed oftener than the others, had their characters more permanently embittered. But September, who had never known what it was to be called anything but September (except, of course, by her sisters, who, because their characters were embittered, called her all sorts of names), had a very sweet and charming nature.

The King of Siam had a habit which I think might be usefully imitated in Europe. Instead of receiving presents on his birthday he gave them, and it looks as though he liked it, for he used often to say he was

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sorry he had only been born on one day and so only had one birthday in the year. But in this way he managed in course of time to give away all his wedding presents and the loyal addresses which the mayors of the cities in Siam presented him with, and all his old crowns which had gone out of fashion.

One year on his birthday, not having anything else handy, he gave each of his daughters a beautiful green parrot in a beautiful golden cage. There were nine of them, and on each cage was written the name of the month which was the name of the princess it belonged to. The nine princesses were very proud of their parrots, and they spent an hour every day (for like their father they were of a methodical turn of mind) in teaching them to talk. Presently all the parrots could say God save the King (in Siamese, which is very difficult) and some of them could say Pretty Polly in no less than seven Oriental languages. But one day when the Princess September went to say good morning to her parrot she found it lying dead at the bottom of its golden cage. She burst into a flood of tears and nothing that her Maids of Honour could say comforted her. She cried so much that the Maids of Honour, not knowing what to do, told the Queen, and the Queen said it was stuff and nonsense and the child had better go to bed without any supper. The Maids of Honour wanted to go to a party, so they put the Princess September to bed as quickly as they could and left her by herself. And while she lay in her bed, crying still, even though she felt rather hungry, she saw a little bird hop into her room. She took her thumb out of her mouth and sat up. Then the little bird began to sing, and he sang a beautiful song about the lake in the King's garden and the willow trees that looked at themselves in the still water and the gold fish that glided in and out of the branches that were reflected in it. When he had finished the Princess was not crying any more and she quite forgot that she had had no supper.

"That was a very nice song," she said.

The little bird gave her a bow, for artists have naturally good manners, and they like to be appreciated.

"Would you care to have me instead of your parrot?" said the little bird.

"It's true that I'm not so pretty to look at, but on the other hand I have a much better voice."

The Princess September clapped her hands with delight and then the little bird hopped on to the end of her bed and sang her to sleep.

When she awoke next day the little bird was still sitting there and as

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she opened her eyes he said Good Morning. The Maids of Honour brought in her breakfast, and he ate rice out of her hand and he had his bath in her saucer. He drank out of it too. The Maids of Honour said they didn't think it was very polite to drink one's bath water, but the Princess September said it was the artistic temperament. When he had finished his breakfast he began to sing again so beautifully that the Maids of Honour were quite surprised, for they had never heard anything like it, and the Princess September was very proud and happy. "Now I want to show you to my eight sisters," said the Princess.

She stretched out the first finger of her right hand so that it served as a perch, and the little bird flew down and sat on it. Then, followed by her Maids of Honour, she went through the palace and called on each of the Princesses in turn, starting with January, for she was mindful of etiquette, and going all the way down to August. And for each of the Princesses the little bird sang a different song. But the parrots could only say God save the King and Pretty Polly. At last she showed the little bird to the King and Queen. They were surprised and delighted.

"I knew I was right to send you to bed without any supper," said the Queen.

"This bird sings much better than the parrots," said the King.

"I should have thought you got quite tired of hearing people say God save the King," said the Queen. "I can't think why those girls wanted to teach their parrots to say it too."

"The sentiment is admirable," said the King, "and I never mind how often I hear it. But I do get tired of hearing those parrots say Pretty Polly."

"They say it in seven different languages," said the Princesses.

"I daresay they do," said the King, "but it reminds me too much of my councillors. They say the same thing in seven different ways and it never means anything in any way they say it."

The Princesses, their characters, as I have already said, being naturally embittered, were vexed at this, and the parrots looked very glum indeed. But the Princess September ran through all the rooms of the palace, singing like a lark, while the little bird flew round and round her, singing like a nightingale, which indeed he was.

Things went on like this for several days and then the eight Princesses put their heads together. They went to September and sat in a circle round her, hiding their feet as it is proper for Siamese Princesses to do.

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"My poor September," they said, "we are so sorry for the death of your beautiful parrot. It must be dreadful for you not to have a pet bird as we have. So we have put all our pocketmoney together and we are going to buy you a lovely green and yellow parrot."

"Thank you for nothing," said September. (This was not very polite of her, but Siamese Princesses are sometimes a little short with one another.) "I have a pet bird which sings the most charming songs to me, and I don't know what on earth I should do with a green and yellow parrot."

January sniffed, then February sniffed, then March sniffed; in fact all the Princesses sniffed, but in their proper order of precedence. When they had finished September asked them: "Why do you sniff? Have you all got colds in the head?"

"Well, my dear," they said, "it's absurd to talk of *your* bird when the little fellow flies in and out just as he likes."

They looked round the room and raised their eyebrows so high that their foreheads almost disappeared.

"You'll get dreadful wrinkles," said September.

"Do you mind our asking where your bird is now?" they said.

"He's gone to pay a visit to his father-in-law," said the Princess September.

"And what makes you think he'll come back?" asked the Princesses.

"He always does come back," said September.

"Well, my dear," said the eight Princesses, "if you'll take our advice you won't run any risks like that. If he comes back—and mind you, if he does, you'll be lucky—pop him into the cage and keep him there. That's the only way you can be sure of him."

"But I like to have him fly about the room," said the Princess September.

"Safety first," said her sisters ominously.

They got up and walked out of the room, shaking their heads, and they left September very uneasy. It seemed to her that her little bird was away a long time and she could not think what he was doing. Something might have happened to him. What with hawks and men with snares you never knew what trouble he might get into. Besides, he might forget her, or he might take a fancy to somebody else, that would be dreadful; oh, she wished he were safely back again, and in the golden cage which stood there empty and ready. For when the Maids of

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Honour had buried the dead parrot they had left the cage in its old place.

Suddenly September heard a tweet-tweet just behind her ear and she saw the little bird sitting on her shoulder. He had come in so quietly and alighted so softly that she had not heard him.

"I wondered what on earth had become of you," said the Princess.

"I thought you'd wonder that," said the little bird. "The fact is, I very nearly didn't come back to-night at all; my father-in-law was giving a party, and they all wanted me to stay, but I thought you'd be anxious." Under the circumstances this was a very unfortunate remark for the little bird to make.

September felt her heart go thump, thump against her chest, and she made up her mind to take no more risks. She put up her hand and took hold of the bird; this he was quite used to, she liked feeling his heart go pit-a-pat, so fast, in the hollow of her hand, and I think he liked the soft warmth of her little hand. So the bird suspected nothing and he was so surprised when she carried him over to the cage, popped him in, and shut the door on him, that for a moment he could think of nothing to say. But in a minute or two he hopped up on the ivory perch and said: "What is the joke?"

"There's no joke," said September. "But some of mamma's cats are prowling about to-night. I think you're much safer in there."

"I can't think why the Queen wants to have all those cats," said the little bird rather crossly.

"Well, you see, they're very special cats," said the Princess, "they have blue eyes and a kink in their tails, and they're a speciality of the royal family, if you understand what I mean."

"Perfectly," said the little bird, "but why did you put me in this cage without saying anything about it? I don't think it's the sort of place I like."

"I shouldn't have slept a wink all night if I hadn't known you were safe."

"Well, just for this once I don't mind," said the little bird, "so long as you let me out in the morning."

He ate a very good supper and then began to sing. But in the middle of his song he stopped.

"I don't know what is the matter with me," he said, "but I don't feel like singing to-night."

"Very well," said September, "go to sleep instead."

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So he put his head under his wing and in a moment he was fast asleep. September went to sleep too. But when the dawn broke she was awakened by the little bird calling her at the top of his voice.

"Wake up, wake up," he cried. "Open the door of this cage and let me out. I want to have a good fly while the dew is still on the ground."

"You're much better off where you are," said September. "You have a beautiful golden cage. It was made by the best workman in my papa's kingdom, and my papa was so pleased with it that he cut off his head so that he should never make another."

"Let me out, let me out," said the little bird.

"You'll have three meals a day served by my Maids of Honour. You'll have nothing to worry you from morning to night, and you can sing to your heart's content."

"Let me out, let me out," said the little bird. And he tried to slip through the bars of the cage, but of course he couldn't, and he beat against the little door, but of course he couldn't open it. Then the eight Princesses came in and they looked at him. They told September she was very wise to take their advice. They said he would soon get used to the cage and in a few days he would quite forget that he had ever been free. The little bird said nothing at all while they were there but as soon as they were gone he began to cry again: "Let me out, let me out."

"Don't be such an old silly," said September. "I've only put you in the cage because I'm so fond of you. I know what's good for you much better than you do yourself. Sing me a little song and I'll give you a piece of brown sugar."

But the little bird stood in the corner of his cage, looking out at the blue sky, and never sang a note. He never sang all day.

"What's the good of sulking?" said September. "Why don't you sing and forget your troubles?"

"How can I sing?" answered the bird, "I want to see the trees and the lake and the green rice growing in the fields."

"If that's all you want I'll take you for a walk," said September.

She picked up the cage and went out and she walked down to the lake, round which grew the willow trees, and she stood at the edge of the rice fields that stretched as far as the eye could see.

"I'll take you out every day," she said. "I love you and I only want to make you happy."

THE DOLLS' HOUSE LIBRARY

"It's not the same thing," said the little bird. "The rice fields and the lake and the willow trees look quite different when you see them through the bars of a cage."

So she brought him home again and she gave him his supper. But he wouldn't eat a thing. The Princess was a little anxious at this and she asked her sisters what they thought about it.

"You must be firm," they said.

"But if he won't eat, he'll die," she answered.

"That would be very ungrateful of him," they said. "He must know that you're only thinking of his own good. If he's obstinate and dies it'll serve him right and you'll be well rid of him."

September didn't see how that was going to do her very much good, but they were eight to one and all older than she was, so she said nothing.

"Perhaps he'll have got used to his cage by to-morrow," she said.

And next day when she awoke she cried out good morning in a cheerful voice. She got no answer. She jumped out of bed and ran to the cage. She gave a startled cry, for there the little bird lay, at the bottom, on his side, with his eyes closed, and he looked as if he were dead. She opened the door and putting her hand in lifted him out. She gave a sob of relief, for she felt that his little heart was beating still.

"Wake up, wake up, little bird," she said.

She began to cry and her tears fell on the little bird. He opened his eyes and he felt that the bars of the cage were no longer round him.

"I cannot sing unless I'm free, and if I cannot sing I die," he said.

The Princess gave a great sob.

"Then take your freedom," she said. "I shut you in a golden cage because I loved you and I wanted to have you all to myself. But I never knew it would kill you. Go. Fly away among the trees that are round the lake and fly over the green rice fields. I love you enough to let you be happy in your own way."

She threw open the window and gently placed the little bird on the sill. He shook himself a little.

"Come and go as you will, little bird," she said. "I will never put you in a cage any more."

"I will come because I love you, little Princess," said the bird. "And I will sing you the loveliest songs I know. I shall go far away, but I shall always come back, and I shall never forget you."

WILLIAM SOMERSET MAUGHAM

He gave himself another shake. "Good gracious me, how stiff I am," he said. Then he opened his wings and flew right away into the blue. But the little Princess burst into tears, for it is very difficult to put the happiness of someone you love before your own, and with her little bird far out of sight she felt on a sudden very lonely. When her sisters knew what had happened they mocked her and said the little bird would never return. But he did at last. And he sat on September's shoulder and ate out of her hand and sang her the beautiful songs he had learned while he was flying up and down the fair places of the world. September kept her window open day and night so that the little bird might come into her room whenever he felt inclined, and this was very good for her; so she grew extremely beautiful. And when she was old enough she married the King of Cambogia and was carried all the way to the city in which he lived on a white elephant.

But her sisters never slept with their windows open, so they grew extremely ugly as well as disagreeable, and when the time came to marry them off they were given away to the King's councillors with a pound of tea and a Siamese cat.

W. B. MAXWELL

THE COMPANIONS

Once upon a time three young men starting upon Life's journey agreed to meet at the journey's end.

The first said, "I shall try to find Gold."

The second said, "I shall look for Fame."

The third said, "I shall seek for Everything worth having—for Love among the rest."

At the journey's end two of them met, and each recounted his experiences to the other.

The first said, "Because I was looking for Gold I missed several chances of Fame; and I see now that if I had taken the Fame I could afterwards have had as much Gold as I wanted. Now I have neither."

The second said, "I also made a mess of things. I passed Fame many times, but it was high up, quite beyond my reach; whereas there was Gold lying loose at my feet, easy to pick up had I done so.

"As to that other fellow, I hear that a mile after we parted company he found Love and never went any further—because he said as soon as Love was given to him he saw that nothing else was worth looking for."

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LEONARD MERRICK

Mr. Merrick has provided the Dolls' House Library with a chapter from one of the most attractive of his many attractive novels, *Conrad in Quest of His Youth* (1903).

ALICE MEYNELL

Mrs. Meynell, whose lamented death occurred in 1922, was delighted to choose and copy out this very representative selection from her poetry :—

THE SHEPHERDESS

She walks—the lady of my delight—
A shepherdess of sheep.
Her flocks are thoughts. She keeps them white;
She guards them from the steep;
She feeds them on the fragrant height,
And folds them in for sleep.

She roams maternal hills and bright,
Dark valleys safe and deep.
Into that tender breast at night
The chastest stars may peep.
She walks—the lady of my delight—
A shepherdess of sheep.

She holds her little thoughts in sight,
Though gay they run and leap.
She is so circumspect and right;
She has her soul to keep.
She walks—the lady of my delight—
A shepherdess of sheep.

THE LADY POVERTY

The Lady Poverty was fair:
But she has lost her looks of late,
With change of times and change of air.
Ah, slattern! she neglects her hair,
Her gown, her shoes; she keeps no state
As once when her pure feet were bare.

Or—almost worse, if worse can be—
She scolds in parlours, dusts and trims,



Says he,
"It'll be the best
o' your story, so,
Says I, "It may
it away in me
over o' time."
"I'm not
never, is it?"
Says he.

E. C. Somerville and Martin Ross



On the
Hill
of the
Wistful
Heart MY
TOWN is set,

Tennyson Jesse

HENSLOWE
"I saw her, tho' the place
was gloom
After the sunshine - but I
saw her
SHAKESPEARE
changed?
HENSLOWE
I know her
SHAKESPEARE
who would hee?
HENSLOWE
"She was alone
Beside the hearth un-
minded, sitting alone"

Clemence Dane

and gathered ¹¹
him to her
bosom, holding
him tight in
her arms. His
big thumbs, cry-

May Sinclair

Why, I write poetry now.
We all write poetry.
And nobody would notice
being seen now saying
their prayers. Why, if
I were back at school
a my meter came to
see me I'd hug her
before everybody in

Countess Russell

away. "I'll rescue
you."
"But I don't want
to be rescued.
I really am en-
joying myself."

Anne D. Sedgwick

Oh, keep the
promise of my lips,
Take them the
parable of my days;
I trust them with
the aim of all,

Alice Meynell

I love. It is
only love that
counts in the
confusion, only
love that
survives.
There may be
a thousand
other things

Ethel M. Dell

ALICE MEYNELL

Watches and counts. O is this she
Whom Francis met, whose step was free,
Who with Obedience carolled hymns,
In Umbria walked with Chastity?

Where is her ladyhood? Not here,
Not among modern kinds of men;
But in the stony fields, where clear
Through the thin trees the skies appear,
In delicate spare soil and fen,
And slender landscape and austere.

WEST WIND IN WINTER

Another day awakes. And who—
Changing the world—is this?
He comes at whiles, the winter through,
West wind! I would not miss
His sudden tryst, the long, the new
Surprises of his kiss.

Vigilant, I make haste to close
With him who comes my way.
I go to meet him as he goes;
I know his note, his lay,
His colour and his morning-rose,
And I confess his day.

My window waits; at dawn I hark
His call; at morn I meet
His haste around the tossing park
And down the softened street;
The gentler light is his; the dark
The grey—he turns it sweet.

So too, so too, do I confess
My poet when he sings,
He rushes on my mortal guess
With his immortal things.
I feel, I know him. On I press—
He finds me 'twixt his wings.

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MATERNITY

One wept whose only child was dead,
New-born, ten years ago.
"Weep not; he is in bliss," they said,
She answered "Even so—

"Ten years ago was born in pain
A child, not now forlorn.
But O, ten years ago, in vain,
A mother, a mother was born."

A SONG OF DERIVATIONS

I come from nothing; but from where
Come the undying thoughts I bear?
Down through long links of death and birth,
From the past poets of the earth;
My immortality is there.

I am like the blossom of an hour,
But long, long vanished sun and shower
Awoke my breath i' the young world's air.
I track the past back everywhere
Through seed and flower and seed and flower.

Or I am like a stream that flows
Full of the cold springs that arose
In morning lands, in distant hills;
And down the plain my channel fills
With melting of forgotten snows.

Voices I have not heard possessed
My own fresh songs; my thoughts are blessed
With relics of the far unknown.
And mixed with memories not my own
The sweet streams throng into my breast.

Before this life began to be
The happy songs that wake in me
Woke long ago and far apart.
Heavily on this little heart
Presses this immortality.

ALICE MEYNELL

THE MOON TO THE SUN

The Poet sings to her Poet of the Past

As the full moon shining there
To the sun that lighteth her
Am I unto thee for ever
O my secret glory-giver!
O my light, I am dark but fair,
Black but fair.

Shine, Earth loves thee! And then shine
And be loved through thoughts of mine.
All thy secrets that I treasure
I translate them at my pleasure.
I am crowned with glory of thine,
Thine, not thine.

I make pensive thy delight,
And thy strong gold silver-white.
Though all beauty of mine thou makest,
Yet to earth which thou forsakest
I have made thee fair all night,
Day all night.

THE SPRING TO THE SUMMER

The Poet sings to her Poet of the Future

O poet of the time to be,
My conqueror, I began for thee.
Enter into thy poet's pain,
And take the riches of the rain,
And make the perfect year for me.

Thou unto whom my lyre shall fall,
Whene'er thou comest, hear my call.
O, keep the promise of my lays,
Take thou the parable of my days;
I trust thee with the aim of all.

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And if thy thoughts unfold from me
Know that I too have hints of thee,
Dim hopes that come across my mind
In the rare days of warmer wind,
And tones of summer in the sea.

And I have set thy paths, I guide
Thy blossoms on the wild hill-side.
And I, thy by-gone poet, share
The flowers that throng thy feet where'er
I led thy feet before I died.

THE WATERSHED

Lines written between Munich and Verona

Black mountains pricked with pointed pine
A melancholy sky.
Out-distanced was the German vine,
The sterile fields lay high.
From swarthy Alps I travelled forth
Aloft; it was the North, the North;
Bound for the Noon was I.

I seemed to breast the streams that day;
I met, opposed, withstood
The northward rivers on their way
My heart against the flood—
My heart that pressed to rise and reach,
And felt the love of altering speech,
Of frontiers, in its blood.

But O the unfolding South! the burst
Of summer! O to see
Of all the southward brooks the first!
The travelling heart went free
With endless streams; that strife was stopped;
And down a thousand vales I dropped,
I flowed to Italy.

ALICE MEYNELL

CHIMES

Brief, on a flying night,
From the shaken tower,
A flock of bells take flight,
And go with the hour.

Like birds from the cote to the gales
Abrupt—Oh, hark!
A fleet of bells set sails,
And go to the dark.

Sudden the cold airs swing.
Alone, aloud,
A verse of bells takes wing
And flies with the cloud.

TO THE BODY

Thou inmost, ultimate
Council of judgment, palace of decrees,
Where the high senses hold their spiritual state,
Sued by earth's embassies,
And sign, approve, accept, conceive, create:

Create—thy senses close
With the world's pleas. The random odours reach
Their sweetness in the place of thy repose;
Upon thy tongue the peach,
And in thy nostrils breathes the breathing rose.

To thee, secluded one,
The dark vibrations of the sightless skies,
The lovely inexplicit colours, run;
The light gropes for those eyes.
O thou august! thou dost command the sun.

Music, all dumb, has trod
Into thine ear her one effectual way;
And fire and cold approach to gain thy nod,
Where thou call'st up the day,
Where thou awaitest the appeal of God.

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THE POET TO THE BIRDS

You bid me hold my peace,
Or so I think, you birds; you'll not forgive
My kill-joy song that makes the wild song cease—
Silent or fugitive.

Yon thrush stopt in mid-phrase
At my mere foot-fall: and a longer note
Took wing and fled afield, and went its ways
Within the blackbird's throat.

Hereditary song,
Illyrian lark and Paduan nightingale,
Is yours, unchangeable the ages long.
Assyria heard your tale.

Therefore you do not die*
But single, local, lonely, mortal, new,
Unlike and thus like all my race am I,
Preluding my adieu.

My human song must be
My human thought. Be patient till 'tis done.
I shall not hold my little peace; for me
There is no peace but one.

TO ANTIQUITY

"Reverence for our fathers, with their store of experience."
From some author or other.

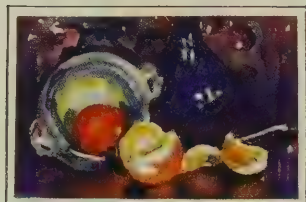
"Hoary Antiquity."

Coleridge.

O our young ancestor,
Our boy in Letters, how we trudge oppressed
With our "experiences," and you of yore
Flew light and blessed!

Youngling, in your new town,
Tight, like a box of toys—the town that is
Our shattered open ruin, with its crown
Of histories;

* Thou wast not born for death.—Keats.



A.S. Black, R.S.W.



E. J. Detmold.



Allan Davidson, R.O.I.



Lady Patricia Ramsay,
[H.R.H. Princess Patricia
of Connaught.]



E. Grace Wheatley, R.M.S.



F. Gregory Brown, R.B.A.



Katherine Cameron,
A.R.E., R.S.W.



George Harcourt, A.R.A.

FACSIMILES OF SOME OF THE WATER-COLOURS MADE FOR THE LIBRARY

ALICE MEYNELL

You with your morning words
Fresh from the night, your yet un-sonneted moon,
Your passions undismayed, cool as a bird's
Ignorant tune;

O youngling! how is this?
Your poems are not wearied yet, not dead.
Must I bow low or, with an envious kiss,
Put you to bed?

SONG OF THE NIGHT AT DAYBREAK

All my stars forsake me,
And the dawn-winds shake me.
Where shall I betake me?

Whither shall I run
Till the set of sun,
Till the day be done?

To the mountain-mine,
To the boughs o' the pine,
To the blind man's eyne;

To a brow that is
Bowed upon the knees,
Sick with memories.

A. A. MILNE

VESPERS

Little boy kneels at the foot of the bed;
Droops on the little hands little gold head.
Hush! Hush! Whisper who dares!
Christopher Robin is saying his prayers.

* * *

God bless Mummy—I know that's right—
Wasn't it fun in the bath to-night?
The cold's so cold and the hot's so hot—
Oh!—*God bless Daddy*—I quite forgot.

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If I open my fingers a little bit more,
I can see Nanny's dressing-gown on the door.
It's a beautiful blue but it hasn't a hood—
Oh!—*God bless Nanny and make me good.*

Mine has a hood, and I lie in bed,
And pull the hood right over my head,
And I hold my breath and I curl up small,
And nobody knows that I'm there at all!

Oh!—*Thank you, God, for a lovely day.*
And what is the other I have to say?
I've said "Bless Daddy," so what can it be?
Oh! Now I remember it!—*God bless me!*

* * *

Little boy kneels at the foot of the bed;
Droops on the little hands little gold head.
Hush! Hush! Whisper who dares!
Christopher Robin is saying his prayers.

F. FRANKFORT MOORE

Mr. Frankfort Moore has adapted for Dolls' House readers a story entitled *The Way to Keep Him*, which was printed in *Pearson's Magazine*.

ELINOR MORDAUNT

Mrs. Mordaunt's contribution is an extract from her novel, *The Garden of Contentment* (1902).

THE HON. EVAN MORGAN

Mr. Morgan has made a little book of his poems, from which I choose three:—

REMEMBRANCE

Forgive, and think me not unkind
If faintly I remember you;
One gesture only in my mind
I still pursue:
Music, and an avenue,
Something fluttering in the wind,

THE HON. EVAN MORGAN

A hand that well-bred kisses blew:
That is the only thing I find
Which I remember, sweet of you;
The only thing which in my mind
I still pursue.

EL ISLAM

Red pomegranate blossoms on a tree;
A trickling stream beneath;
The dark green shade of palms, the cigale's song;
Fresh maize burst from its sheath;
And the harsh voices of a pious throng
Slaves to a vast belief,
Whose very bondage makes them fiercely free.

And as a rampart to the Desert run
Red, rough and rugged arms
That hold as prey a verdant rill of green,
Slim, feathery towering palms,
Arching in high, impenetrable screen
Against the potent charms
Of that great, earth-seducing sorcerer, the Sun.

A pale green prickly fruit upon a plant,
A low mud house and wall.
A woman with a donkey badly shod:
And suddenly a call,
The pious are reminded of their God!
A gust,—the raisins fall,
An oriental barrenness and waste.

And everywhere implacable, the Sun:
Scorching the dazzling sands,
With grim insistent might, devouring all,
With hot, unholy hands
Spreading a torrid and incinerate pall
Rise from your burnished lands
And finish, but swiftly, what you have begun.

Bou Saâda,
August, 1918.

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THE SEARCHER

Sometimes I feel that He has come to look for me;
I know Him near and that He holds His crook o'er me;
Saying, "Far have you strayed."
Remorseful and afraid I bend to earth; the loss
Is mine not His; my cross
Lies where I left it by the brook, for me;—
The brook of His sweet tears
Shed down the years.

Softly I hear His tread, and I would cry to Him;
Rays pierce me from His Heart and I would fly to Him;
My hands and feet are bound,—
No health in me is found;
Nor dare I stir, nor cry
Unworthy of His mercy.
Pray, by His Agony, I may not die to Him;
Pray, that I yet may see Eternity.

SIR HENRY NEWBOLT

SIX POEMS

I

VICTORIA REGINA

JUNE 21, 1897

A thousand years by sea and land
Our race hath served the island Kings
But not by custom's dull command
To-day with song her Empire rings:

Not all the glories of her birth,
Her armed renown and ancient throne,
Could make her less the child of earth
Or give her hopes beyond our own:

But stayed on faith more sternly proved
And pride than ours more pure and deep,
She loves the land our fathers loved
And keeps the fame our sons shall keep.

SIR HENRY NEWBOLT

II

THE KING OF ENGLAND

JUNE 24, 1902

In that eclipse of noon when joy was hushed
Like the birds' song beneath unnatural night,
And Terror's footfall in the darkness crushed
The rose imperial of our delight,
Then, even then, though no man cried "He comes!"
And no man turned to greet him passing there,
With phantom heralds challenging renown
And silent-throbbing drums,
I saw the King of England, hale and fair,
Ride out with a great train through London town.

Unarmed he rode, but in his ruddy shield
The lions bore the dint of many a lance,
And up and down his mantle's azure field
Were strewn the lilies plucked in famous France.
Before him went with banner floating wide
The yeoman breed that served his honour best,
And mixed with these his knights of noble blood;
But in the place of pride
His admirals in billowy lines abreast
Convoyed him close like galleons on the flood.

Full of a strength unbroken showed his face
And his brow calm with youth's unclouded dawn,
But round his lips were lines of tenderer grace,
Such as no hand but Time's hath ever drawn.
Surely he knew his glory had no part
In dull decay, nor unto Death must bend,
Yet surely, too, of lengthening shadows dreamed
With sunset in his heart,
So brief his beauty now, so near the end,
And now so old and so immortal seemed.

O King among the living, these shall hail
Sons of thy dust that shall inherit thee:

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O King of men that die, though we must fail
Thy life is breathed from thy triumphant sea.
O man that serveſt men by right of birth,
Our hearts' content thy heart shall also keep,
Thou too with us shalt one day lay thee down
In our dear native earth,
Full sure the King of England, while we sleep,
For ever rides abroad through London town.

III

DRAKE'S DRUM

Drake he's in his hammock an' a thousand mile away,
(Capten, art tha' sleepin' there below?),
Slung atween the round shot in Nombre Dios Bay,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
Yarnder lumes the Island, yarnder lie the ships,
Wi' sailor lads a-dancin' heel-an'-toe,
An' the shore-lights flashin', an' the night-tide dashin',
He sees et arl so plainly as he saw et long ago.

Drake he was a Devon man, an' rüled the Devon seas
(Capten, art tha' sleepin' there below?),
Rovin' tho' his death fell, he went wi' heart at ease,
And dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
"Take my drum to England, hang et by the shore,
Strike et when your powder's runnin' low;
If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port o' Heaven,
An' drum them up the Channel as we drummed them long ago."

Drake he's in his hammock till the great Armadas come
(Capten, art tha' sleepin' there below?),
Slung atween the round shot, listenin' for the drum,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
Call him on the deep sea, call him up the Sound,
Call him when ye sail to meet the foe;
Where the old trade's plyin' an' the old flag flyin'
They shall find him ware an' wakin', as they found him long ago!

SIR HENRY NEWBOLT

IV

ADMIRALS ALL

Effingham, Grenville, Raleigh, Drake,
Here's to the bold and free!
Benbow, Collingwood, Byron, Blake,
Hail to the Kings of the Sea!
Admirals all, for England's sake,
Honour be yours and fame!
And honour, as long as waves shall break,
To Nelson's peerless name!

*Admirals all, for England's sake,
Honour be yours and fame!
And honour, as long as waves shall break,
To Nelson's peerless name!*

Essex was fretting in Cadiz Bay
With the galleons fair in sight;
Howard at last must give him his way,
And the word was passed to fight.
Never was schoolboy gayer than he,
Since holidays first began:
He tossed his bonnet to wind and sea
And under the guns he ran.

Drake nor devil nor Spaniard feared,
Their cities he put to the sack;
He singed his Catholic Majesty's beard
And harried his ships to wrack.
He was playing at Plymouth a rubber of bowls
When the great Armada came;
But he said, "They must wait their turn, good souls,"
And he stooped and finished the game.

Fifteen sail were the Dutchmen bold,
Duncan he had but two:
But he anchored them fast where the Texel shoaled,
And his colours aloft he flew.
"I've taken the depth to a fathom," he cried,
"And I'll sink with a right good will,
For I know when we're all of us under the tide
My flag will be fluttering still."

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Splinters were flying above, below,
When Nelson sailed the Sound:
"Mark you, I wouldn't be elsewhere now,"
Said he, "for a thousand pound!"
The Admiral's signal bade him fly,
But he wickedly wagged his head,
He clapped the glass to his sightless eye
And "I'm damned if I see it," he said.

Admirals all, they said their say
(The echoes are ringing still),
Admirals all, they went their way
To the haven under the hill.
But they left us a Kingdom none can take,
The realm of the circling sea,
To be ruled by the rightful sons of Blake
And the Rodneys yet to be.

*Admirals all for England's sake,
Honour be yours and fame!
And honour, as long as waves shall break,
To Nelson's peerless name!*

V

ST. GEORGE'S DAY

YPRES, 1915

To fill the gap, to bear the brunt
With bayonet and with spade,
Four hundred to a four-mile front
Unbacked and undismayed—
What men are these, of what great race,
From what old shire or town,
That run with such goodwill to face
Death on a Flemish down?

*Let be! they bind a broken line:
As men die, so die they.
Land of the free! their life was thine,
It is St. George's Day.*

Yet say whose ardour bids them stand
At bay by yonder bank,

SIR HENRY NEWBOLT

Where a boy's voice and a boy's hand
Close up the quivering rank.
Who under those all-shattering skies
Plays out his captain's part
With the last darkness in his eyes
And *Domum* in his heart?

*Let be, let be! in yonder line
All names are burned away.
Land of his love! the fame be thine,
It is St. George's Day.*

VI

THE KING'S HIGHWAY

1915

When moonlight flecks the cruiser's decks,
And engines rumble slow,
When Drake's own star is bright above,
And Time has gone below,
They may hear who list the far-off sound
Of a long-dead never-dead mirth,
In the mid-watch still they may hear who will
The Song of the Larboard Berth.

In a dandy frigate or a well-found brig,
In a sloop or a seventy-four,
In a great First-rate with an Admiral's flag
And a hundred guns or more,
In a fair light air, in a dead foul wind,
At midnight or midday,
Till the good ship sink her mids shall drink
To the King and the King's Highway!

The mids they hear—no fear, no fear!
They know their own ship's ghost:
Their young blood beats to the same old song
And roars to the same old toast.
So long as the sea wind blows unbound
And the sea wave breaks in spray,
For the Island's sons the word still runs
"The King and the King's Highway!"

THE DOLLS' HOUSE LIBRARY

THE HON. HAROLD NICOLSON

THE DETAIL OF BIOGRAPHY

I

The line which during the nineteenth century so didactically severed fiction from biography has of recent years become less rigid. There are those who would say that it had become so blurred and tenuous as to be non-existent, that these two branches of portrayal had been fused.

For the reader of 1923 requires above all that his clotted appetite may be stimulated by the acids of "reality." The effect of this insistent demand has been to render imaginative work more circumstantial, and circumstantial work more imaginative. And in this process the one has suffered and the other has gained. For we may say (without fear of contradiction by a posterity who will not read this scribble, and who will, if they read it, agree) that the novel of 1910-1920 is not the masterpiece of our age, whereas the biography of the same decade has, in the hands of Mr. Lytton Strachey and his imitators (of whom I am one) taken on a new lease of life, a sort of St. Martin's Summer—which, if not very profound or very useful, is at least original, at least urbane and humane.

II

Now I contend that there is a real reason why the modern craving for the "real" and the "vivid" should have done harm to the novel, while it has placed the biographer in a position of very pleasurable (if rather unexpected) popularity.

Not that I myself am either popular or well known, but that Mr. Lytton Strachey, of whose school I am, is very widely read indeed.

And the reason for this is that in order to attain to "reality," whether in the novel or the biography, you have to employ the device known as "circumstantial detail." For the novelist, especially he who, like Mr. Stephen McKenna, sets out to be the chronicler of his age, the supply of circumstantial detail is so unlimited that its value to the reader suffers a decline. It was great fun for Mr. Walpole and Mr. Mackenzie when the thing was first invented, but already there is apparent a slight reaction against this method, and some of the younger novelists endeavour either to eschew circumstantial detail completely or else employ only such detail as is not circumstantial only but also significant. We can even apprehend a growing tendency towards some novel-formula other than the vivid. We see such indications in the

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work of V. Sackville West, who relies more and more for her effects upon strong washes of colour ; there are indications even in the work of Mr. Aldous Huxley, who aims at the typically fantastic rather than at the individually grotesque, and whose method, for all its vivid realisation, is rather one of continuity and " Gouache " than of the Kodak intermittence of the pre-peace novelist.

III

If in the novel of to-day we can observe some tendencies to escape from the realistic method (some groping after a renewed analytical and allusive formula in the manner of Marcel Proust, some hesitating, feeling towards a symbolistic formula), we notice that in biography the relish for circumstantial detail is increasing all the time. For whereas the novelists have discovered that, in contemporary and imaginative work, you can go on choosing circumstantial detail without limit, and that no demand, however limitless, can keep pace with a supply which itself possesses no limits—the biographers have found that even with the newly dead the supply of good circumstantial detail is strictly limited, whereas the demand for the said detail in biography is at present unabated.

IV

No one who has not essayed biography can fully realise how few and far between are the moments when from material which is available emerges the real gem of circumstantial detail. For if it is to arrest the reader's attention such detail must not be merely accurate, but must be intensely personal, not only to the age or character treated, but to the reader himself. Nor can the effect of the incident and detail be conveyed by any elaborate or lengthy description. The appeal and interest, if they are to be real, vivid and circumstantial, must be immediate. The sense of reality is lost if too long an interval intervenes between the writer's description or statement of the object and the apprehension of that object on the part of the reader.

Thus in portraying the character and acts of Louis XIV a description of the Galerie des Glaces would doubtless be necessary and might furnish some striking paragraphs in porphyry and gold ; but the modern reader would only feel that he was in any way approaching the subject when one could tell him how the Grand Monarch, the King of Sun, would on January mornings pour spirits of wine upon his fingers.

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V

But how rare to the biographer are such gifts of really illuminative detail. Too often does the diarist or the letter-writer stop short of the essential revelation. Byron himself, most vivid of self-recorders, is guilty at moments of such discrepancies. He tells us of his tooth-powder—he does not tell us of his brush. Or what the Russian oil smelt like, or where he put his paper-basket or spat the tobacco that he chewed.

Such are the little gaps and incompletenesses which the biographer of to-day has to bridge and rectify. It is not an easy task. And as I contemplate the precision and amplitude of the Queen's Dolls' House, and note how in each detail it reflects the life of the English gentlemen of 1923, I am stirred with envy for the biographer of 2023. The works of art, the shaping of the rooms, the furniture, the books even, could be derived from other collections. But with what illumination will he, the future biographer, gaze upon the detailed domestic appliances of 1923! He will have but one disadvantage—there will be no one to write about.

W. E. NORRIS

Mr. Norris, in a letter to Princess Marie Louise, explained that, in default of writing something original, which he was not well enough to do, he had "potted" a story. "I am not," he wrote, "a skilful potter . . . but I send it *tel quel*—taking a little comfort from the thought that neither by the dolls nor by anyone else is it likely ever to be read."

This comfort the present publication is now happy to remove.

A PEASANT OF LORRAINE

It was in the palmy days of the Second Empire that Michel Kopp, invalided home from Mexico with the loss of his left arm, wandered far enough across the border of native Alsace to fall in with Suzanne Morin, the daughter of a Lorraine peasant, and, finding favour in her sight, was duly united to her in wedlock.

Between them the pair contrived to purchase a modest *cabaret* in the village of Gravelotte, near Metz, where for some years they led a life of prosperity and contentment, and where two children, a boy and a girl, were born to them.

Contented they were, although the bare, high-lying landscape round about their abode could not be called attractive, and although they were dependent for society upon the waggoners who pulled up at the *Cheval Blanc* to drink a *chope* and pass the time of day; for Michel, who had

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seen as much as he wanted to see of the outer world, asked nothing better than to end his days quietly in a peaceful village.

His choice, to be sure, was so far ill-inspired, that when war broke out in 1870 neither the Emperor Napoleon nor Michel Kopp anticipated its being waged on French soil. Reichshoffen and Forbach sufficed to convince an old campaigner that victory could no longer be hoped for; but he did not say this, being of a silent habit.

Bright, alert little Suzanne, for her part, lost neither hope nor courage. She knew that Marshal MacMahon had lost a battle, but what of that? All armies, even the French Army, must meet with checks sometimes, and, like a more exalted personage, she cried, "*Tout peut se réparer!*" Holding her baby girl in her arms and leading her four-year-old boy François by the hand, she would serve out drinks to the soldiers, of whom many thousands were now encamped in the neighbourhood, and break into snatches of patriotic songs until the rather depressed customers joined in and the windows vibrated to a chorus of:—

*"Allons, enfants de la patrie,
Le jour de gloire est arrivé!"*

It was long in arriving, that day of glory. Disaster followed disaster, and at length, on a night of wind and rain, soon after Metz had been converted by lamentable capitulation into a Prussian stronghold, Michel beckoned to his wife and said rather hoarsely: "*Eh, bien, ma mie, je te quitte.*"

Slung over his shoulder was a rifle which he had taken from a dead man and had concealed.

"You are going to join the *franc-tireurs?*" whispered Suzanne, white-faced and wide-eyed.

He nodded. "If I can find any."

"With your one arm!"

"*Parbleu*, since I cannot give myself another. *Allons, ma femme, il le faut.* Take courage and God protect you!"

He slipped out into the darkness to his certain death. She never saw him again.

* * * * *

It is not when one is a widow, with two children to bring up, that one can relinquish one's home and sole means of subsistence in order to seek some possible means of livelihood elsewhere. Many inhabitants of the annexed districts did emigrate, with tears in their eyes, rather than own allegiance to their conquerors; but Suzanne Kopp was not amongst

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them. She set her teeth, held her tongue, and nursed ever in her heart a stubborn hope of coming revenge.

Thus, during the years which succeeded the war, curious visitors to Metz found an intelligent and pleasant-mannered guide to the battle-fields in the quiet little landlady of the *Gasthaus zum Weissen Ross* at Gravelotte.

"Listen, sir," she said, in answer to one tourist who asked her the usual foolish question. "We should be glad to be again what we used to be—that is evident, is it not? But it is best not to talk about such things. I gain my bread from day to day, I say nothing and I wait. *Voilà!*"

And to another who wanted to know whether the Germans were liked by their new fellow-countrymen she replied, with a tightening of her lips, "*On ne les aime pas*. As for me, they murdered my husband, a brave man who only did his duty. How would you have me love them?" She hated them with an intense, silent hatred, but she had no prejudice against the money of the big, fair-haired, not unfriendly soldiers who lounged over her counter swilling beer, and who, for their part, had a quite kindly feeling for "*die alte Kopp*."

So year followed year until at length came a trial for which Suzanne had long been prepared, but which hit her stout heart none the less heavily for that. It was impossible that François should ever serve in the German army, and consequently impossible that he should continue to reside in German territory. His mother had saved the necessary money and had made arrangements for his transfer to a large grocery establishment in Paris.

"*Courage, ma mère,*" said he, winking away the tears which he could not keep out of his eyes as he stepped into the train at Metz, "I shall come back to see you soon."

And Suzanne, who knew that he would never come back, answered cheerfully, "*Bien sûr que tu me reviendras, mon enfant.*"

It was true that his youth would speedily enable him to enjoy life and forget, whereas her age would suffer her to do neither; but that was a sad sort of consolation. This lurking grief also she laid to the charge of the ruthless invaders who broke up families and drove out widows' sons. "*Ah, les sales Prussiens!*" In due course Victorine married Jules Roux, a decent, prosperous farmer of the neighbourhood, and grandchildren were born to enliven old Suzanne's solitude. But solitary she chose to remain, refusing her son-in-law's frequent offers of hospitality. At the age of seventy-five she was a very old woman, hobbling about the

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house on two sticks; yet she would not give up her independence or the business which she still carried on through underlings. What saddened her was that, despite rumours and alarms, the war of revenge for which she longed did not come—would not, she now had to recognise, come in her lifetime.

“*Je ne reverrai plus les pantalons rouges,*” she would murmur with a sigh.

* * * * *

One summer evening old Suzanne lay on her narrow bed, in full possession of her faculties and in no pain, but slowly ceasing, like a worn-out machine, and speaking scarcely at all.

The news that Germany was at war with France and Russia, perhaps also with England, had been kept from her; but at nightfall the children came rushing in with tidings which had an electrifying effect upon their moribund grandmother.

“At last!” she cried, trying to raise herself—“at last *la revanche!* Oh, thanks be to the Blessed Virgin! I have prayed so much!—I have prayed so long!”

She was in a sort of ecstasy. That war would mean victory for France she no more doubted than she cared to inquire why war had come at all. Presently she turned towards Victorine and said quaintly, with a glad smile: “*C’est ton brave homme de père qui doit se frotter les mains là-haut!*”

Almost it seemed as if joy and excitement had brought her back to life from the very brink of the grave; but nothing could have accomplished that miracle, although it may be that the end was retarded by sheer longing to behold once again the beloved French uniforms on the scene where so many had been trampled and stained in the blood and mire of four and forty years back. It was, of course, impossible for such a spectacle to be witnessed within ten days, and at the close of the tenth day old Suzanne’s family were grouped round her bed, expecting that every laboured breath she drew would be her last. She appeared to be unconscious; yet, when a servant stole into the room and said something to her son-in-law, she caught the low words and started.

“We are in Alsace?” she panted. “We have taken Altkirch? *Ah, merci, mon Dieu, merci!*”

Making a supreme effort, she lifted her head and began, in a cracked, quavering voice, to chant the Marseillaise:—

“*Allons, enfants de la patrie,
Le jour de gloire est arrivé!*”

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The poor withered hands beat time upon the patched quilt, fire gleamed for an instant in the sunken eyes, and with that faltering, pathetic pæan upon her lips old Suzanne Kopp passed away from a troubled world—*felix opportunitate mortis.*

ALFRED NOYES

From the twelve poems which Mr. Noyes has selected I print six. The others are "A Child's Question," "The Lights of Home," "The May-Tree," two stanzas from "Sherwood," "In the Cool of the Evening," and a passage from "Victory."

THE ELFIN ARTIST

In a glade of an elfin forest
When Sussex was Eden-new,
I came on an elvish painter
And watched as his picture grew.
A hare-bell nodded beside him.
He dipt his brush in its dew.

And it might be the wild thyme round him
That shone in that dark strange ring;
But his brushes were bees' antennæ,
His knife was a wasp's blue sting;
And his gorgeous exquisite palette
Was a butterfly's fan-shaped wing.

And he mingled its powdery colours,
And he painted the lights that pass,
On a delicate cobweb canvas
That gleamed like a magic glass,
And bloomed like a banner of elf-land
Between two stalks of grass;

Till it shone like an angel's feather
With sky-born opal and rose,
And gold from the foot of the rainbow,
And colours that no man knows;
And I laughed in the sweet May weather,
Because of the themes he chose.

But the Pincos
September was
through all the
words of the pale
ce, dragging like
a black, while
the little bird
flew round &

W. Somerset Maugham

where do I
go after that?"
nurse said
that March
was a very
unusual little
girl to taste
like that. Her

Barry Pain

46

XXVII

"I have composed the
most pathetic poem
in the world," declared
the Post.
"How can it show be
sure of that?" he said.

F. Anstey

cut.
If he had done
wrong, his
punishment had
overtaken him.
Mrs. Adelaide

Leonard Merrick

The Soul
of
my
Queen
Doll

E. Phillips Oppenheim

complexion, by name
Tudela - an uncommon
woman.

It is unfortunate
but true that Poles
introduce to high
life in this country
and in their hearts

Hilaire Belloc

and an inn, an inn.
No, you must tell of
the things as well.
"Yes," said I, "a
little damped, to be
sure there is a high-
wayman."
"Come, that's better!"
said the Duke Wemyss

Jeffery Farnol

"Every bone in
my body is
broken, I
think. It feels
like it."
Mrs. Willet

W. W. Jacobs

Are catarrh
from Sinister
Street. Book III
Chapter 7. in which
real scenes are
put back by
Compton Mackenzie

Compton Mackenzie

ALFRED NOYES

For he painted the unseen wonders,
The tints that we all pass by,
Like the little blue wreaths of incense
That the wild thyme breathes to the sky;
Or the first white bud of the hawthorn,
And the light in a blackbird's eye;

And the shadows on soft white cloud-peaks,
That carolling skylarks throw—
Dark dots on the slumbering splendours
That under the wild wings flow,
Wee shadows, like violets trembling
On the unseen breasts of snow;

With petals too lovely for colour
That shake to the rapturous wings,
And grow as the bird draws near them
And die as he mounts and sings;—
Ah, only those exquisite brushes
Could paint these exquisite things.

NIPPON

Last night I dreamed of Nippon . . .
I saw a cloud of white
Drifting before the sunset
On seas of opal light.

Beyond the wide Pacific,
I saw its mounded snow
Miraculously changing
In that deep evening glow,

To rosy rifts and hillocks,
To orchards that I knew,
To snows of peach and cherry
And feathers of bamboo.

I saw, on twisted bridges,
In blue and crimson gleams,
The lanterns of the fishers,
Along the brook of dreams.

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I saw the wreaths of incense
Like little ghosts arise,
From temples under Fuji,
From Fuji to the skies.

I saw that fairy mountain.
I watched it form and fade.
No doubt the gods were singing
When Nippon isle was made.

THE WAGGON

Crimson and black on the sky, a waggon of clover
Slowly goes rumbling, over the white chalk road;
And I lie in the golden grass there, wondering why
So little a thing
As the jingle and ring of the harness,
The hot creak of leather,
The peace of the plodding,
Should suddenly, stabbingly, make it
Dreadful to die.

Only, perhaps, in the same blue summer weather,
Hundreds of years ago, in this field where I lie,
Caedmon, the Saxon, was caught by the self-same thing:
The serf lying, dark with the sun, on his beautiful wain-load,
The jingle and clink of the harness,
The hot creak of leather,
The peace of the plodding,
And wondered, O terribly wondered
That men must die.

DRAKE

When Drake went out to seek for gold
Across the uncharted sea,
And saw the Western skies unfold
Their veils of mystery,
To lure him through the fevered hours
As nigh to death he lay,
There floated thro' the foreign flowers
A breath of English may:

ALFRED NOYES

And back to Devon shores again
His dreaming spirit flew
Over the splendid Spanish Main
To haunts his boyhood knew,
Whispering "God forgive the blind
Desire that made me roam,
I've sailed around the world to find
The sweetest way to home."

THE RETURN OF THE HOME-BORN

All along the white chalk coast
The mist lifts clear.
Wight is glimmering like a ghost
The ship draws near.
Little inch-wide meadows,
Lost so many a day,
The first time I knew you
Was when I turned away.

Island—little island—
Lost so many a year,
Mother of all I leave behind—
Draw me near!—
Mother of half the rolling world,
And Oh, so little and gray,
The first time I found you
Was when I turned away.

Over yon green water
Sussex lies;
But the slow mists gather
In our eyes.
England, little island,
God, how dear!
Fold me in your mighty arms,
Draw me near.

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Little tawny roofs of home
Nestling in the gray,
Where the smell of Sussex loam
Blows across the bay. . . .
Fold me, teach me, draw me close,
Lest in death I say
The first time I loved you
Was when I turned away.

OLD GREY SQUIRREL

A great while ago there was a schoolboy,
He lived in a cottage by the sea:
And the very first thing he could remember
Was the rigging of the schooners by the quay.

He could watch them when he woke, from his window,
With the tall cranes hoisting out the freight,
And he used to think of shipping as a sea-cook
And sailing to the Golden Gate.

For he used to buy the yellow penny-dreadfuls
And read them where he fished for conger-eels,
And listen to the lapping of the water,
The green and oily water round the keels.

There were trawlers with their shark-mouthed flat-fish
And red nets hanging out to dry;
And the skate the skipper kept because he liked 'em,
And landsmen never knew the fish to fry.

There were brigantines with timber out of Norrøway,
Oozing with the syrups of the pine.
There were rusty dusty schooners out of Sunderland,
And ships of the White Star Line.

And to tumble down a hatch into the cabin,
Was better than the best of broken rules;
For the smell of 'em was like a Christmas dinner,
And the feel of 'em was like a box of tools.

“OLE LUK-OIE”

And before he went to sleep in the evening,
The very last thing that he could see
Was the sailor-men a-dancing in the moonlight
By the capstan that stood upon the quay.

*He is perched upon a high stool in London;
The Golden Gate is very far way.
They caught him and they caged him like a squirrel,
He is adding up accounts and going grey.*

*He will never, never, never sail to 'Frisco;
But the very last thing that he will see,
Will be sailor-men a-dancing in the sunrise
By the capstan that stood upon the quay . . .*

*To the tune of an old concertina,
By the capstan that stood upon the quay.*

“OLE LUK-OIE” (MAJOR-GEN. SIR ERNEST DUNLOP SWINTON)

WHAT THE MULBERRY SAW

Once upon a time, in the Vale of Kashmir, close to the edge of Jhelum River, stood a mulberry tree.

My dear, in the way of fruit it was the most gorgeous tree that ever was. But it was still young; and, though some of its branches overhung the water, its trunk was not thick. The time of year was towards the middle of July, when the fruit was getting ripe. The ground was strewn with the luscious purple berries, and the still air, humming with flies and wasps, was sickly-sweet with the smell of the fruit which lay rotting on the ground. The tree was but a yard or two from the water's edge. I tell you, it was the most luxuriant tree in the whole of fair Kashmir, where everything is luxuriant.

Naturally, therefore, it had many enemies. The birds were bad enough, but not the worst. For one thing they saw so many trees as they flew about that in the mulberry season they became surfeited and did not want to eat very much in any one place. They were never really hungry. Moreover, they were small and could attack one berry only at a time.

Baloo, the bear, on the other hand, was a terror. Not only did he love the fruit dearly. He could never eat too much and, once up a tree, would

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continue steadily feeding all night. One of the commonest sounds, indeed, beyond the cough of Bagheera, or "Spots," the prowling leopard, to break the silence of the jungle on a still night was the scrabbling rattle of Baloo's claws against the bark as he climbed a tree, the sharp crackling reports as he wrenched off branch after branch, and then the indescribable guzzling sound of his feeding. He ate as much as he knew how, but he was such a greedy, clumsy feeder that he destroyed more than he ate; and when he descended to the ground after a gorge and slowly shambled off homewards he was a sight, snout, right up to his prick ears and little pig's eyes, stained purple and black with the juice which dripped from his muzzle as he swayed from side to side on his way slantwise up the hill. The mulberries did not love Baloo.

They had a short life; and they knew it. And they sometimes thought of their end which approached only too quickly. In the ordinary way what they looked forward to was a happy growth to maturity undefiled by touch of bird or bear until the moment when, over-full of juice and saturated with sunshine, they should drop gently from sheer ripeness on to the soft ground below and expire gradually in an exquisite aromatic death in the very place where so many of their predecessors had passed away. That was the ideal. A less comfortable but more adventurous fate, and one far superior to the sudden disappearance in the dark crop of bird or maw of beast, was the possible portion of those berries which grew on the branches above the river. This was, when their time was full come, to drop with a splash into the placid stream.

Well, it was early morning, in reality, just after the screech of dawn, after what had been a dreadful night, for Baloo had paid a nocturnal visit to the best mulberry tree in all Kashmir. There was just sufficient light in the sky for small objects to be distinguished even under the tree. On the rotting fruit, amongst a litter of leaves freshly fallen, torn branches and snapped twigs, lay two mulberries side by side. One was over-ripe and had obviously been on the ground for some days, for it was almost shapeless; but it was not dead. The other, which lay actually touching it, was freshly fallen. It was some inch and a half in length and quite hard and perky. So far from having dropped from ripeness it was still a bright red, not even wine colour. In normal circumstances it would not have reached the mulberry cemetery for some days.

Suddenly the dark-hued shapeless berry spoke in a hoarse peevish whisper.

"So it's *you*, is it? I wondered what fell on me last night. But what on

“OLE LUK-OIE”

earth has brought you down? You've no business here. You're not due for this place yet. You've hardly grown out of your greenness. And you are not on any of the branches that that clumsy fool Baloo tore down last night.”

“Yes; it's me all right,” replied the red berry in a hard squeak which was a great contrast to the other's thick voice. “I'm sorry if I hurt you, but you saved me a nasty jar. I don't know what happened.”

“Don't know? What d'you mean? Surely you realised what Baloo was doing for at least a couple of hours? Clumsy guzzling brute!”

“Yes. *I* knew well enough. Wasn't I trembling and sweating juice at every pore for——?”

“Sweating juice? Juice, indeed! I like that. The way you youngsters talk. Why, you haven't a drop of juice in you yet. You're as hard and dry as a, as a——” The old one did not complete his sentence. He shook himself and exuded a bead of inky black liquid as he collapsed into a still more vague shape like an elongated sea anemone. He continued, “You've no right to be here. No bird pecked you off in the middle of the night. You did not come down on a branch torn off by Baloo; and he doesn't pick single immature children and throw them down for fun.”

“Oh, all right. Youth is a thing that's soon remedied. I daresay I shall be rotten too, soon,” was the snappish reply.

“Rotten? What d'you mean by 'too'? Who's rotten? If you mean experienced and mellow, why, I admit——”

“Yes, that's what I meant really,” said the youngster, who had no desire to wrangle, having been somewhat jarred by his fall, in spite of the cushion he fell on. “What I was going to say is that I don't know what did happen. Baloo was up there for ages rampaging and snorting and snatching off whole branches and smearing our friends all over his ugly chaps; but though he was close and shook me horribly he never actually touched our own branch, and when I heard his claws rattle down the trunk I hugged myself, thinking I had escaped. I made up my mind that it was all over for the night.”

“Well?”

“It wasn't, though. He did not climb up again. But soon after he had gone down I heard a good deal of scuffling and then a terrific bang as if a clap of thunder had hit the trunk. The whole tree vibrated, and it was all I could do to hang on. You remember how whippy our branch always was?”

“Yes, yes. Go on.”

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"Then, before I recovered there was another bang and off I was jerked into space and felt myself falling, falling, until I hit something softish with a thud which made me see stars. I suppose, from what you said, that that was you. I don't remember anything more till you spoke just now."

"Yes, it *was* me; very much me. Very convenient for your skin, no doubt, though you're hard enough in all conscience. I'd have you know that I did not come to earth to be a buffer for people who quit home without reason." The old 'un pondered for a moment. "After all, I—I'm not sure that you did not have some excuse, not at all sure." He wheezed again.

"Well, you don't suppose I wanted to come down out of the sun into this mouldy place so soon. I haven't absorbed nearly enough heat yet. What is your theory?"

"It isn't a theory. It's fact. It's what I saw. With my own eyes I saw something which ought to please you whose young life has been cut short prematurely by Baloo."

"It wasn't Baloo, don't I tell you? He'd gone down. It was thunder."

"Nonsense, child. Don't be sillie. It was a beautiful moonlight night, as you know. Listen. As I lay here comfortable in my snug bed Baloo came mooching up. The clumsy brute nearly put one hairy pad on me. He then climbed the tree, and I heard the usual racket up above; and there was such a rain of leaves and twigs, I couldn't sleep a wink. Then after about two hours Spots slinks up and goes right up to the tree. After listening for a minute or two to the racket up above he gave two great coughs. I don't know whether he wanted to startle Baloo or to tease him. Baloo evidently heard the second cough and rushed down in a panic, nearly tumbling as he came. When he saw Spots he was furious and his language was—there! He rushed at him and tried to catch him. But the trunk was just large enough for Spots to keep just out of his way by cantering round. Baloo, who had made a very heavy meal, off *our* relations, soon began to puff and blow, and sat down facing the tree trunk with his tongue out; and Spots stopped still on the opposite side of the tree. I saw it all. Then Spots got tired of the game, and felt vicious, or perhaps had a grudge to pay off on Baloo, for he did not go away, but played such a trick on him. I can't help laughing when I think of it!"

The old mulberry wheezed again and almost choked, and as his deliquescent sides shook he seemed to sink more and more into the ground.

“OLE LUK-OIE”

He did not speak for some moments, and when he went on his voice was weaker.

“Suddenly Spots put his head right round close to the trunk, and pulled a face at Baloo. I saw him. He made a silly, insulting grimace, as much as to say, ‘You can’t touch me, you silly old mulberry-eating sack of fruit. Yah!’ Baloo, of course, lost his head, and with a ‘Wouf’ hit at Spots’ face, which was withdrawn just in time, so that Baloo caught the trunk a terrific whack—‘Pam.’”

“Ah,” said the youngster, as he sucked in his breath.

“Before Baloo withdrew his claws, which were deeply embedded in the bark, Spots put his face round the other side of the tree and did the same again. Baloo, who was now lost to all reason, again gave a mighty swipe and hit—,” here the narrator chuckled, “—just nothing except the tree, of course—”

“Yes, it *was* a whack. That’s what must have done for me.”

“—and his other paw was also held tight.”

“Tee-hee,” sniggered the red berry.

“But wait. That’s not the end.” The old ’un was really quivering with excitement at the recollection. “Then Spots darted round and jumped like a streak on to Baloo’s back, tore at his neck with his teeth, and clawed his throat and eyes. And by the time the gorged and stupid old glutton had got his claws free from the bark, Spots was off up the hill with a snarl of derision. I saw it all in the moonlight quite clearly, and poor old Baloo crawled away now half blinded. And listen,” the voice was lower and more impressive, “there was by then more of his own blood on his face than that of our comrades. That will teach him. ’Pon my word! I saw it, I saw it all. Never in my born days have I seen such a——”

And then, my dear, the squidgy old thing’s voice faded away into a soft gurgle; the excitement of recounting his night’s experience was too much. And when the red mulberry stared at him lying in a patch of the sunlight which was filtering through the tree above, he saw a quivering black, gelatinous mass like a blob of tar, which subsided into stillness as he gazed.

“Such a what?” he asked.

But there was no reply from the blob, which had lost all semblance to a mulberry being. A great striped hornet suddenly alighted on it, and the young ’un saw its stripy-wipy body and wicked sting waving as the insect slowly absorbed the juices of his old friend. Then he understood.

THE DOLLS' HOUSE LIBRARY

E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

THE VILLA DEVERON, CAGNES, A.M., FRANCE

I am living here in the largest dolls' house the fairies ever built.

It is painted pink and it is covered with clustering roses and wistaria. There are olive trees in the garden and orange and lemon trees, clumps of heliotrope, Judas trees and one gaunt olive tree tired of living by itself, over which the wild roses have run riot.

* * * *

The piazza is encircled with red and yellow roses, a dream of colour and a miracle of odour. When the faint breeze steals across from the sea, the petals fall like flakes of coloured snow and the fragrance of them is shaken out, so that one dreams of fairy palaces and Persian gardens. They lie soft and velvety upon the table-cloth till the Queen Fairy of the Villa sweeps them into a deep china bowl and sets them out in the sunshine to dry, for she knows that flower leaves which are dried in the sunlight keep their perfume for ever, and so when winter comes we shall still have our roses with us.

Bordering my villa is a wall covered with mauve and blue wistaria, with here and there a cluster of pink roses. Between my villa and the sea is a tangled copse in which tall yellow irises grow, rising like golden stars amongst the coarse marsh grasses, and in the meadows around are English daisies and a few buttercups and purple field orchids, and here and there a chestnut tree in full blossom, pink tinged with white and white tinged with pink. No one who has not looked at them closely can realise how exquisite a thing the blossom of a chestnut tree can be.

But these, as the Queen Doll of my villa tells me, are the near things. They are beautiful, but there is a setting more beautiful still. Upon a hill in the foreground stands the ancient town of Cagnes, grey as the stony hills, glorified with the storms and sunshine of countless generations, a City where Architecture has yielded to Nature, for it seems indeed as though the finger of God had carved the outline of those houses and left them there an imperishable memorial of the Art which made the world beautiful before Artists were. Behind is the fruitful valley of St. Paul and St. Jeannet, a valley of deep and flowing undulations green with the morning dew, rich with the loving warmth of the sun, where flowers and vineyards flourish and fruits and vegetables steal out of the earth in kindly profusion. And further away still, the snow-clad mountains, pink when the sun rises, violet when the

BARRY PAIN

thunder threatens, white as the soul of my Queen Doll when the Sun rides in the Heavens and the day flourishes.

* * * *

All these things my dolls may see when they wander out from my villa at dawn or at midday, at twilight or at midnight, only when the darkness comes if they would see everything they must call for the Fairies.

* * * *

They will never call in vain because the Fairies are always to be found in beautiful places.

* * * *

At least, my Queen Doll says so.

BARRY PAIN

MAUD

Once upon a time there was a little girl called Maud. She had three other names, but they were rather long, and would take up the whole of one of these pages. And that would never do. So we will just call her Maud.

She sowed forget-me-not seed in the garden. She did it so well and took so much care of it that it came up and looked promising. And afterwards she never went near it, so the gardener said: "Seem to have lost interest in that myosotis of yours, Miss."

And Maud said: "You don't keep on wanting a thing after you've got it." The gardener said that Maud was a rum kid.

One day Maud's nurse told her that if she was good she would go to heaven when she died, and described heaven to her.

"Yes," said Maud, "and where do I go after that?"

Nurse said that Maud was a very wicked little girl to talk like that. The very idea of it!

One day Maud saw a beautiful wax doll in a shop window; she thought she wanted that doll very much, but she had not sufficient capital at her command to buy it.

Now Maud had a rich Uncle Willie—have you noticed that all uncles are rich?—and he bought the doll as a birthday present for Maud. She thanked him very politely.

But Maud never played with the doll after Uncle Willie had left, and her mother asked her why. Maud wriggled her shoulders.

"Well," she said, "it's nothing to look forward to any more."

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Gradually Maud grew up, as little girls so often do. At eighteen some thought that she was very beautiful, and others said that her eyes were too sad.

It was then that, on a June evening, she met him for the first time. They danced together most of the night. He was handsome and as graceful as a tom-cat. She drove home in the early sunlight with violins singing in her ears and a pervading scent of heliotrope in the air. Afterwards they met often, and he made love to her after his manner. And most people said that they were made for each other and that it was a sure thing.

But the young man had ambition, and so had his mamma. They agreed that he was destined for a great social and political career. Now a great career is an expensive article to buy. And the young man had very little money, and Maud could not have much more until Uncle Willie died, and Uncle Willie looked as if he did not mean to die for quite a long time. So they saw that it would never do.

"You must break off that silly engagement," said Mamma. "You must marry money—lots of money. It is essential."

So the young man went to see Maud and he was very soulful but business-like. He said that he should love her until the sea gave up its dead. But he heard the voice of his country calling him, and so did Mamma. His place was in the House of Commons, but considerable expense would be involved in getting there. So he had determined to make the great sacrifice and to marry a lady who would be able and willing to finance his career. Tears stood in his eyes as he spoke. He was not quite sure whether he was a hero or a martyr, but he had no doubt that he was acting nobly. In truth he was always acting.

He had one or two moments of nervousness. Maud was so strangely quiet and self-possessed.

Apparently she did not hear his request for one last embrace. She shook hands with him cordially, and said it was better to find out a mistake before it had done any actual harm, and she wished him great success. Shortly afterwards he married Rebecca, the daughter of a nose-y but intelligent gentleman who had made a fortune out of the Great War. And in time he achieved the success. He had many of the qualifications for it, including selfishness and conceit.

But Maud, her eyes bedimmed with love, could not see him as he was. She did not condemn him. Her love turned neither to hate nor to despair. She never saw him nor spoke to him again. But she went on

BARRY PAIN

loving him, and in her memory he seemed to grow more and more beautiful.

She considered the people she knew whose love had been crowned by marriage. Some of them had been married a long time and were still happy, but it was a grey, quiet happiness, and the roses of romance were faded: so surely as we climb the height must we come down to the valley. And many others were not happy, and could not bear to be together any more.

She knew that for her the roses of romance would never die, and that the love which lives on nothing lives long.

And she remembered that as a child the work had always been more to her than the result, and the desire more than the satisfaction; and completion—even the completion of heaven—had not been welcome to her. She thought this was her eccentricity: it was the proof that she was a true artist.

A year later her former lover read that Uncle Willie had died and left Maud his fortune. He sighed deeply. He wished he had known this would happen. Rebecca was wealthy, but she was somewhat over-ripe and he did not like some of her ways nor any of her relations.

And in a few months Maud also died of some quite unromantic disease. A little before her death she said: "I think I have had all the best things in life."

Nobody knew what she meant.

May 1922.

MAX PEMBERTON

LION HEART

LION HEART AND HIS FRIENDS

CHAPTER I

Lion Heart used to play with his friends Merry Fellow and the Timid One on the great flat fens of the land of Eros. There were mountains far away beyond the fen: but the children did not see them though they knew that elves and fairies came to play in the fens also and many other boys, some with white jackets who were rich and some with grey jackets, they were poor. Lion Heart and his friends used to play a game called Woogles.

Sometimes the ball would go rolling away among the beautiful flowers, and the boys would forget all about it and sit down to talk and laugh

THE DOLLS' HOUSE LIBRARY

with the elves and the fairies who lived in the buttercups and whose laughter was like the sound of silver bells.

One day when the ball had gone rolling away and Merry Fellow was laughing loudly because a fairy was tickling his ear with a leaf, Lion Heart found himself face to face with a bent old man whose kindly face attracted him greatly. "Who are you?" he asked. "I am the King of the Mountains," answered the old man. "What are mountains?" asked Lion Heart, while the others gathered round, wondering at the old fellow's appearance, his bent back and his crooked stick. "Look up," said the old man, "you are now old enough to see. There are the mountains, and you must climb one of them if you really wish to see the great world and know all about it." Then the children looked up, and for the first time they saw the mountains, some lofty, some quite small. "Oh," said Lion Heart, "I will climb the highest I see." Timid Fellow, however, declared that he would climb the smallest. "For," said he, "I am so small, I should fall off." "No, no," said the old man, "you will not fall if you have courage. Look at me. I am always climbing though my back is bent with my burdens and I carry in my hand but this oaken staff which was cut in the land of Good Endeavour."

Timid One still declared that he would never have the courage to go, for he remembered the stories of buttercups filled with lions' tears, which were far away at the edge of the plain; but Lion Heart determined to set out at once, though Merry Fellow laughed so much that he could not stir a step. "Laugh when your work is done," said the old man. "Let your merriment be earned, or laughter may turn to grief." To Lion Heart, however, he gave his blessing, saying, "Forget not, my son, that where you are strong others are weak: and forget none by the way that need your help. Know that the tears of lions are shed by those who have cowards for sons."

So Lion Heart set out bravely, but hardly had he gone to the foot of the mountains when he met Grey Jacket, who was very poor and sought to climb but had nobody to show him the way or to lend him a helping hand. Eager as Lion Heart was, he could not leave Grey Jacket by the roadside, and so he bade him come. "And my strength shall serve us both," he said.

Then they set out upon their long journey, wondering if the old man spoke the truth, and how he, who was so very old, managed to get to the top of the mountain at all.

Moreover, it fell very dark, and then Grey Jacket hung back until Lion Heart took his hand and began to help him up the steep path.

MAX PEMBERTON

“The day shall find us sitting under the Sun,” he said—and he believed it—just because the old man had told him it should be so.

ON THE MOUNTAIN TOP

CHAPTER II

The lions roared terribly as the boys climbed and all kinds of strange hobgoblins appeared by the way; but when Grey Jacket trembled sometimes, Lion Heart showed so brave a face that the lions merely snarled at him and turned away. So at last they climbed the first of the mountains, and then to their very great astonishment they found the Old Man awaiting them. But he was clothed as a King and he lived in a beautiful palace of gold and ivory, and hundreds of servants in beautiful liveries waited upon him, and he gave the two boys a great feast and introduced them to his little daughter Beryl, who was the most beautiful girl in the world—and to her sister, Faith, whom many thought as pretty, though one was dark and the other fair.

“My children,” said the King, “you have climbed this mountain, but it is only the first of many, and you shall climb all your lives until at last you see the City on the Hill where a greater than I shall reward you. Look down now and see what a dark place was that valley you have left, though Merry Fellow is still there laughing and Timid One is looking for lions’ tears.” So they looked down and were glad.

JOSEPH PENNELL

THOUGHTS

These pregnant thoughts are culled from many which were written to my wife during her lifetime (although unknown to her) with a hope that one day I should have them printed.

That realisation is now gone for ever!

And it is here for the first time that I send a portion of them forthwith.

A good life is the readiest way to secure a good name.

The Law of Life is Love.

A righteous indignation is a godly thing.

To work for others is the greatest aim in life.

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Chopin! Chopin! thy sweet soul
Hath rendered unto Earth
The Melody of Heaven!

The beauty of old age outweighs all that has gone before.

A Pure Heart, a Quiet Mind, a Contented Soul,
Is all that one would wish for here below.

One of the most pathetic sights in this world is to see the beautiful smile
on the face of the Blind.

Poetry: the sweetest song this Earth has heard!

A careless life is not worth the living.

If one lives merely for one's self, one pays a terrible price for so doing.

“ Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the Eternal Silence!”

Beauty!—An impression on the mind, which never dies.

The greatest day of my Life will be, when I shall pass from this World
to the Next.

EDEN PHILLPOTTS

Mr. Phillpotts, true to his Devon, has copied from *The River* (1902) a passage in
praise of the Dart, and from *The Mother* (1913) a passage entitled “Life.”

SIR ARTHUR W. PINERO

LITTLE FABLES

I

CONSOLATION

Johnson, a sufferer from insomnia, was bewailing his miseries to
Thompson, who invariably slept through the night like a log. “Ah,”

SIR ARTHUR W. PINERO

said Thompson cheerfully, "we imagine we lie awake. As a matter of fact, we all get more sleep than we suppose."

II

DECADENCE

A man who had become partially deaf suddenly gave up the habit of playgoing. Asked the reason, he replied with a sniff, "I prefer to sit at home and read a book. The art of clear enunciation is lost to the English stage."

III

THE REDEEMING QUALITY

Two oxen browsing in a field, both conscious at the back of their horns that they were soon to be slaughtered, were conversing sadly on current topics. They talked of Bernard Shaw, and one condemned him for his lack of patriotism. "I hear Mr. Shaw is a vegetarian," remarked the other. "Ah," said the first ox quickly, "I dare say the man is very much maligned."

IV

A SHOOTING PARTY

A City gentleman who rented a small estate in Surrey had his friends down from London for a day's sport. The morning was wearing away but still the host, though obviously impatient, showed no disposition to start for the covers. At length one of the guests approached him and said, "My dear fellow, time's gettin' on. We shan't blow off a single gun at this rate." "I know, dear boy, I know," replied the host distractedly, "but the fact is, the birds haven't come yet."

MORAL:—A Pheasant in the hand is worth two hundred in the railway train.

V

THE BEAUTY OF AGE

An old lady sat for her portrait to a professional photographer. The sitting over, she said, emphatically, "Now, Mr. Brown, listen to me! No touching up of the negative; no removing a single wrinkle! Age has its beauty as well as Youth. I'm seventy-five, and I'm proud of it." In due course she received her "proofs" and within an hour was at the photographer's again. Flinging the pictures down before him, she exclaimed,

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"An insult! A positive insult! Why, you've made me look like a woman of eighty!"

MORAL:—"Beauty is truth, truth beauty"; but you may have too much of a good thing.

VI

CONGRATULATIONS

The late Sir Herbert Tree and the writer of these impressive fables received the honour of knighthood on the same occasion. A friend of both, writing to congratulate us, inadvertently put his notes in the wrong envelopes. The note which reached me read as follows: "My dear Tree, Hearty congratulations. You ought to have had it long ago. But why Pinero?" I sent the document to Tree, and in exchange got the note intended for me. It was this: "My dear Pinero, Hearty congratulations. You ought to have had it long ago. But why Tree?"

MORAL:—Be careful how you congratulate newly made Knights.

January 6th, 1922.

SIR FREDERICK POLLOCK

QUEEN TITANIA'S CHANCELLOR

Titania, said Oberon, shall we have lawyers in our palace? Ask the children, said Titania.

So they did, and the good little children said they had no need of laws, and the naughty ones said they would not endure them. But those who were old enough to be Scouts and Guides said that even the best people cannot work together without law and discipline.

So be it, said Oberon. Now, shall our judges have wigs?

Rather, said Titania, shall our wigs have judges? For without his wig a judge is but a man, and without the judge a wig is still a wig.

Good, said Oberon. Do you design a wig, and we will seek a Chancellor to fit the pattern.

So Titania designed a wig (as only the Fairy Queen could), such that the head which fitted it would be perfect in the proportions of wisdom, valour, justice, and mercy that make a perfect judge. And fairy messengers were sent all the world over to seek the fortunate man whose head should fit the wig.

One came back from India and reported thus to the Queen: So please your Grace, I have not found a Chancellor, but I have found a motto for his chair.—Let me see it, said Titania.

SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH

See here the device of the princes of Jaipur, said the messenger.
So Titania took it and read (for the Fairy Queen understands all
tongues):

पथो धर्मं तथो जै

which is, being interpreted: With Righteousness goeth Victory.
And the Queen was well pleased with that device, and decreed that it
should be inscribed on the chair.
But the fairy messengers are still seeking the man with the perfect head.

Explicit ystoria de REGINE TITANIE Cancellario propriis digitis meis
conscripta. Ista senex lusi set ludo vera reclusi.

SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH

SAGE COUNSEL

(1)

The Lion is the beast to fight;
He leaps along the plain;
And if you run with all your might,
He runs with all his mane!
I'm glad I'm not a Hottentot,
But, if I were, with outward cal-lum
I'd either faint upon the spot,
Or hie me up a leafy pal-lum.

(2)

The Chamois is the beast to hunt;
He's fleeter than the wind;
And when the Chamois is in front
The hunter is behind:
The Tyrolese make famous cheese,
And hunt the Chamois o'er the Chaz-zums;
I'd choose the former, if you please,
For precipices give me Spaz-zums.

(3)

The Polar Bear will make a rug
Almost as white as snow:
But if he gets you in his hug,
He rarely lets you go:

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And Polar ice looks very nice
With all the colours of a priz-zum;
But, if you'll follow my advice,
Stay home and learn your Catechiz-zum.

A CHILD'S CAROL

Naked boy, brown boy,
In the snow deep,
Piping, carolling
Folks out of sleep;
Little shoes, thin shoes,
All so wet and worn—
But I bring the merry news
—Christ is born!

Rise, pretty mistress!
Don a gay silk;
Give me for my good news
Bread and new milk.
Joy, joy in Jewry
This very morn!
Far and far I carry it
—Christ is born!

Back, back in Bethl'em,
By the moon still,
There I saw a shepherd
Sitting on a hill:
"Boy," said he, "bonny boy,
Take you this horn,
Wend you now and wind it
—Christ is born!"

And whenever people
Hear the merry blast,
Bells in every steeple,
Flags on every mast,
Holy boughs and holly
Adore and adorn,
Far and far and jubilant
—Christ is born!

SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH

Therefore I would have you
People comprehend
Christ is born in Bethl'em
For to be your friend:
For to bear the agony,
For to wear the thorn,
For to die on Calvary
—Christ is born!

ANOTHER CAROL

Fling out, fling out your windows wide!
I bring you joy this Christmas-tide:
To-day is born in Bethlehem
A son of royal David's stem:
Then sing and rest you satisfied—
In Excelsis Gloria!

“Where is that royal Babe arrayed?”
Lo! He is in a manger laid:
The Lord of life an ox's guest—
But warm He lies on Mary's breast.
Then sing and rest you undismayed.

“How may we find His manger bed?”
There shines a star above His head,
And choirs of viewless Cherubin
Shall guide you to that humble inn:
Then sing and rest you comforted.

“And is it He that should be sent?”
Three kings came from the Orient
A-riding with the tokens three
From Ind, Cathay and Arabye:
Then sing and rest you confident.

“What bringeth He, this new-born King?”
Lo! all good gifts there are to bring.
'Tis He shall turn your tears to mirth,
And send good will and peace on earth:
Then kneel and rest you worshipping—
In Excelsis Gloria!

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HOLY INNOCENTS

Us Herod slew,
Willing to slay the infant Christ, our Lord.
But from the sword
Our tender life in globes of lighted dew
Trickled and twinkling ran
Before Him to the waste Egyptian,
Gilding His way like glow-worms on the sward.

Now in His house
He draweth us to deck the Christmas fir
From chest of myrrh:
Whom as Aunt Mary bindeth on the boughs,
Her eyes drop happy rain
For sorrow past—and lo! we live again
As babies, trembling in the tears of her.

EXMOOR VERSES

I. VASHTI'S SONG

Over the rim of the Moor,
And under a starry sky,
Two men came to my door,
And rested them thereby.

Beneath the bough and the star,
In a whispering foreign tongue,
They talked of a land afar,
And the merry days so young!

Beneath the dawn and the bough
I heard them arise and go;
And my heart it is aching now
For the more it will never know.

Why did they two depart
Before I could understand?
Where lies that land, O my heart?
—O my heart, where lies that land?

SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH

II. THE LEAST OF THESE

“Lord, in Thy Courts
Are seats so green bestow’d,
As there resorts
Along the dusty road
A cavalcade—King, Bishop, Knight and Judge:
And though I toil behind and meanly trudge,
Let me, too, lie upon that pleasant sward,
For I am weary, Lord.

“Christ, at Thy board
Are wines and dishes drest
That do afford
Contentment to the best.
And though with Poverty my bed hath been
These many years, and my refreshment lean,
With plenty now at last my soul acquaint,
Dear Master, for I faint.”

But through the grille,
“Where is thy Robe?” said He:
“Wouldst eat thy fill,
Yet shirk civility?”
“My Robe, alas!—there was a little child
That shivered by the road——” Swiftly God smiled:
“I was that Child,” said He, and raised the pin:
“Dear friend, enter thou in!”

W. PETT RIDGE

Mr. Pett Ridge, our best reader of the Londoner’s heart, has copied a characteristic passage from one of the most popular of his many novels, *Mord Em’ly* (1898).

“RITA”

Mrs. Desmond Humphreys, who is known to a grateful multitude of readers as “Rita,” has copied a passage from her novel, *The Road to Anywhere* (1922).

ELIZABETH ROBINS

The author of that fascinating story of polar exploration and the magnetic north, *Come and Find Me* (1908), has copied the dedication to Florence Bell from the 1922 edition and passages from Chapters XXIV and XXV.

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A. MARY F. ROBINSON (Madame Duclaux)

This poignant little book is entitled *Small Songs*, and it contains twenty-four poems, of which I have made a choice of eight, with regret that there is not room for all. At the end of the book are these words, "Songs copied by my own hand in Paris, 88 rue de Varenne, Jan.-Mar. 1922.—M. D."

EVOCATION

(PRINCESS MARY OF TECK)

In Florence, years and years ago
I watched an English maiden go
Her daily walk down Arno side;
I praised her gallant girlish stride,
The blonde, the bounteous plaits of hair,
The rosy face and pleasant mien.
"England herself, I said, goes there!"
Nor deemed I spoke of England's Queen.

A PASTORAL

1

It was Whit Sunday yesterday
The neighbours met at church to pray;
But I remembered it was May
And went a-wandering far away.

2

I rested on a shady lawn,
Behind I heard the branches torn,
And through the gap there looked a Faun,
Green ivy hung from either horn.

3

We built ourselves a flowery house
With roof and walls of tangled boughs,
But while we sat and made carouse
The church bells drowned our songs and vows.

4

The light died out and left the sky,
We sighed and rose and said good-bye.
We had forgotten,—He and I—
That he was dead, that I must die.

A. MARY F. ROBINSON

TREE-TALK

Might I understand, O Trees!
Your green and rustling voices:
All you whisper to the breeze
With hushing, swishing noises:

Sorrows of the souging pines,
Delight of limes a-flutter,
Hermit-joys the beech divines,
Or spells the old oak-woods mutter;

Might I share, O talking boughs,
Your deep mysterious spirit—
I'd renounce the life, the vows,
The soul that I inherit!

ALL SAINTS

I

Within the brown November wood
I love to rest upon a stone
And touch the heart of solitude
My dog beside me, all alone.
So still the squirrels call at play,
While through the thicket screams the jay.

2

Across the valley, darkly blue,
The hills upon the further side
Appear the birchen-branches through
And bough from golden bough divide;
Mid-air the russet kestrel flies
And fills the valley with her cries.

3

There is no wind: the wood is still;
And yet, methinks a fitful breeze
Must rush in gusts along the hill;
For—with a shiver in the trees,
A thud, a dull mysterious 'plop!'—
The leaves in tawny packets drop.

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4

My dog disturbs his crumpled ears
And whines asleep and dreams anew,
While I, who chide him for his fears,
I start and have my vision too. . . .
Nature! I feel Thee all around!
And know the place is holy ground.

5

So, even as little shepherd-girls
Behold the Virgin, all in white,
Float in a mist of rose and pearls
Across the wanness of the night
And faint in a delicious fear,—
I feel a vaster Presence here!

RETROSPECT

I

Here, beside my Paris fire, I sit alone and ponder
All my life of long ago that lies so far asunder;
"Here, how came I thence?" I say, and greater grows the wonder
As I recall the farms and fields and placid hamlets yonder.

2

See! The meadow-sweet is white against the watercourses,
Marshy lands are kingcup-gay, and bright with streams and sources.
Dew-bespangled shines the hill where half-abloom the gorse is,
And all the northern fallows steam beneath the ploughing horses.

3

There's the red-brick-chimneyed house, the ivied haunt of swallows,
All its garden up and down and full of hills and hollows,
Past the lawn, the sunken fence whose brink the laurel follows
And then the knee-deep pasture where the herd for ever wallows.

4

So, they've cut the lilac-bush! A thousand, thousand pities!
'Twas the blue old-fashioned sort, that never grows in cities;
There we little children played and chaunted aimless ditties,
While oft the old grandsire looked at us and smiled his *Nunc Dimittis!*

A. MARY F. ROBINSON

5

Green, O green with ancient peace, and full of sap, and sunny,
Lusty fields of Warwickshire, O land of milk and honey,
Might I live to pluck again a spike of agrimony,
A silver tormentilla leaf or ladysmock upon ye!

6

Patience, for I keep at heart your pure and perfect seeming,
I can see you wide awake as clearly as in dreaming
Softer, with an inner light and dearer, to my deeming,
Than when beside your brooks at noon I watched the swallows
gleaming!

THE VISION

Sometimes, when I sit musing all alone
The sick diversity of human things,
Into my soul, I know not how, there springs
The vision of a world unlike our own.

O stable Zion, perfect, endless, one,
Why hauntest thou a soul that hath no wings?
I look on thee as men on mirage-springs,
Knowing the desert bears but sand and stone.

Yet, as a passing mirror in the street
Flashes a glimpse of gardens out of range
Thro' some poor sick-room open to the heat,
So, in a world of doubt and death and change,
The Vision of Eternity is sweet.
The Vision of Eternity is strange.

THE CUP OF LIFE

In the cup of life, 'tis true,
Dwells a draught of bitter dew.—
Disenchantment, sorrow, pain,
Hunger that no bread can still,
Dreary dawns that break in vain,
Hopes that torture, joys that kill.
Yet no other cup I know
Where such radiant waters glow.

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It contains the song of birds,
And the shining of the sun,
All the sweet unspoken words
We have dreamed of, every one,—
Hearts of women, minds of men.
Take the cup, nor break it, then!

TUSCAN CYPRESS

IX

Love me to-day and think not on to-morrow!
Come, take my hands, and lead me out of doors,
There in the fields let us forget our sorrow
Talking of Venice and Ionian shores;—

Talking of all the seas innumerable
Where we will sail and sing when I am well;
Talking of Indian roses gold and red,
Which we will plait in wreaths—when I am dead.

X

There is a Siren in the middle sea
Sings all day long and wreathes her pallid hair.
Seven years you sail, and seven, ceaselessly,
From any port ere you adventure there.

Thither we'll go, and thither sail away,
Out of the world, to hear the Siren play!
Thither we'll go and hide among her tresses,
Since all the world is savage wildernesses.

XI

Tell me a story, dear, that is not true,
Strange as a vision, full of splendid things;
Here will I lie and dream it is not you,
And dream it is a mocking-bird that sings.

For if I find your voice in any part,
Even the sound of it will break my heart;
For if you speak of us and of our love,
I faint and die to feel the thrill thereof.

SIR E. DENISON ROSS

XII

Let us forget we loved each other much,
Let us forget we ever have to part,
Let us forget that any look or touch
Once let in either to the other's heart.

Only we'll sit upon the daisied grass,
And hear the larks and see the swallows pass;
Only we'll live awhile, as children play,
Without to-morrow, without yesterday.

XIV

Flower of the Cypress, little bitter bloom,
You are the only blossom left to gather;
I never prized you, grown amid the gloom,
But well you last, though all the others wither.

Flower of the Cypress, I will bind a crown
Tight round my brows, to still these fancies down.
Flower of the Cypress, I will tie a wreath
Tight round my breasts to kill the heart beneath.

SIR E. DENISON ROSS

AN OUTLINE OF DOLLERY

BY A DOLL

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH BY THE AUTHOR

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY

It is fitting that the Library of this famous house should contain at least one work of doll history: for although we have not been wont to keep written records, but have confined ourselves to purely oral tradition, our literature contains many works which throw a certain amount of light on our past.

CHAPTER II

AUTHORITIES

Apart from the *Encyclopædia Dolliana*, which has little to commend it beyond its advertisements, we have a number of personal narratives which enable us here and there to control that general historical know-

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ledge which is the common heritage of every educated doll. It is, however, unfortunate that the only works which have gained anything like a wide popularity are books of travel written by dolls who have never left their homes; or fantastic manuals of philosophy made easy, whose authors had no right to speak. Among our real classics—whose writings should be in the hands of all students of dollery—may be mentioned Grimm, Andersen, Puppenheimer, Dollmetsch, François Poupée, Manikinoff, Hsiao Jen,* Arusak the Persian,† and Ibn Tufail the Arab.‡

CHAPTER III

DISTRIBUTION OF THE DOLL RACE

The early history of our race is still shrouded in mystery, but we have every reason to believe that the first man created had children, and that those children insisted on having dolls. Our history is thus younger by one generation than that of man. According to most historians of the human race, man was the last created of the animals, and consequently the best, and as we dolls were first created immediately after man, we may claim that we are even superior to him. It is known that during the successive Ice Ages man came very near to disappearing from the face of the earth, but we have no reason to suppose that his dolls perished with him: for dolls, though prone to great self-indulgence, are impervious to cold. Many dolls have been known to melt,§ but who ever heard of a doll being frozen to death? But owing to the fact that we have no bones, our remains have never been identified by archæologists of prehistoric ages. No doll ever died a natural death, but it has never yet been ascertained what becomes of dolls who come to an end. Some scholars hold that, like birds, beasts and fishes, they just vanish from the face of the earth.||

Every country in the world has its races of dolls, and it would be invidious for the present writer to mention any races in particular, but attention may be drawn to the fact that Japan is the only country in which adequate tribute is paid to dolls by man: for there, on the third day of the third month of every year a public festival is held in honour of the doll.

* Literally "The Little Man," the Chinese for a doll.

† Literally "The Little Bride."

‡ The Son of the Little Child.

§ See Waxman, *The Experiences of a Doll During the Great Fire of London*, pp. 47 et seq.

|| See Puppenheimer, *The Immortality of Dolls*, Vol. II, pp. 8-16.

SIR E. DENISON ROSS

CHAPTER IV

THE WOOD AGE, THE CLAY-AND-WOOD AGE, TO THE WAX OR GOLDEN AGE

The oldest dolls which have come down to us intact are those of Egypt and of Greece. The Egyptian doll, made entirely of wood, sometimes reached quite a high standard; but the Greek doll, which has a terracotta body, and arms and legs of wood, is a source of pride to all our race. In the British Museum, for example, may be seen some beautiful Greek dolls dating from the 5th century B.C., with jointed arms and legs, and with bodies as perfectly modelled as the statues of the great masters.*

The Wax Age, which may be called the Golden Age of Doll History, no doubt overlapped with the Clay-and-Wood Age; and in certain countries a definite Wood-and-Wax Age has been recorded. There can, however, be no question that the Super-Doll is the all-wax type.

CHAPTER V

DECADENCE: THE RAG TIME

Until comparatively recent times dolls have conformed strictly to the fashion of their country and their time, and one can usually tell by its clothes to what land and period an elderly doll belongs; but the future student of puppology, or doll-lore, may have more difficulty when dealing with the present century; and this brings us to our next section.

THE CLOTH AGE, OTHERWISE KNOWN AS THE RAG TIME

During the last decades of the so-called nineteenth century there was observed a strange tendency to make dolls of cloth, and even of rags, and to produce creatures that were above all ugly and ridiculous;† even black dolls with fuzzy heads attained great popularity,‡ and it seemed for a time as if the æsthetic doll were about to be relegated to a position of inferiority.

Another sign of decadence was observable in the strange ascendancy

* See *The Doll's Guide to the British Museum*, and also the admirable article in *Hamley's Magazine* for April, 1923.

† I have purposely refrained from discussing the india-rubber doll, which of course, is not real.

‡ See article in the *Encyclopædia Dolliana* on "The Rising Tide of Colour," where we are told that such dolls were known as "Golliwogs."

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gained among human children by the Teddy Bear.* In all times certain animals have been promoted to the honour of children's embraces, but, as far as we know, it was not until the Rag Time that real dolls were ever replaced by sham bears.†

CHAPTER VI

RENAISSANCE

ANCIENT IDEALS AND MODERN TENDENCIES

We now hold that better times are in prospect, and that we are gradually emerging from the dark age of Rag Time. No better proof of this could be offered than the care which has been bestowed on the wonderful house for whose library this little work is intended. The period of decadence coincided, curiously enough, with a corresponding decadence in human art, especially that of painting, and there are many indications which warrant the belief that dolls and men alike are emerging from the gloom of ugliness back into the light of beauty.

CHAPTER VII

CONCLUSION

No man, as far as we are aware, has ever learnt our language,‡ though many of us have learnt to speak men's tongues. Those who have done so, however, have never revealed their inmost thoughts to men; they have, indeed, been consistently reticent, confining themselves to terms of endearment such as "Mamma" and "Papa," and thus it comes about that no man has ever known what dolls think about.

I can only trust that what I have written will not be adversely criticised by other dolls; for I have avoided as far as possible any allusion to our Weltanschauung, or what we really think of human beings.

* We may mention in this connection the heated controversy which was conducted in the daily press some time ago, on the propriety or otherwise of regarding Teddy Bears as a *sub-genus* of dolls.

† As has been pointed out by Professor Alabama, the real merit of the Teddy Bear lies in his constitution, for, being more hardy than most dolls, he enjoys a certain popularity with economical human parents, who have influenced their children by means of studied propaganda. This propaganda was made the more easy on account of the high standard of courage and honesty attained by Theodore Roosevelt, who is said to have been the original Teddy Bear, and rose to be President of the United States.

‡ It is a strange circumstance, pointing to a common original home, and showing that intercourse between dolls in the most distant countries has never been interrupted, that even at this time dialects in the Doll language are quite unknown, and thus any two dolls brought together for the first time, no matter from what country, can always understand each other (see Grimm's famous essay on *The Immutability of the Lingua Dolliana*).

V. SACKVILLE-WEST

A NOTE OF EXPLANATION

Once upon a time there was a Doll's-house that belonged to a Queen, a Doll's-house so marvellously made that from far and near people came to look at it, and wished that, like Alice, they could discover a Cake or a Bottle, so that they might eat or drink, and grow small enough to walk up the blue and white marble staircase, seat themselves on the Throne, pass into the painted bedroom, and bathe themselves in the malachite bath whose silver taps ran hot or cold water at will. But because they lived in London, and not down a rabbit-hole, and had paid a shilling to look into the Doll's-house, and must pass on to allow other people in the queue their turn, they were not able to do any of these enchanting things.

Moreover, peer into the house as they might in consideration of their shilling, being greedy of every second allotted to them, there were some things which they could never see in the house, which nobody had ever seen, or would ever see, not even the maker of the house, although he wore big spectacles, nor even the Queen herself, even when she had her crown on, nor even the royal children, though everybody knows that children see a great deal which is hidden from grown-ups. There was, for instance, the Doll's-house ghost, because naturally the Doll's-house was haunted, being a completely appointed house, and all really nice houses being haunted, thick and variously, if only by the vows of love that have been exchanged there (and where they survive unbroken), or by the songs that have been sung there out of a happy heart. Perhaps it is not fair to call the Doll's-house ghost a ghost, for that implies that she was dead, and, far from being dead, there was never a more lively or inquisitive spirit, or one who prided herself more on being up to date. She had, in fact, that particular genius for being in the right place and in the right company at the right moment which under other circumstances would have made of her a conspicuous social success. She was fond of boasting, for instance, that it had been she who had encouraged Jack to set his foot upon the first rung of the Beanstalk, that she had waved Cinderella off to her ball, that one of her most treasured possessions, worn as a locket, was the pea which had given the Princess such a sleepless night, that she had been present when the Prince kissed the Sleeping Beauty, and even—though this was an episode she did not much care to dwell upon—that she had witnessed the death of Bluebeard's first wife. So naturally, with this record behind her, it was only to be expected that she should arrive in London in 1924 to establish herself in the Doll's-house that had been built for the Queen of England.

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I ought, perhaps, to say a word as to her appearance at this date. She prided herself—it was only in keeping with the rest of her principles—on following the fashion of the country and the day; thus, when she had gone to lend an ear to Scheherazade (whom she thought long-winded and a bore), she had affected the yashmak, which she thought very becoming, and abandoned with regret; when she was staying with the Marquis of Carabas she had powdered her hair, worn a riding-habit and a tricorne, and had reddened the heels of her shoes; and on her flying visit to China to hear the Emperor's famous Nightingale, which everybody was talking about, she had accommodated herself to the fashions prevalent among the Chinese women, but although she appreciated their silks and their embroideries, she did not care for their style of hair-dressing, and was relieved when the Nightingale was banished from the empire in favour of the new artificial bird, and she was able to return to Europe. Now in England, in the twenties of the twentieth century, she was in two minds as to whether she should or should not bob her hair, but the work of a painter named John (whom she found represented in one of the passages of the Doll's-house) decided her, and she found herself greatly delighted by the brilliant jerseys and short skirts with which she provided herself for daytime wear, and by her own dark little clubbed head, which gave her a boyish, page-like appearance unfamiliar to her since the ten days she had once spent in listening to the stories of Boccaccio and his friends in a villa above Florence, way back (this was one of her new expressions) in the fourteenth century.

Established in the Doll's-house, she amused herself by sleeping every night in a different bedroom; indeed, there was no end to her amusements, for she found in the Doll's-house a great many things she had never seen before and whose use she was obliged to discover for herself. Needless to say, there were at first a few disasters. There was the day when, fully dressed, she brought the shower-bath about her ears; and there was the day when, going up in the lift, she accidentally touched the "stop" button, and remained stuck between two floors for the rest of the afternoon. But such minor inconveniences were as nothing beside the pleasure which these mechanical contrivances brought her. It must be remembered that all modern inventions were new to her, for she had dallied much in the past, and electric light, a hot water system, a kitchen range, and a passenger lift were things which caused her to compare Aladdin's palace most unfavourably with the Doll's-house. But there was one result of her investigations which has hitherto sorely perplexed the guardians of the Doll's-house. Every morning on going to take off

V. SACKVILLE-WEST

the coverings and unlock the front, they have found the lights turned on, the baths full, the beds disarranged, the blinds raised where they should have been lowered, the lift upstairs when they were quite sure they had left it on the ground floor overnight, the books pulled out of the shelves, and even on one occasion they found in the dining-room the remains of a meal (for two) and the little silver platters scattered dirty all over the dining-room table. At last they bethought themselves to ask the maker of the house whether he could furnish any explanation, for he was well known for his love of a joke. But though he came and looked at the house in a puzzled way through his biggest pair of spectacles, he finally said no, this was certainly not a joke of his providing. But now, of course, if anybody cares to ruin his eyesight by reading the books in the library, the matter will once and for all be made quite clear, and it is to be hoped that the authorities will cope with this slight difficulty by the simple expedient of supplying a housemaid, and the enigma will once and for all be at an

END.

MICHAEL SADLEIR

Mr. Sadleir has copied out the original draft of the opening chapter of his novel, *Desolate Splendour* (1923).

GEORGE SAINTSBURY

SOME BANALITIES

- I. Historians may lie, but History cannot.
- II. Education means "bringing out," but it is usually taken to mean "pouring in," and exceedingly little attention is paid to the nature and capacity of the vessel or the suitability of the influx.
- III. There is no preterite in the verb "To love"; and if there ever seems to be one it only shows that there never was a present.
- IV. People speak of things, and of other people, as being "left behind." But these are the things and the persons that we have to come back to.
- V. Taste, like Style, ought to be the expression of Self; but it is difficult to say in which of the two this is most seldom the case.
- VI. Most criticisms of the Supernatural apply the tests of the Natural, and conclude triumphantly that it will not stand them.

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- VII. Nothing is more curious than the almost savage hostility that Humour excites in those who lack it.
- VIII. Majorities are generally wrong, if only in their reasons for being right.
- IX. No person worth much is after childhood "influenced" by any other person.
- X. Truth is not what each man troweth; but Beauty is what each man finds beautiful.
- XI. Science is lost without the uniformity of the General; but Art triumphs in the variety of the Particular.
- XII. Men have buttons on the right side of their garments and women on the left: a fact the reason of which appears inscrutable.
- XIII. When people cannot write good literature it is perhaps natural that they should lay down rules how good literature should be written.
- XIV. Critics are not bound to create; they are only bound not to create badly.
- XV. Extenuating circumstances are conceivable for almost every crime; but not for writing anonymous letters or throwing orange peel on the pavement.
- XVI. Judicious expenditure on dress is a form of charity; for it pleases an indefinite number of people besides the wearer.
- XVII. The difference between gourmand and gourmet may be most obvious in eating and drinking, but it practically extends over all the actions and passions of life.
- XVIII. Of all earnestness that present themselves as jests, Gilbert's about the innateness of political differences is perhaps the truest, the most important, and the most imperfectly recognised.
- XIX. The true sense of *Vestigia nulla retrorsum* is "All footsteps come back to where they were before."
- XX. As the object of education should be not so much to furnish the mind as to exercise it, the best early subjects are things unfamiliar.
- XXI. The fault of false Realism is that it is Idealism limited to the ugly.
- XXII. "It is a wise child that knows its own father" has a further application than that usually assigned to it—
- XXIII. To wit: "It is a wise generation that does not talk foolishly about the one before it."

GEORGE SAINTSBURY

- XXIV. The more purely mechanical the machinery the more limited the use and the more probable the breakdown.
- XXV. Greatness and individuality are hardly separable; and as the latter lessens so does the former.
- XXVI. Query—Whether in time, as in logic and arithmetic, the next thing to a minimum wage is not no wage at all?
- XXVII. It was once very wisely remarked “It is impossible to know what will be rubbish to-morrow.” But this is an inadequate excuse for producing what is certainly rubbish to-day.
- XXVIII. In the case of old things the question to ask is “Why shouldn’t it be so?” in the case of new ones “Why should it?”
- XXIX. Fanatical and, as it were, monomaniacal efforts to prove a thing true often bring indifference to telling falsehoods about it.
- XXX. Our fathers knew that if you play bowls you must expect rubbers; but we seem to think it doubly hard that our earth should not receive us softly when we drop on it from the air that is not ours.

EDITH SANDELL

Miss Sandell’s contribution is one of the most dainty and remarkable : a little book on Heraldry entitled *How to Marshal Coats of Arms*. It is beautifully written on vellum, with gold initials and painted scutcheons. At the end is a coloured example of “seize quartering.”

SIEGFRIED SASSOON

EVERYONE SANG

Everyone suddenly burst out singing;
And I was filled with such delight
As prisoned birds must find in freedom
Winging wildly across the white
Orchards and dark green fields; on—on—and out of sight.

Everyone’s voice was suddenly lifted;
And beauty came like the setting sun:
My heart was shaken with tears; and horror
Drifted away . . . O, but Everyone
Was a bird; and the song was wordless; the singing will never
be done.

April, 1919.

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SIR OWEN SEAMAN

TO KING GEORGE ON HIS MAJESTY'S ACCESSION

Sire, while the heart of grief is not yet dumb
For him we loved, how well can scarce be said;
While still the music of the muffled drum
Rolls in the solemn requiem of the dead;
For you, on whom the instant duties lie
Which were ordained of old for Kings to bear
And may not pause for death—we lift our cry,
“God keep you in His care!”

It had to be that your first steps should fall
Within the dreadful shadow thrown across
The path you take at Destiny's high call,
Lonely alway, and lonelier by your loss;
Yet, if our prayers, where Hope and Memory meet,
If loyal service laid before your throne,
Can lend you comfort and confirm your feet,
Then are you not alone.

Nay, there is set beside you, near and dear,
Your Queen and ours, the gentle, brave and wise,
Fit Consort by the claim we most revere—
An English love of home and homely ties;
And there is that Queen Mother, who is fain
Through bitter tears to bless your work begun,
To whom, though King and Emperor, you remain
Just her beloved son.

Nor comes it strange to you, this realm of yours;
Your eyes have seen it, crowned with large increase,
Have ranged the circuit of its seas and shores
Canopied by the covering wings of Peace;
Such is the gift he guarded close for you,
Your royal Father, such his fair bequest,
Who saw the promise of his task come true,
And so lay down to rest.

SIR OWEN SEAMAN

Yet may we pay for Peace too dear a price
If, lapped in confidence and careless ease,
We let the summoning need of sacrifice
Find us with sinews soft and feeble knees;
Sire, it is yours to lift the nation's life
Out of its languor ere it be too late,
And make her win from Peace that nobler strife
Which keeps a country great.

The ancient splendour falls upon your brow!
Take up your heritage with both your hands!
Call us to shake ourselves betimes and now
Free of the snare of slumber's silken bands!
See, we are true men still, a patriot breed;
Still to our storied name and fame we cling;
Give but the sign, we follow where you lead,
For God and for the King.

TO CHRISTINE, AGED 10. FROM HER UNCLE

Dear, as I see you nice and small,
Agile of limb, and sound of lung,
And rather wistfully recall
What it was like to feel so young;

When grown-ups seemed, in taste and size,
Removed from me immensely far—
I often ask with vague surmise
How old you think we really are.

Sometimes I fancy you behave
As if you found us past repair,
One foot already in the grave,
The other very nearly there.

Then you are wrong, and you must try
To take a more enlightened view;
You're not so much more young than I,
Nor I so much more old than you.

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For, though you have the supple joints
That go so well with childhood's mirth,
In certain elemental points
You are the age of Mother Earth.

And, while it's true I've ceased to hop
Out of my bed at peep of dawn,
Have lost the weasel's power to pop,
Nor can outrun the light-foot fawn,

Yet otherwise I'm far from old;
The words I use, so long and queer,
My manner, stern, abrupt and cold—
All this is just pretence, my dear.

As when you act your nursery plays
And ape your elders' talk and looks,
So I have copied grown-up ways
Either from life or else from books.

But in my heart, its hopes and fears,
Its need of love, its faith in men,
I yet may be, for all my years,
As young as little girls of ten.
1906.

BETWEEN MIDNIGHT AND MORNING

You that have faith to look with fearless eyes
Beyond the tragedy of a world at strife,
And trust that out of night and death shall rise
The dawn of ampler life;

Rejoice, whatever anguish rend your heart,
That God has given you, for a golden dower,
To live in these great times, and have your part
In Freedom's crowning hour;

That you may tell your sons who see the light
High in the heaven, their heritage to take:—
"I saw the powers of darkness put to flight!
I saw the morning break!"
December, 1914.



FACSIMILES OF BINDINGS
AND HER MAJESTY'S BOOKPLATE

BY (TOP SHELF) 1 AND 3, SANGORSKI AND SUTCLIFFE, 2 AND 4, ROBERT RIVIERE AND SON; (MIDDLE SHELF), SANGORSKI AND SUTCLIFFE; (BOTTOM SHELF) FIRST THREE, SANGORSKI AND SUTCLIFFE, LAST, ZAEHNSDORF

ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK

Mrs. Sedgwick has copied a passage about Eppie and Gavan from her novel, *The Shadow of Life* (1906).

CLEMENT K. SHORTER

THE BRONTË CHILDREN

A hundred years ago—1822–30—three little girls were living in a Parsonage House at Haworth in Yorkshire. Their father came from County Down in Ireland; their mother from Penzance in Cornwall. These children were Charlotte, Emily and Anne Brontë, all of whom were destined to make a great name among English writers of poetry and fiction.

But they commenced their work in literature when they were but twelve years of age by writing little books in a tiny handwriting not any larger than the books in this library. It was my lot to visit Charlotte Brontë's husband, the Rev. Arthur Nicholls, when, after his wife's death, he retired to Banagher in Ireland, and from him I purchased the whole of these little books of childhood. They were buried away in a cupboard in this remote homestead, and Mr. Nicholls said they would ultimately have been destroyed had I not rescued them.

These little books are now scattered all over the world in the collections of famous book-collectors, English and American. I am specially interested in this attempt on the part of a new generation of authors to emulate those little Brontë children by the production of miniature manuscripts.

Their books were written in penny notebooks and on scraps of rough paper. They were full of crude, half-fledged imagination. They would hardly bear publication to-day in spite of the never-dying fame of their authors. Yet they are so highly valued that they sell for thirty or forty pounds apiece in the sale rooms. You may read something about them in Mrs. Gaskell's famous *Life of Charlotte Brontë*. There is much pathos in the struggle of youthful genius striving to assert itself, and Mrs. Gaskell quotes passages from the little books which are truly a forecast of great things to come.

The three Brontë sisters lived to write great books and to make the world ring with their fame. But it will be said that there is little analogy between these Brontë books and the attempt to collect a children's library on the minute plan of the present scheme. But I think that the fact of this earlier library of small handwriting should be placed on record in a scheme by which a number of famous living authors, with one or two who, like the present writer, are comparatively obscure—

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have attempted to do precisely what the Brontë children achieved exactly a hundred years ago. I am sure that many of the present series of little books will be considered very valuable a hundred years hence, although they are the work of children of a larger growth.

October 9th, 1922.

UNA L. SILBERRAD

Miss Silberrad contributes a short story, *The Little Thatched House*, which recently appeared in *The Challenge*.

MAY SINCLAIR

Miss Sinclair's little book is half prose and half verse. The prose half consists of a passage from her novel *Arnold Waterlow* (1924). I quote the two poems:—

FRIGHT

Fright:

I have been naughty to-day,
My mother sits in her chair,
 With the dark of the room and the light
Of the fire on her face and hair.
 Her head is turned away
 And she will not say
 Goodnight.

I kneel at her knees, I try
To touch her face, I throw
My body in torment down at her feet and cry
Quietly there in my fright.
For I think perhaps, perhaps,
She will die in the night,
And never know
How sorry I am.
Surely, surely, she will not let me go
Out of her sight
 Like this,
Without a word or a kiss?
I was her little Lamb
 Yesterday.

MAY SINCLAIR

I climb the last stair
Where the gas burns always low;
In the big dark room my bed
Stands very small and white
—God—God—are you there?
I feel with my hands as I go:
The floor
Cries out under my tread;
Somebody shuts the door
At the head
Of the stair;
And I know
That God isn't anywhere,
And that mother will die in the night.

VISIONARY

From the ferry in the East, to the ferry in the West,
The river and the grey esplanade,
And the high white palisade,
Go on and on and on three abreast.
Down our lane
To the end of the esplanade and back again
Is as far as you can walk when you're four,
Like me.

Doors all along in the palisade,
Doors that open and shut without handles, or latches, or anything
else you can see;
I must count every one up to seven; I mustn't miss one,
Because I'm afraid
Of the seventh door
(I don't know why—
You're like that when you're four.)
White clouds going up from the river, and blue sky and the sun;
Something wild in the air,
Something strange in the sky:
I saw God there,
In the clouds and the sky and the sun.

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I saw him with great joy and without any awe
(Whatever that is),
A strange new bliss
Utterly candid, pure from the taint of sin.
Yet I hid it away;
I hid it as if it were sin,
Until one day
I let it out when I ought to have kept it in.
There must be something odd
About seeing God,
For they
Go worrying, worrying, worrying all the way
To make me confess that I saw what they think I saw;
And it comes to this,
That I set my small face hard, as who shall say:
"I'm sorry, but that's what I saw."
I nod
My head with an obstinate glee;
I grin
With joy that isn't utterly pure from sin;
And at last I say:
"Don't you wish you were me,
To be able to see
God?"

They are telling me now they will have to put me to bed,
Not for anything specially wrong I've done,
But for going on saying the naughty thing I've said.
Well—I don't care
If they do put me to bed,
If I am more tiresome to-day than ever I've been,
If they don't know what I mean,
If nobody *has* ever seen—
If they *have* put me to bed,
If they have turned out the light,
If I am afraid of what comes and stands by your bed at night,
I don't care.
I know that I saw God there
In the sky and the clouds and the sun.

ETHEL SMYTH

Dame Ethel Smyth has copied from her book, *Streaks of Life* (1921), a passage on the Empress Eugénie, which, although it is not new, I print here.

THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE

. . . To those who have known her in all the matchless nobility of her spirit, in all the miracle of her undimmed mental power, this death is not like the passing of a human being. It is as if the Temple at Paestum had been suddenly overthrown by an earthquake.

Probably she never realised the depths of reverence and affection, the passionate admiration she inspired. She had long since lost the habit of expecting or asking anything for herself, and, as I have said, hers was not an imaginative, tender nature—not one of those in the house of whose spirit every hearth that blazed in youth holds a flame, even in extreme old age. She stood, and was capable of standing, alone, and it was difficult to do anything for her except, now and again, bring interest and stimulus into her intellectual life. . . .

. . . She had won for herself an independence of sympathy that, if in a certain sense rather inhuman, was counterbalanced by her most human, tireless, and phenomenal preoccupation with the sorrows and joys of others. In a word, she had outlived the power of receiving consolation, but had become herself the great Consoler. Possibly that which was and is in the hearts of those that loved her may reach her yet, and be of some use to her in the place she has gone to. If one did not venture to believe this, the sorrow of her death would be almost unbearable.

1920.

EDITH CENONE SOMERVILLE AND MARTIN ROSS

This little volume has been prepared by Miss Somerville, the surviving member of that unique partnership which gave the world the immortal "Irish R.M." stories, who has added four new illustrations. The selected passages are these: *Lisheen Races*, with a portrait of "Slipper" and O'Driscoll; portions of Chapters IV and XVII of *The Real Charlotte*, with landscapes, and a short extract from *In Mr. Knox's Country*.

CORNELIA SORABJI

THE FLUTE-PLAYER'S DOLLS

A Flower-offering laid at the feet of Queen Mary beloved of Her people in India, and especially of the children people and Women-people to whom Her Love and influence are giving the hands to work and the feet to run in the service of Love.

Krishna the Flute-player is responsible for the first Indian dolls that ever lived. He was standing under his honey-scented tree. The waxen

THE DOLLS' HOUSE LIBRARY

star-flowers dropped upon him like rain from the leafy branches, and Krishna stood with one foot cocked up as usual, playing on his gold-green flute, and watching the Maidens sporting in the river.

As he looked the thought came to him, "What fun to catch their spirit forms, and hold them in an Earth-form of sacred Ganges mud. Then could I carry them in my wallet and play with them whenever I would wherever I wandered."

He was so pleased with the idea that he danced a brand-new dance on his one uncocked leg, and his slim little blue body rocked and swayed, and the jewelled peacock's feather which grew out of the top of his head quivered with joy, making rainbow circles of light on the mist-laden air. The daughter of the Pink-Lotuses who lived in the tank below the Cow-byre had just come down with her two Brothers to the water to bathe. "What fun to catch that maiden!" thought the Flute-player, and he played a "Calling" tune which went straight to Pink-Lotus's heart and which drew her out of the water as by a cord of Love.

The Brothers saw her going and ranged themselves either side for her protection. And the Flute-player could not take his flute from his mouth to say, "I do not want you Brother-people," for he feared lest, the music gone, the Lotus-lady would slip back into the water.

So all three came together, drawn by the Golden Cords of Love.

And when the Lotus-lady and the Brother-people stood beside him, "Ha!" said the Flute-player, withdrawing his pipe, "I have you now." And so he had; for the golden strands which as finest cobweb he spun from his body were slowly forming round each of them a mesh of Gossamer shining as the dewdrop on a crimson rose at early dawn, shining with all the colours in that jewelled Peacock's feather which Krishna kept nodding at them. "Yes," said he, "I have you now: but I must keep you." And with his diamond Amulet he pricked a drop of blood from each of them, catching it as it fell in that Gossamer mesh of Love. . . .

The three Cocoons lay at his feet. "It is well," said he. And from his point of view it was indeed well, for no more were there to be seen, anywhere on earth, the Pink Lotus-lady and the two faithful Brothers from the Cow-byre.

The three Cocoons lay at his feet shining like moonstones with a ruby heart enwrapped in drops of rainbow dew. All the colours of the tunes which ever he had played under the honey-scented tree were in those

CORNELIA SORABJI

wrappings, and the colours were as the sound of all the things which ever he had loved. The sound of the wing of a blue King-fisher on its way to nest in the rushes by the Lotus-pond: the sound of the colours at Sunset-time (very few people hear the Sunset-song), when the russet-primrose clouds bank themselves against the turquoise sky: the sound of the dawn-hour when the ghost riders are abroad in the mists over the green stretches of the maidan, and the air is athrob with colour, opals and blush-pinks and violets: the sound of the night-time when the stars drop out of the black-blueness, and one's soul goes into the Nothingness, yearning, yearning. . . .

Yes, all these thoughts and colours were in the soft wrappings, as Krishna lifted the three Cocoons and carried them down to the bank of the river to make three little cases of Ganges mud for their safeguarding.

"Now help me to hide them securely, O Sun God," said he to the ruddy horses tossing their manes in Rudra's chariot, on their way overhead. And the mud cases stiffened into little brown eggs.

"Ha!" said Krishna, "the swift granting of a prayer may be a punishment. How can I play with these ugly things? At least I must make them arms and legs, and give them some likeness to Pink-Lotus and her Brothers."

But while yet he was considering how this might be done—came running that Narada the Messenger of the Gods, an incurable gossip. Said Narada: "A war is forward, you will be out of it."

"That will not I," said Krishna. "Clothe these playthings of mine, and put them for safety in the old Pyramid Temple by the sea, to wait my coming."

So Pink-Lotus and her Brothers were dressed in funny little skirts and put inside the Pyramid Temple . . . where to this day they may be seen. And through the ages, other little egg-shaped people in skirts were made on the pattern of Pink-Lotus and her Brothers—handless, feetless, the ruby hearts and dewdrop souls of them imprisoned in the mud cases which Rudra, the Sun God, baked so hard for their protection.

And the years passed by, in long procession.

Then one day over the great seas came the Friendly People. The Friendly People had lived in the snow-mountains not far from Krishna's honey-scented tree in the days when Krishna played that colour music on his green-gold pipes.

But they had wandered away to distant places across the seas, and both

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Krishna's people and the Friendly People had lost remembrance of Kinship.

But one day in an hour of trouble in Krishna's land, lo! the Friendly people were back again. They came by the Western Door which opens on to the sea. They came with their wives and their little ones. And like Krishna with his pipes, in the oldest days of all, their hearts stirred with love for Pink-Lotus and her Brothers and Sisters.

The Sun-baked cases did not deceive them. Were they not Kinsfolk? They knew all about the ruby hearts and the jewelled dewdrop souls. But how were the little people to be drawn forth from their disguise? That was the trouble. Who would make the music? And what was the right kind of music to make for souls imprisoned by Krishna himself?

Then spake one who ruled the Friendly People overseas, the Great and Wise One who loved as her own the Kinsfolk little people in the land of Krishna's honey-scented tree.

"There is a way," said she. "There is one way alone. Love enmeshed them and the Service of Love can set them free. But to this end must they themselves exert themselves. The effort must be theirs. Ever must Love work out its own salvation. . . . And to those among our Friendly People who love the ruby-hearted ones is promised a share in this Great Service; yea, even to us.

"The Friendly People can use the Wisdom which the Ages have brought to all mankind since the days when the Flute-player hid his play-things, and by the exercise of this wisdom they can give Pink-Lotus and her Brother and Sister People the hands which will work and the feet which will run in the Service of Love. . . .

"And so shall the Spirit-Forms of Beauty and Brotherhood be released for evermore."

* * * * *

And to-day it is even as that Wise and Loving One foretold in the country of the Flute-player, which is called Hindustan. And this you might see for yourselves. For have not all the dolls, yes, even those hidden by the Sun in Earth-baked cases of Ganges mud, have they not hands and feet, and eyes and faces, like their kinsmen, the dolls of the Friendly People who came back by way of the sea, a hundred years ago, to their Ancient Home below the mountains of the Hindoo Khush?

* * * * *

POSTSCRIPT

The Flute-player's dolls are to be found at Puri, by the sea in Orissa.

H. DE VERE STACPOOLE

J. C. SQUIRE

Mr. Squire's ingenious lines have been inscribed in a little vellum book by Lady Desborough.

AN ACROSTIC SONNET ON THE QUEEN'S DOLLS' HOUSE

This is the house a thousand artists made,
Honouring a lady with the things they wrought.
Each of his love and cunning craft has brought
Queen Mary tribute, in this house displayed.
Upon this house a thousand fancies strayed,
Ephemeral fancies, painting on a page
Eternal symbols of one dreaming age,
Numbering all the toys with which we played.
Suns rise and set, the flowers fade and we:
Here will men find, when still are all the hands
Once busy in these rooms, in stranger days,
Us, and the common habit of our ways,
Safer than Pharaohs buried in their sands,
Enshrined in open day, to all posterity.

H. DE VERE STACPOOLE

The author of *The Blue Lagoon* (1907) has made a little book of translations from *Sappho*. I quote a few:—

ANGER

When anger stirs thy breast
Speak not at all,
For words, once spoken,
Rest beyond recall.

To —

Never on any Maiden
The golden sun shall shine,
Never on any Maiden
Whose wisdom matches Thine.

THE MOON HAS SET

The moon has set beyond the seas,
And vanished are the pleiades;
Half the long weary night has gone;
Time passes—yet I lie alone.

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PROPHECY

Methinks hereafter,
In some later spring,
Echo will bear to men
The songs I sing.

ORCHARD SONG

Cool murmur of water, through Apple-wood troughs without number
The whole orchard fills, whilst the Leaves lend their music to slumber.

EVENING

Children astray to their mothers
And goats to the herd,
Sheep to the shepherd,
Through twilight the wings of the Bird,
All things that morning has scattered
With fingers of gold,
All things thou bringest, O evening!
At last to the fold.

JAMES STEPHENS

The Irish poet, the author of that perfect grotesque fantasy *The Crock of Gold*, has collected nine of his poems for the Library. I print four here; the others are "From the Katha Upanishad," "I Heard a Bird," "In Silver," "The Voice of God," and "Hesperus."

GREEN WEEDS

To be not jealous give not love:
Rate not thy Fair all Fair above;
Or thou'lt be decked in green, the hue
That jealousy is bounden to.

That lily hand, those lips of fire,
Those dewy eyes that spill desire,
Those mounds of lambent snow, may be
Found anywhere it pleaseth thee

To turn: then turn and be not mad
Tho' all of loveliness she had—
She hath not all of loveliness;
A store remains wherewith to bless

JAMES STEPHENS

The bee, the bird, the butterfly
And thou—go, search with those that fly
For that which thou shalt easy find
On every path and any wind.

Nor deem that she be Seal and Star
Who is but as her sisters are,
And whose reply is Yes and No
To all that come and all that go.

“ I love ”—Then love again, my friend!
Enjoy thy love without an end.
“ I love ”—Ah, cease! know what is what,
Thou dost not love if she loves not.

For if thou truly lovèd her
From thee away she could not stir,
But, ever at thy side, would be
Thyself and thy felicity.

Go, drape thee in the greeny hue:
Thou art not Love, She is not True,
And no more need be said—Adieu.

THE PIT OF BLISS

When I was young I dared to sing
Of everything and anything,
Of Joy and Woe and Fate and God,
Of dreaming cloud and teeming sod,
Of hill that thrust an amber spear
Into the sunset, and the sheer
Precipice that shakes the soul
To its black gape—I sang the whole
Of God and man, nor sought to know
Man or God or Joy or Woe;
And, tho' an older wight I be,
My soul hath still such ecstacy
That, on a pulse, I sing and sing
Of everything and anything.

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There is a light shines in the head,
It is not gold, it is not red:
But, as the lightning's blinding light,
It is a silver stare of white
That one surmise might fancy blue:
On that mind-blinding hue I gaze
An instant, and am in a maze
Of thinking? Could one call it so?
It is no feeling that I know;
An hurricane of knowing, that
Could overwhelm the soul that was not pat
To flinch and lose the deadly thing,
And sing and sing again and sing
Of everything and anything.

An eagle, whirling up the sky,
Sunblind, dizzy, urging high,
And higher beating yet a wing,
Until he can no longer cling,
Or hold, or do a thing but fall
And sink and whirl and scream through all
The dizzy heaven-hell of pit
In mile a minute flight from it
That he had dared—From height of height
So the poet takes his flight
And tumble in the pit of bliss;
And in the roar of that abyss,
And falling, he will sing and sing
Of everything and anything.

What is knowing? 'Tis to see:
What is feeling? 'Tis to be:
What is love? But more and more
To see and be; to be a pour
And avalanche of being, till
The being ceases, and is still
For very motion: what is joy?
Being, past all earthly cloy
And intermixture: being spun
Of itself is being won:

JAMES STEPHENS

That is joy: and this is God
To be that in cloud and clod;
And in cloud and clod to sing
Of everything and anything.

THE MESSENGER

Bee ! tell me whence do you come ?
Ten fields away, twenty perhaps,
Have heard your hum.

If you are from the north, you may
Have passed my mother's roof of straw
Upon your way.

If you came from the south, you should
Have seen a little cottage just
Inside a wood.

And should you go back that way, please
Carry a message to the house
Among the trees.

Say—I will wait her at the rock
Beside the stream, this very night
At eight o'clock.

And ask your queen, when you get home,
To send my queen the present of
A honeycomb.

DANNY MURPHY

He was as old as old could be,
His little eye could scarcely see;
His mouth was sunken in between
His nose and chin, and he was lean
And twisted up and withered quite
So that he could not walk aright.

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His pipe was always going out,
And then he'd have to search about
In all his pockets, and he'd mow
—O, deary me, and musha now!
And then he'd light his pipe, and then
He'd let it go clean out again.

He could not dance or jump or run,
Or ever have a bit of fun
Like me and Susan, when we shout
And jump and throw ourselves about:
But when he laughed then you could see
He was as young as young could be.

G. S. STREET

Mr. Street has chosen for the Library a passage on "The Ghosts of the Albany," from his *Ghosts of Piccadilly* (1907).

ALFRED SUTRO

The author of many full-length plays has copied out for the Dolls' House, in the minutest of hands, his one-act comedy *A Maker of Men*.

FRANK SWINNERTON

THE BOYS

One hardly expects children to be among the most reflective of beings; and indeed they may at times strike the observer as less sensitive than certain young animals, so slow and crude is the human progress, from the conception and the fulfilment of primitive desires. At any rate, I suppose that few are to be found who are capable of that—what can it be called, when some considerate delicacy of action is involved? Tact? I think it might be called that without extravagance—then let us say, of that TACT which in older people makes for the serenity of ordinary affairs. But the other evening, on the way home at about half-past nine, after dining at my club, I heard a thing which surprised and touched me very much. It showed how unjust I had always been in the assumption that children, and perhaps especially poor children, were without the power to imagine the consequences of their own actions, and to think of the effects upon others. As I walked home along Shaftesbury Avenue, with the evening quietening as traffic grew less, I noticed—and most of all I HEARD—about half a dozen little boys, all very ragged and

71
 calls me one-eyed,
 I never have a
 good time; she
 says, do I want to
 invite more
 young men to tea,
 do that dreary
 round of the
 park and the

Alfred Sutro

MINE has
 a mood,
 and
 lie
 in
 bed,

A. A. Milne

48.

CHAPTER VI

So the trouble
 grew until
 the country
 from one end
 to the other
 was plunged

J. D. Beresford

Chapter VI

Plutarch and I
 agree about every
 thing but one. He
 wants me to wear
 my gowns loose,
 in accordance with

Owen Wister

Love.
 Now Love has
 bound me,
 Trembling, but
 not free,
 O Love, so
 fatal
 I've

H. de Vere Stacpoole

The King made a
 movement as if
 to follow, but young
 M. de Rosny held
 him back by force.
 While half a dozen
 soldiers made the

Stanley Weyman

warning.
 "We will do
 you take me
 for Ginger!"
 demands now
 smile, with some
 indignation. "A

W. Pett Ridge

to the great towns of
 the north. His design
 was thwarted by
 fate: the work has
 barely begun when
 unlooked-for speculation
 drove him abroad,
 and it was left

Michael Sadleir

our pictures
 and art treasures
 are gradually
 shipped across
 the Atlantic,
 the interior's
 of the homes
 of American

Henry Arthur Jones

FRANK SWINNERTON

none of them over-clean, of ages from five to eight. It was dark, and so I could see their faces only dimly; but as far as could be ascertained in that dim light the half-dozen were average specimens of the species RAGAMUFFIN. They were of the kind so amusingly drawn by Mr. G. L. Stampa, wearing cut-down clothes which had once belonged to other persons about three times the size of any member of the band; and their caps, meant for, and originally worn by, men, which lurched so picturesquely over the eyes, and extra over the faces of such little boys. Socks or shoes they certainly wore, for nowadays, in London, bare feet are fortunately less common than ever I can remember them to have been. But all were extremely tattered little urchins. They had small sticks in their hands, and one of them a cardboard box which he had somewhere found. The eldest had some sort of strap over one shoulder, which passed across his chest and back and fastened at the waist upon the opposite side of his body. All the boys were singing at the top of their voices an unmelodious but martial chant. It was clear that the game they had been playing was that of 'SOLDIERS.' The sound was stupendous and stupefying. It filled and echoed across the street. A solid body, these children marched breezily and noisily, all, apparently in spite of poverty and the cold, very happy, and neglectful of the less vivacious world outside their game. They were roaring a chorus. And then, suddenly, all but one of the children stopped singing, as if upon a signal, although I had heard nothing of the kind. The contrast between their noise and the succeeding silence was extraordinary. It was as though a hush had fallen upon the street. The life of it had almost died. Almost, but not quite, however, for there remained unchecked one solitary songster. He was a smaller boy, and had fallen somewhat into the rear of the body, absorbed, perhaps, in some by-path of the game; and his single voice continued, hoarse and full of thoughtless enjoyment of vocal prowess. It was this little boy, I found, who carried the cardboard box, though he was no longer playing upon it. I have never seen a little boy so lost in the game or in a reverie. He was like an unsuspecting bird, sitting alone upon a twig, and singing lustily for joy in some happening or some state of mind which a grown-up human being would find it hard to comprehend. He was like a bird, too, in his unconsciousness of looming judgment. He came onward, singing, full-throated and laden with good tidings. To the owner of the voice the eldest little boy—he who wore the strap across his body as the insignia of rank and generalship, strode with the savageness of a hawk pouncing. Like a hawk he seized the arm of that unreflecting treble, and shook it in such

THE DOLLS' HOUSE LIBRARY

a way as to make all sound cease as abruptly as it would have done if a hand had been laid upon the singer's mouth.

"Shut up!" cried the Commandant with such concentrated fierceness and scorn that it became impressive. His tone was enough to make me tremble, although I was doing nothing to deserve rebuke, but, in approaching from the opposite direction, I had just come abreast of the party. "Shut up! Can't you see what you're outside of?" There was a complete silence. I looked. I marvelled. We were all at this moment outside a dull-looking red building, the walls of which held no really notable feature, except that in the centre of them was to be seen a rather elaborately arched doorway. The whole building was a dingy, brownish red. Windows set in the walls were blank and without a sign of inner life or any activity. It was the French Hospital.

"Can't you see what you're outside of?"

Well, I had learnt a lesson, and so, I suppose, had the noisy boy who had continued to sing after his friends, as if with one accord, had become quite silent. It was a moment really dramatic, because somehow this sort of thing had been the last explanation likely to have been sought by the casual observer. One might have improvised all sorts of explanations of the silence; but hardly, in the circumstances, this one. "Can't you see what you're outside of?" It was startling. But the remonstrating little boy—he can hardly have been more than eight years old at the outside—had exemplified something which to me is the most rare and desirable of all human attributes—the quality in men and women to which all other qualities owe their truest inspiration—the quality of imagination. For one moment in the midst of his play and his natural human enjoyment of loud and concerted sound he had heard the noise as a person sick and in pain might have heard it; and he knew that it was intolerable. I came away from that small body of boys with a real respect for them, and especially for their leader. He had seemed ridiculous in his leather strap and, I think, a cocked hat made roughly out of paper. By this incident he had been transfigured. I turned back to watch the band, trudging onward as it now was with a quietness and almost with a stealth which would have done credit to a group of people made kind and sympathetic to others by long experience of suffering. Later I saw grown-up boys skylarking. But I shall never forget the strange little scene—it was past in an instant—of that quiet and ferocious rebuke. It was not the result of instruction, one could tell, although this boy may have been taught, as few modern children appear to have been taught, to think of others. It was instinctive, and for that

SIR BASIL THOMSON

reason it was all the more impressive. The words, and the glance which explained them, brought flashing into my mind the sense of a hospital ward. It reminded me of days of illness, when noisy and thoughtless boys had increased pain and the nervous distress of illness by the ordinary manifestation of superabundant spirits and vitality. I think that boy must have had in him the makings of a genius; for we have just been told by a great French writer that the secret of genius is compassion. M. Anatole France might have said that the secret of genius is really imagination; for compassion is only a facet of the supreme gift. Imagination is the power so to feel what others feel that understanding is perfect. Allied to this perception is the gift of evoking understanding from others. That little boy who silenced his companions and filled me with admiration did it by one phrase. He did not explicitly sermonise the group. He did not give the many reasons for silence. He made us all think and feel by one rather breathless phrase—better than all the expositions in the world. He said, "Shut up! Can't you see what you're outside of?" It was enough.

1922.

SIR BASIL THOMSON

THE ELIXIR

A PLAY IN ONE ACT

Persons: BERNARD OF TREVISO.

LUCREZIA.

Scene: The Laboratory of BERNARD in Treviso. About the chamber is the apparatus of an Alchemist. BERNARD is reading from a Manuscript.

BERNARD (*reading*): Rare berries from the Isles of the South, bruised into a paste with balsam from Arabia and the blood of a dragon slain in the Persian desert. Stir these with lambent flame

(*He pours lighted spirit into a mortar and stirs*)

and the essence of the flame shall consume all that is mortal in the body. (*A bell tolls.*) Midnight! and my visitor tarries. What said the messenger? (*He takes a letter from his wallet and reads*): "They who are in sore need will come to you for help. Deny them not. To-night before the middle hour they will be at your door. Behold a key to undo the bolt. Be secret."

(*He takes up a heavy gold chain and weighs it in his hand.*)

A persuasive key, I must allow. (*Quoting*) "They who are in sore need." Is it some Jewish Merchant who would know the fate of a cargo, long

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overdue? or some young Lord who has an enemy in the Council of Ten and would remove him ere he be called upon to cross the Bridge of Sighs? Well, it is past the hour. He will not unbar the door to-night, and this key—remains with me. (*Laughs and turns to his mortar.*) It is well. (*Reads from his folio*) “If the old drink of it they shall prolong their days: the sick shall recover their health: the young shall take on a double measure of the fire and beauty of their youth. Thus, drop by drop, is Life’s Elixir to be distilled.

(*He carries the mortar to the Still, opens the top and pours in the contents. Knocking on the door and a tumult of voices.*)

Aha! my Jew Merchant!

(*He takes up a lantern. The uproar continues. The knocking becomes insistent.*)

Oh! we are in haste.

(*He unbars the door. LUCREZIA, wrapped in a cloak, is seen in the doorway. BERNARD raises the lantern. LUCREZIA enters breathless.*)

LUCREZIA: Greeting, Old Wisdom. If I have kept you out of your bed you must blame these villainous townfolk of yours. (*Uproar.*)

BERNARD (*standing in the doorway and speaking off*): To your kennels, every hound of you! To your rotten straw, if you have a mind to see another sunrise!

(*Murmurs dying away.*)

LUCREZIA: What would you have done to them? smitten them with blindness? blasted them with a pass of your hand? Speak not to me in such a voice, I entreat you.

(BERNARD *bars the door.*)

BERNARD: I have no time to stand upon ceremony with strangers who chance to beat upon my door. Who *are* you?

LUCREZIA: One who sent you good credentials. (*She points to the gold chain.*) I see them lying there and am persuaded that you will turn them to account when you are practising your black arts. Oh! I have heard strange stories of the Sage of Treviso.

BERNARD: I do not doubt it. Every fool in Venice chatters about me—how I commune with Lucifer by night and raise the dead. I need no magic to divine what you are—some great lady, weary of luxury, thirsting to dip her finger in some dreadful art.

LUCREZIA: If you are going to commune with the Father of Evil, or raise the dead while I am here, I warn you, I shall die of fright.

BERNARD: Well, I do not cast horoscopes, if that is what you seek.

SIR BASIL THOMSON

LUCREZIA (*laughing*): I have a score of them already, and every one of them gainsays the other.

BERNARD: Then it is a love potion you would have of me.

LUCREZIA: A love potion! Look well at me. Do you think that if I wanted I should have need of magic?

BERNARD: Ah! Then I can guess what you seek. It is a potion, but not the sort of drink that women are wont to give to their lovers. They give it when they would speed a guest upon a voyage to a certain haven whence there is no return.

LUCREZIA: I do not doubt that you could give me that sort of medicine too if I had need of it, but I have neither rival nor enemy.

BERNARD: Neither rival nor enemy? Then you stand alone among fair women. If you had nought to ask of me, what brought you hither?

LUCREZIA: It was a perilous journey. I had to slip the observation of the serving men and travel veiled on foot through the dark streets—a lonely woman. Dogs sniffed at my heels and howled. Secret as I was they betrayed me. From every black archway lurking wretches rose and followed. With garments gathered high I ploughed my way through foul heaps of garbage and heard them mouthing and whispering behind me. Then, close to your door, a horrible creature plucked me by the cloak. I turned and thrust him from me and he fell cursing into the mire, while I fled on with the whole pack baying at my heels.

BERNARD: Why run such perils? It speaks a desperate purpose.

LUCREZIA: My whole soul was in my purpose. Know, then, that in Venice there has been talk of an Elixir of which a man may drink and snap his fingers at Death. It is this Elixir that I am come to crave of you.

BERNARD: Why have you come to me? Am I God to give men new bodies for old?

LUCREZIA: They say that a merchant lately come from Arabia goes about the city telling strange tales of his journeyings in the South in search of a rare balsam. Great perils he braved that he might bring the drug to you, and he says that even now you are distilling the Elixir.

BERNARD: You have lost your labour. 'Tis but idle talk. If I had such an Elixir I would not give it to you. Taste life and then judge whether you would lengthen it.

LUCREZIA: I have tasted it and I love the taste so well that I would drink a deep draught of it.

BERNARD: Is it for yourself that you seek this life-giver?

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LUCREZIA: For myself—and one other.

BERNARD: Your lover?

LUCREZIA: Loved by me with such a love as shall outlast the Earth itself. It is as if we had built a rampart round our trysting place, shutting out the world. Within our little fortress there is light and laughter and singing and the scent of flowers, and in the darkness without a clamour of voices and the clash of arms and wailing and the chanting of masses for the dead: and ever and again, through some little break in our rampart, a terror breaks in upon our peace—a terror lest an enemy shall plant a scaling ladder against the wall, and sword in hand pale Death himself leap down upon us. Oh! tell me: is it not true that you have this Elixir which will save my loved one from Death?

BERNARD: Why, what ails him?

LUCREZIA: Some strange malady affects him. While he will be speaking with you his very lips will blanch and life itself be quenched. So he will lie for an hour, and to me, watching by his side, that hour will be an eternity of agony. Only you can save him, and to you I come.

BERNARD (*pointing to the still*): You see that I am brewing something here. You may watch it distilling, drop by drop, into that phial.

LUCREZIA: Is that the Elixir?

BERNARD: It may be so.

LUCREZIA: Is that all that you have?—those few drops?

BERNARD: It is all that I need.

LUCREZIA: But you can make more?

BERNARD: Impossible. There is in it a rare drug. This I have been seeking for many years, but all that my Arabian merchant could find has been used for these few drops. There may be enough for two, but no more.

LUCREZIA: For two? Then I have lost my pains. I hoped to buy this of you. My Filippo would not drink of it without me, and you must needs keep one draught for yourself.

BERNARD (*laughing grimly*): For myself? Nay, to every wise man there comes a day when he will take comfort in the certitude that the end of life is in sight.

LUCREZIA: Have you not some friend—some one whom you love—who would drink this potion with you?

BERNARD: No. I want no favours from men and I am past the love of women.

SIR BASIL THOMSON

LUCREZIA (*recoiling*): Then why have you endured to live so long?

BERNARD: I have a great work to finish.

LUCREZIA: So too has my Filippo. Filippo Michieli.

BERNARD: I have not heard the name.

LUCREZIA: Italy shall ring with it. He is a sculptor, and even now he is moulding a Magdalen that will bring tears to the eyes of all that gaze on it. But his skill is as nothing beside the grace of his speech and bearing. And his voice! It is like the deep tones of the viol.

BERNARD: Are you betrothed?

LUCREZIA: Ah no! My father will not see him. His anger is hot against us both.

BERNARD: We need not fly to magic to divine the cause. You, the daughter of a rich lord, wooed by a gallant who hews marble for a living!

LUCREZIA: Give me but this Elixir and we two will take flight like the swallows. I know the master of a certain barque plying to the western ocean. I have jewels put aside for the venture, and presently we shall be in some free sunlit land where the long arm of the Ten cannot reach us. Let me buy this Elixir from you.

BERNARD: It is not for sale.

LUCREZIA: Then you have promised it to others?

BERNARD: No.

LUCREZIA: Is the drug so costly? (*She takes off her necklace and proffers it.*) See! With this you may charter a ship and send her to that isle in Pharaoh's Sea to fetch you more of the balsam.

BERNARD: My Elixir is beyond price.

LUCREZIA (*taking off her earrings*): So are these jewels. Dandolo took them at Constantinople and gave them to my grandsire. Some say that there is magic engraved on them.

BERNARD: I do not want them.

LUCREZIA: Will nothing prevail with you? Why, then, did you brew the stuff?

BERNARD: Because I was searching for the truth. I have to test the virtue of the draught.

LUCREZIA: To test it? Then, I beseech you, try it on Filippo and me. If we two remain unchanged while others are shedding their bodies like worn-out garments, the medicine will have proved its worth. Take us for your test. See, I kneel to you; I, who never kneeled to any man.

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BERNARD (*looking musingly at her*): This I might do were I but sure of you. To-day you would lengthen out your days: to-morrow you may be wooing death as ardently as now you cling to life.

LUCREZIA: Never has there been a truth more sure than this, that of life—warm, radiant, and intense—I can never have enough.

BERNARD: What would it profit me if I could not watch the potion at its work?

LUCREZIA: You have but to watch it work. I will submit to any test.

BERNARD: Will you drink it now?

LUCREZIA: Without Filippo? (*shrinking back*).

BERNARD: With your Filippo I am not concerned. Come, I will make a bargain with you. If you will drink it now, you shall take what remains and give it to your Filippo or to whom you will.

LUCREZIA: But if he will not drink?

BERNARD: Then he is but a cold lover. Come, make your decision quickly lest I change my mind.

(*She hesitates: then impulsively*)

LUCREZIA: Give it to me.

(*He brings from the still a phial containing a little red fluid.*)

BERNARD: Put this to your lips and swallow half of it.

LUCREZIA: It is red—like blood.

BERNARD: The blood of life is red.

LUCREZIA (*holding it to the light*): And it sparkles like fire. Little luminous points are shooting upward from below. Will it lose its virtue if I keep it till I meet him?

BERNARD: No, not if you keep it for a lifetime. Drink!

LUCREZIA: Will it abate the evil spell and restore my Filippo?

BERNARD: Aye, it will cure the sick. It is proof against every ill save poison, or the thrust of a poniard.

LUCREZIA: How will it work on me?

BERNARD: It will run through your veins like fire—give brightness to your eyes, colour to your lips and melody to your voice. Your present beauty is a pale shadow of the loveliness that will radiate from you.

LUCREZIA: Ah! (*She drinks.*) It burns like fire.

BERNARD: The fire of youth. Already you are transfigured.

LUCREZIA: What have you done to me?

BERNARD: Your weak flesh has slipped from you like a garment. I have

SIR BASIL THOMSON

clothed you anew in a body that can never weaken or grow weary. It is as if I had given you wings to poise you in the sunlit air, looking down upon the crowded Earth where men and women are crawling blind and without hope. Or you can let the world go—spread your pinions and soar into the distant Ether, far beyond the cries of pain and sorrow. No, this old Earth is your domain, for over its inhabitants you have sovereignty. I have filled you with compelling power to work your will upon men. All shall obey you.

LUCREZIA: All—save one. He too shall drink of Life's Elixir and I will yield my throne to him and kneel before him—Filippo, my Lord and King! The draught has wrought in me. Seeing me thus, will Filippo divine what I have done? If he question me I shall press the phial to his lips and bid him drink. (*In alarm*) Have I left enough for him? Is this more of the Elixir? (*She takes up another phial.*) I will taste it and see.

BERNARD: No, not that. Put it down.

LUCREZIA: It is still and colourless.

BERNARD: Is not Death pale and still?

LUCREZIA (*thrusting it towards him*): Death?

BERNARD: There is enough to lay Treviso low—one drop for each citizen—and none would know the cause.

LUCREZIA: Take it back: I am afraid of it.

BERNARD (*mockingly*): So you reject the gift that ladies most often crave from me? Keep it for those who would breach the ramparts of your fortress.

LUCREZIA (*raising both phials aloft*): Behold! You have made me like a god! I hold in my two hands the keys of Life and of Death!

BERNARD: The keys of Life and of Death are nothing. To be like a god you must govern the hearts of men.

LUCREZIA: One heart in all the world I would govern—the heart of my lover.

BERNARD: Truly the Elixir has already wrought in you.

LUCREZIA: Has it changed me? Let me see myself in your mirror.

(*She goes towards a Venetian mirror set at an angle to the stage.*)

BERNARD: In that crystal you may see anyone except yourself.

(*He raises his hand: the mirror becomes luminous: shadows like clouds pass across it.*)

LUCREZIA: Anyone?

BERNARD: Aye, anyone. You may see the Holy Father at his prayers or

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the King of France at his supper. Your eye may range over mountains and deserts in the undiscovered regions of the Earth.

LUCREZIA: Show me Filippo.

BERNARD: Him you may see in the flesh whenever you will. I will show you something which no one has seen—a teeming city in the Indies.

LUCREZIA: Show me Filippo.

BERNARD: Him you may see in the flesh whenever you will. Come, you are to take your flight like a swallow to the western ocean. We will gaze together on the fair land of Spain, and you shall choose a spot to rest in. Now, gaze steadfastly into the mirror.

LUCREZIA: I see nothing. It is all a sea of light.

BERNARD: Gaze on. Your eye must grow used to the image. There! Those minarets and towers are Seville. Look! They are building a church to vie with St. Peter's in Rome.

LUCREZIA: Show me Filippo!

BERNARD: Have your way, then.

LUCREZIA (*after a pause*): I can see nothing.

BERNARD: Ah! The keys of Life and of Death do not unlock every door. You have power to summon whom you will: with all the spirit that is in you call upon him.

LUCREZIA (*softly*): Filippo!

BERNARD: Do not falter. There is something in the mirror now.

LUCREZIA: Filippo!

BERNARD: Behold a lofty chamber.

LUCREZIA (*eagerly*): A great statue in the middle with a litter of broken marble at its feet?

BERNARD: Aye! I see the statue, but where is the sculptor? It is a vaulted chamber: a stage there is and a hanging curtain.

LUCREZIA: Yes, yes.

BERNARD: Aha! I see him now.

(A pause. They make a sharp exclamation. The mirror is shivered to pieces and becomes dark.)

We should not have gone upon this fool's quest.

LUCREZIA (*staggering to the middle of the stage*): There was a woman in his arms.

BERNARD: Be sure that it was some other man.

LUCREZIA: There was a woman in his arms.

SIR BASIL THOMSON

BERNARD: Psha! the crystal lied.

LUCREZIA: There was a woman in his arms!

(Her hand is on the table near the phial of Elixir. She grasps it and dashes it on the floor.)

BERNARD: You have spilled it.

LUCREZIA: There was a woman in his arms.

BERNARD: What care I for your passion? You have spoiled the test and ruined me.

LUCREZIA: Filippo belongs to me. Do you think that I will give him up to the wanton who has crawled into our trysting-place to steal him from me? He gave himself to me for ever, and into the Eternal I will carry him with me.

(She snatches up the phial of poison, and moving towards the door, she turns.)

When you gave me this you said that there was enough to lay Treviso low. Then there is enough for two.

BERNARD: Aha! What said I?—you desire no more the Elixir of Life!

LUCREZIA: No! But I still have Death!

CURTAIN.

E. TEMPLE THURSTON

WHEN THE DAY ENDS

I am not given to new friends.

When the day ends,
And the twilight falls,
Like blue powder settling, and an owl calls
The curfew for the night
As it sees the yellow prick of my candle light,
It is the voices I know I care for.

That's what my book-shelves are there for,
Over the desk and behind my chair,
So that turning only I can just see where
The rubicund face of Sir Thomas Browne
Seeks preferment to be taken down
From the shadowed corner where he waits
Beside the pale vellumed face of Yeats.

THE DOLLS' HOUSE LIBRARY

I do not wish acquaintance with books—
A nodding acquaintance so that when one looks
Down at me in the crowded street
Of library shelves, I can, as we meet,
Doff my hat and airily say—
“Oh, yes—I met him at So-and-So’s—yesterday.”

I would sooner have just a few friends
When the day ends;
Than pass as one moving in the high society
Of books, being well acquainted with propriety;
Addressing them correctly by their titles,
Talking small talk and knowing nothing of their vitals.

There are certain hours I could name—
No others are quite the same—
Hours at the door of dreams,
When it somehow seems
A friend talks more intimately.

There is an hour just after tea.

It is winter dark and no thought shackles
Your mind and the fire crackles
While the wind outside rises higher and higher,
Like children singing in a choir.

There is a faint sense of gloom
The lamplight presses into corners of the room.

It is Yeats I’d have talking to me then
Of Slieve Echtge and long grasses in the glen
Of Mary Hines of Ballylee,
And of course the lake Island of Innisfree.

I never take up that deep-margined book
But what, turning the pages my eyes look,
My senses swim and my heart wonders how
“I will arise and go now—”
Just came into any man’s pen to write
So near it brings dawn after night.

E. TEMPLE THURSTON

Oh, and there are times, too, on a sick bed,
Not too sick to raise your head,
When you lie still by time unhampered,
With hot food in cups and with pillows pampered,
And the hours run softly by with no alarm
Like children tip-toed and all arm in arm.

Those are times when the clock's pulse beats
And you lie warm in linen sheets,
Curled up under the clothes like a mouse
And read of Alan and David in the deck-house,
Of hair-breadth escapes and heroic feats.

I like to shudder in warm sheets.

And when the wind rattles against the dormer
Somehow it seems to make sheets warmer.

There are places too, as well as times,
Where all one's thoughts run in rhymes
And in sweet note
With the friend in the pocket of one's coat.

I like to take down from their shelves
Those—what does Dobson call them?—dumpy twelves—
The little books that need no bringing,
But just come along with you singing
Your song. Your companions, you their debtor
Because they sing it a thousand times better.

Think of Jefferies on the Sussex downs!
Far from the noise of towns
Lying beside you on that short grass of high hills,
With a lark above that fills
Heaven to give them all their music there
And still leaves notes trembling in the air
To make your Heaven before it's due,
And the voice of Jefferies there with you,
That even placid voice which tells
With all the simple chime of three church bells
Such wonders as you never could reveal,
Not in the compass of a cathedral peal.

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Near by Heyshott of the Downs there is a stream
Where the gold gleam
From amber flints,
Sparkles and glints
And with the running ripples draws the eye
Towards the deep hollows where the brown trout lie;
With rush and eddy and sharp surprise
Always my heart rises with a leap as they rise;
In my stream of blood I feel the rings that curl
After the sudden splash and swirl.

Meredith sounds very wise there;
Too wise perhaps.

A thousand women fair
Would scarce revolt while life had the song
Of that stream tumbling along,
Over the sandy bottom and yellow pebbles,
Sweet alto to the choir of trebles
In the beeches and the alder.

There, I fancy, if her mate called her
The hen bird would not stay to barter,
Or suffer any wise reason to part her
From the passionate tremor of fluttered wings
And a voice like his that sings
From Spring's first day-break to the Spring night
All that the winter taught him of love's delight.

He is too wise for that, is Meredith,
Yet I know a spot where he is a friend to be with,
A shallow where some little road runs through
That mirror of the sky's blue.

When the wheels of a cart have passed and spoken,
And the clear glass of the mirror broken
It mends again its thousand pieces
As the stream smoothes out the ripples creases.

There is a little bridge there—a wooden span
For the foot of man,
And such of the world as chance to stray
Down Heyshott way.

E. TEMPLE THURSTON

With all his women and his men
He's not too wise there, when
A Mus Gammon comes in hail,
Throwing a good evening over the bridge's rail.

But best of all let it be the sea
Where I would take a friend with me.

I like to watch the long wave reach
The sandy beach,
Or, gathering volume for the hammer blow,
Shatter in glassy spray upon the rocks below.

There's a place to lie!
Where the battlements of rocks are high,
And the ear never waits
For that mailed fist beating on castle gates.

Clear, sonorous accompaniment can that be
To the smite and ring of words in Carlyle's smithy.

I am not given to new friends
When the day ends.

My heart is not a rover.

I like the bird that sings his song twice over;
The swallow that returns to last year's eaves;
I like the damp scent of last year's leaves,
Lying heaped and brown in the wood.

Nothing is dead that once was good.

And for a book beside my bed,
Give me that which few know but all have read.

It is the voices I know I care for.

That's what my bookshelves are there for.

1922.

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KATHARINE TYNAN

SHEEP AND LAMBS

All in the April evening
April airs were abroad,
The sheep with their little lambs
Passed me by on the road.

The sheep with their little lambs
Passed me by on the road,
All in the April evening
I thought on the Lamb of God.

The lambs were weary, and crying
With a weak, human cry.
I thought on the Lamb of God,
Going meekly to die.

Up in the blue, blue mountains
Dewy pastures are sweet;
Rest for the little bodies,
Rest for the little feet.

But for the Lamb of God,
Up on the hill-top green,
Only a Cross of shame,
Two stark crosses between.

All in the April evening
April airs were abroad;
I saw the sheep with their lambs,
And thought on the Lamb of God.

FLOWER OF YOUTH

Lest Heaven be thronged with grey-beards hoary,
God, who made boys for His delight,
Stoops, in a day of grief and glory
And calls them in, in from the night.
When they come trooping from the War
Our skies have many a new gold star.

KATHARINE TYNAN

Heaven's thronged with gay and careless faces
New-waked from dreams of dreadful things;
They walk in green and pleasant places
And by the crystal water springs,
Who dreamt of dying and the slain,
And the fierce thirst and the strong pain.

Dear boys! they shall be young for ever.
The Son of God was once a boy.
They run and leap by a clear river
And of their youth they have great joy.
God, who made boys so clean and good,
Smiles with the eyes of Fatherhood.

Now Heaven is by the young invaded;
There's laughter in the House of God.
Stainless and simple as He made it
God keeps the heart of the boy unflawed.
The old wise Saints look on and smile
They are so young and without guile.

Oh, if the sonless mothers weeping,
The widowed girls, could look inside
The glory which hath them in keeping
Who went to the Great War and died,
They would rise, and put their mourning off,
And say, "Thank God, he has enough!"

LAMBS

He sleeps as a lamb sleeps,
Beside his mother.
Somewhere in yon blue deeps
His tender brother
Sleeps like a lamb and leaps.

He feeds as a lamb might
Beside his mother.
Somewhere in fields of light
A lamb, his brother,
Feeds, and is clothed in white.

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THE ONLY CHILD

Lest he miss other children, lo!
His angel is his playfellow.
A riotous angel two years old
With wings of rose and curls of gold.

There on the nursery floor together
They play when it is rainy weather,
Building brick castles with much pain
Only to knock them down again.

Two golden heads together look
An hour long o'er a picture-book;
Or tired of being good and still
They play at horses with good will.

Still when the boy laughs you shall hear
Another laughter silver-clear,
Sweeter than music of the skies,
Or harps, or birds of Paradise.

Two golden heads one pillow press,
Two rosebuds shut for heaviness.
The wings of one are round the other
Lest chill befall his tender brother.

All day with forethought mild and grave
The little angel's quick to save,
And still outruns with tender haste
The adventurous feet that go so fast.

From draughts, from fire, from cold and stings
Wraps him within his gauzy wings;
And knows his father's pride and shares
His happy mother's tears and prayers.

HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL

SMALL CHANGE

If you can't skim all the cream you want, don't let disappointment sour
the milk that is left.

HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL

We are all Marionettes, and, if the right person pulls the strings, we enjoy our dancing.

There is no reagent so delicate as the instinct of a child.

Our thoughts are a barometer by which we can gauge the growth of the soul that is nourished or impoverished by them.

How many of us bolster resolution with needless words! And yet the vain repetition of one emphatic phrase weakens it.

Your supreme hero looks first and then leaps.

Fame's temple lies in the heart of a maze to which converge a thousand paths, most of them blind alleys.

The best of women visit upon the heads of their well-beloved the sins and shortcomings of others.

Worries have this vagabond quality: one may put to flight another, even as you set a thief to catch a thief.

Love, not respect, is the Heaven-appointed teacher of the lessons that profit us.

Some of us insist upon shouldering three kinds of trouble—the troubles of the past, the present and the future.

To many excellent persons cheeseparer affords greater rapture than music, sculpture, or painting. A penny saved is not only a penny made, but also a coveted object added to an ever-increasing coin collection. In moments of depression your honest cheeseparer can always hearten himself up by smelling and touching the parings.

Kind compensation usually ordains that the course of love which is not true should run smooth, at any rate till the wedding day.

Fight evil thoughts with good actions.

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A fine quality denied its triumph may be wrecked in disaster.

It took a good many thousand years to turn apes into men. It takes less time to turn men back into apes.

A man who can control his own passions can control the passions of others.

Any able-bodied man who hasn't a job, paid or unpaid, is a menace to the welfare of the nation.

It takes many men to make a world, but how many worlds does it take to make a man?

Life is a big hunt anyway, and why should we potter along behind the fogies?

With how much steadier and purer a flame the torch of gratitude would burn, were it not so often blown upon by gusty verbosity on the part of those who have lighted it.

Not intellect, nor eloquence, but feeling scales the walls which hide one Soul from another.

Ungratified desires, hidden thoughts, impose burdens as grievous as those laid upon us by our actions.

Friends are like policemen—generally round the corner when most wanted.

Plain speech never hurt an honest woman with brains to understand it.

October is a lover's month because it includes all the seasons, revealing what the years must hold for man and woman—languorous days of sunshine, obscuring mists, high encounters of winds, cleansing rains, and whitening frosts.

Happiness, like Liberty, must be earned before we can enjoy it.

HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL

God help the woman who is without Sentiment, and God help the woman who has it—in excess!

The well-being of a country can't be measured by trade balance sheets. The most prosperous nation is that in which there are least starving children.

The despairs of a man's life are no more to be ignored than his triumphs.

Young people like to be consulted, whether they know anything about a subject or not.

A kindly word lingers in the ear, when a kind action may be lost to sight.

Those who note with microscopic vision the fine threads of life's fabric may be blind to the pattern of the whole.

The ebb and flow of feeling is as mysterious as the ebb and flow of the tides.

Nothing is so exasperating as to be compelled to use a blunderbuss when you are master of a rapier.

It takes a big man to do a small job right. There are too many small men doing big jobs wrong.

The evil that is in a husband may touch a good wife to finer issues, whereas a bad wife would corrupt a saint.

The cannibal's reason for the eating of missionaries—because they are good—doesn't account entirely for woman's appetite for the company of priests.

Time takes what is in a man's heart and writes it indelibly upon his countenance.

The world may be well lost for love, but it is terrible to think of the many who lose both—the many women.

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If we aim at the sun, we ought to be grateful if we hit a small star.

Only lookers-on at the human comedy can be consistently philosophical.

A man has always one specimen woman with whom he compares the others.

When a man chooses his friends he gives his character into their keeping.

Happiness is as contagious as influenza—probably more so.

When love enters men's hearts, their wits often leave their heads.

Nine women out of ten distrust a man's works and have absurd faith in his words.

The young hold reserves of strength only obedient to the voice of necessity.

Young women who admire conquerors are generally the most easily conquered.

Liberty is no synonym of Peace . . . a world quit of strife would be a world in bondage.

Tell me what a man's mistakes are and I'll tell you what he is.

As one grows older the appeal of what endures becomes stronger.

To all hard workers come black moments, and that is the time to think of the Light.

The rich have no sanctuaries because they bring their cares into them.

A woman's sense of honour may be keener than a man's and yet differ from it very materially.

A clever man is logical in thought and restrained in action; a clever woman is, generally, the exact opposite.

HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL

In essentials men and women don't change much—except for the worse.

Why do the tiny blunders of life lure us into such vast quagmires?

In the world of feeling, as in the physical world, nature abhors a vacuum.

The beginnings of most lives worth the living are muddles.

The walls between human souls can be overthrown, like those of Jericho, by a word; only it must be the true word.

A big man runs his business; a small man is run by it.

Two qualities in man are irresistible to women: strength and weakness.

The family does indeed become the unit of national life when the daughter practises what the father preaches.

Man alone, not God, dares to pronounce his brother man hopelessly bankrupt.

The world wags on when the merely clever men leave it; it drags when the kind women drop out.

The wife who tries to alter her husband generally ends by altering herself.

Sorrow for others lightens our burdens; sorrow for oneself makes them harder to bear.

The struggle after personal recognition is a certain sign of decadence in a nation.

Well, well, it's laughin', not weepin', that turns a hard life into an easy one.

Woman is a creature of ambushades, of surprises and disguises.

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A man may be mighty smart in a cow-country, and all kinds of a fool in the City.

Sakes! What a different world this would be if mothers chose their sons' wives.

There is really nothing so witless as excessive brevity.

If a man gets out of life all there is in it for him he hasn't time to interfere with others.

A man who does what he pleases is seldom pleased with what he does.

Slander is like a drop of milk in a tumbler of clear water.

Most men exact from women a trust which they are not willing to bestow in return.

You mustn't put a strong prejudice too near the milk of human kindness.

A woman's brain is a sorry advocate against her heart.

When a mother gives her son a bit of her mind, she may find it mighty hard to get it back again.

Courage is the King virtue of those who dwell in the wilderness.

C. F. A. VOYSEY

"IDEAS IN THINGS"

Being a Discourse on Matter, as the medium for the expression of Thought and Feeling: Written out of love and loyalty for our Great Queen, 1923.

Ruskin said, "Tell me what you love, and I will tell you what you are." The chief Architect of the Royal House for which this little book is written, while speaking of the doll's house, declared that only for love and fun could such a work be done. It is a faithful record of the taste and skill and the love and merriment that since the Great War have gained fresh life. It proclaims in every detail the delight in free loving service and painstaking skill, reminding us of the monks of the Middle Ages,

C. F. A. VOYSEY

with their deeply religious sense, carving in suitable places merry and grotesque faces. It recalls their faithful thoroughness in the beauty and perfection of hidden parts.

Not only the great cathedrals speak to us—but every material thing, in proportion to the spirit of its maker. The home-made toy of the peasant is as truly a spiritual companion to the child as the inspiring architecture of our churches is a stimulus to us. There is that in every fine building that we can neither measure nor weigh. And it is that something that we value far beyond any material quality. It is the unseen that is the glory of the seen.

Is not all Art the manifestation of thought and feeling? And are not thought and feeling more valuable than any other quality?

We seem to be emerging from a materialistic period when human skill was valued more than character, and we worked more for money than for love: and in consequence objects of daily use have become uglier and uglier, and proclaimed their sordid origin. Everything was affected by what we were loving. It was material good, much more than truth, beauty, and God.

Since the War, the pendulum of human energy has begun to swing in the other direction, and we cannot fail to notice a growing interest in human feeling. We are stimulated in this, by our Royal Patrons, to follow their example. And we hope the facilities for rapidly rushing from place to place will soon change that desire into a reaction in favour of a love of quiet home life and industry; an industry in which the joys of faithful service will drive away the parching thirst for play. Excitement of the moment must give way to deeper joys of contemplating thought and feeling, as manifest in material things.

Thinking and feeling are the only way by which we can cultivate character, and the more we think and feel the more affected are we by our environment. When we realise this, we shall strive to have around us the greatest material beauty. And we shall all agree that material beauty cannot exist without beauty of thought and feeling. The unseen and non-material quality in everyday objects of use will then become a matter of infinite concern to us. We shall all understand how much more important character is than cleverness. Character alone imparts the spiritual quality, while cleverness provides the technique. The manner of the doing must be second to the thing that is done! The value of the thing that is done being measured by its effect on our thought and feeling, and not only its effect upon our senses.

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Form, colour, light and shade and qualities of texture should be regarded as means to an end. Not as ends in themselves. They are but the language of Art, and the vehicle by which we are enabled to express ideas and arouse emotions, the vehicle by which the dry bones of history may be clothed in lovely enchanting raiment.

The architecture of a country has always been regarded as the most accurate record of the mental, moral and spiritual condition of the time and people responsible for its creation.

The idea is growing fast that Art is not rightly confined to pedestals and gold frames, but is needed in all the articles of daily use. The Royal Academy has for the first time in its existence admitted this principle, in holding an Arts and Crafts Exhibition this year.

For some time vast sums of money have been spent on technical training. Craft schools are set up and teachers salaried to teach and armies of inspectors to inspect. And few realise the result. We are living in a fool's paradise, thinking that we are improving the art of the country by such means; whereas in fact we are paying for the training which was once infinitely better given by the trade guilds and the apprenticeship system of former times, when the number trained was regulated by the amount of trade done in the several branches. Now, alas, the schools are turning out a number of students out of all proportion to the number of posts available for them. And what is even worse, the kind of training given is felt to be wrong, and sometimes poisonous, by the teachers and examiners alike; the excuse for such being that only by teaching in methods approved by the trade can pupils be induced to attend the classes. And the teachers are bound, for the sake of their livelihood, to keep up the recognised standard of attendance at their classes.

These facts with regard to the effect of technical training have an important bearing on the subject before us, showing that we only vaguely recognise the importance of beauty in objects of daily use, and are still groping in the dark as to how to secure the desired result. So far our efforts have been very defective. And one of the reasons why it is so, may be traceable to the watertight compartments into which artistic training has been sealed. Art has become divorced from Religion, Morals and general Culture. It is looked upon as a speciality. The average man is not ashamed to admit openly that he knows nothing about it. The well-to-do are content with what they buy, if its author is dead, or well known, or the article very costly.

The buyers of the antique seldom have more than an archæological

Auge et fulgore decorata arca
 Phœbus accipiens novum Caesarem.
 Cœli aditus hinc ara finem
 Corporis arces.
 Si fœdatis vultu sequitur arce
 Romanæ Romanum Lætanque fœdus
 Alarum in laetum indicioq; temporis
 Phœgus arces.
 Quæque Veritasque Mediolanum
 Quæque in Dacia arces venere
 Cœli in tota pariterum arce.
 Apollin arce
 Hinc locis unum denique caeteris
 Spem locum certant domum referre.
 Tunc hinc in Phœbe choros in Dacia
 Tunc hinc laudes.

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 SORE. THIS MERGE WORTH OF
 MAY OF THE YEAR MCMXXIII



St. John and Cicely Hornby

Doris M. Lee

Ellen Terry
 May 4
 1922

Name of Wine				Vintage	Bin
RECEIVED				CONSUMED	
From	Date	Cost	Quantity	at	price
1000	1922	100	100		

"The Stage"

"The Cellar Book"

Fragment of a page with faint, illegible text, possibly a list or index.

Adela Maddison
 1922

Once had a
 sweet little
 doll, dears,
 the prettiest
 doll in the
 world;

Adela Maddison

Grailey Hewitt

C. F. A. VOYSEY

knowledge of the things they prize, and could not explain the merits or demerits of any modern production.

It is now becoming more and more acknowledged that the modern designer ought to be more encouraged and that archæological interests are petrifying to creative taste.

We are beginning to thirst for living thought and feeling, and growing weary of foreign mummified emotions. We are awakening to the infinite distinction between a knowledge of the Art of Greece and Rome, and a vital manifestation of the thought and feeling of our own time. A knowledge of the mode of Egyptian life 3,000 years B.C. will not make us more faithful, orderly or graceful. Nor will it make us more considerate of, and generous to each other.

It is one thing to be filled with vast knowledge, and quite another to be wise and warm-hearted. Our surroundings can be made to stimulate our better feelings, or remind us of greedy low motives: cheap and shoddy. All these last are clearly apparent in many an article of daily use. And it must be true that if we can recognise these qualities we must be equally capable of perceiving dignity, generosity, faithfulness, thoroughness, painstaking devotion, and the love to serve. Who would not sooner live in a cottage, furnished however slightly with necessaries, made by men eager to display all the qualities universally admired, than in a palace crammed with museum articles? It is vanity that fills most houses. And we are beginning to find it out and to try to correct the fault, and fill instead all places where we dwell with objects as full of thought and feeling as our old cathedrals; only more alive and in tune with the needs and aspirations of our own time.

The home of this little book marks our time in many ways. The electric lift alone will tell the luxury mechanical science has brought us. And above all the loving devotion to all that is noble and of good report.

A. B. WALKLEY

HISTRIONICS FOR DOLLS—A LETTER TO A DEBUTANTE.

So, dolly dear, you want to go on the stage! That does not surprise me, in a young person of your charming sex; what does, is that you should ask *my* advice. Dramatic critics, as we are called (when we are not called something worse), are not often consulted by stage *débutantes*, who generally seek younger and less inky advisers. But, of course, I am at your service, as I have been ever since the day I picked you up from the floor and feared from the big round red patches on your cheeks that you

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were offended by the liberty. Now I know that the red patches are permanent—a convenience which will not only save you the trouble of “making up” in your new profession but serve you in some of the dialogue which escapes the Examiner of Plays. Further, you can both open and shut your eyes, an activity which is a fine aid to facial expression. But don't think, my dear, that because when squeezed in the—well, in the right place, you can say “Mam-ma” quite distinctly, you have therefore a natural gift of elocution. It is not enough to go upon.

But, bless me, I am forgetting that for you dollies the question of elocution does not arise. You have all your elocution done for you by the gentleman who looks after the wires. Not for *you* those brilliant linguistic feats performed by your flesh-and-blood sisters. *You* will never be able to summon the parlourmaid as “Mariar Ann” or to dismiss the footman with “That will do, Henery.” You cannot tell your mamma that papa is in the “lybery.” You will not be privileged (as a French maid) to address your master as “Mossoo” or (en vraie Parisienne) as “Mosseer.” It is the wire-puller who will have the honour of keeping up these sound traditions of the English stage. If they agitate you on your wires, as well they may, we critics (who have our sound traditions too, and just as appalling) shall praise you as “vibrant with emotion.” Thus, you see, you get an initial pull over your—what shall I call them?—your wireless rivals, whose emotion has to be expressed in the less subtle form of glaring violently and (old style) shrieking “Unhand me, ruffian!” or (new style) shrugging, “Don't *touch* me!”

So do not repine. Remember that the foibles of your rivals are virtues, because natural, in you. Their acting is only metaphorically, yours genuinely, mechanical. They will appear stiff and wooden; you will be truly so. And you will be spared many of their severest trials, *e.g.*, the acute discomfort of being greeted with the cheers of enthusiastic friends before you open your mouth (because everybody knows you can't open your mouth) or the positive agony of having to explain, at the curtain fall, when the gallery cries “Author,” that the author is not in the house and that your heart is too full for you to express adequate thanks for this wonderful reception. Nor will you be annoyed with bouquets—for you can't hold a bouquet.

And that brings me to one of your gravest disabilities. You can't, in fact, hold anything. Therefore you can never aspire to play Lady Macbeth, who has to say to her lord, “Give *me* the daggers.” (If he did you would promptly drop them, with a clatter, and ruin the scene.) Or Ophelia, who has to distribute flowers. There would be no rue for *you*. Or

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Portia, who has to hand over a ring. Or Desdemona, who has to lose a handkerchief. *You* could never have a handkerchief to lose.

This, then, is the prime distinction between doll-acting and the common or wireless sort. To appreciate it, think of what happens at the Théâtre Français, where the greatest sociétaire does not esteem himself too great for the useful task of bringing in a letter. However great you may become in your art, you will always find that the most exacting of parts. What is "utility" at the Français will have become "Star part" at the Théâtre des Marionnettes.

Finally, the wires on which you are suspended will give you superior powers of locomotion. And we critics of the sound tradition shall say that you have made great strides in your art or that you are coming to the front by leaps and bounds. A difficult art, dolly; respect it, and pursue it with the blessing of your old friend and sincere well-wisher.

HUGH SPENCER WALPOLE

THE HOUSE IN THE LONELY WOOD

EDITOR'S NOTE

I feel it my duty to make as clear a statement as possible as to the circumstances that have led to my editing a work by so well-known and so universally admired a novelist as the author of *A Modern Helen*, *The Blue Wall*, and the rest of Mr. Henry Trenchard's famous works of fiction.

Mr. Trenchard is known to the modern world as one of the sternest and most uncompromising of modern realists.

It will be remembered, however, that his two first novels were romances in the purest and most unadulterated sense of the word. The curious who read once again *The Clock Tower* and *The Man in Armour* will find probably in these Romance unabashed and unashamed.

While staying with Mr. Trenchard last year my curiosity led me to ask about the origin of these works, and he then showed me the complete MS. of a yet earlier romance. I begged for permission to read this and permission was granted me. I read it and was enchanted with its freshness of colour and directness of vision. I asked him why it had never been published. Mr. Trenchard told me that he had not thought that anyone would care for it. He finally agreed that it should be published on condition that it should be fathered by himself and that the conditions of its publication should be most clearly stated.

The responsibility is mine alone.

H. S. W.

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BOOK I

THE SHUTTERED ROOM

CHAPTER I

How the Young Man in the Green Coat Rode Through the Wood

Upon a late afternoon in the winter of 1789—three days before Christmas, to be precise—in the thickly wooded district of Northern Glebeshire, somewhere between the port of Drymouth and the prosperous fishing village of Carlyon-in-Church, a young man might have been seen riding on a tired nag, his face gloomy and discontented. The weather was harsh and severe for that part of the country, for it is but rarely cold even in mid-winter in the county of Glebeshire. A sharp, icy wind was blowing in from the sea, carrying with it small scattered flakes of snow that melted as soon as they fell. The trees of the dreary wood through which the young man was riding seemed to share in the melancholy of the weather, knocking their boughs together in a disheartened kind of way and waving their bare branches disconsolately against the grey overhanging sky.

The young man as he tried to urge his weary horse up the steep little hill cursed his fate. He had apparently acquired the habit of talking to himself, because he said aloud as he went: "Faith, 'tis a piece of good fortune that there's only another mile to go. I'm perishing with cold and misery."

Even as he spoke his horse stumbled and with difficulty recovered himself. The snow was falling now more thickly and beginning to lie. The light, such as there was, was fast fading from the sky, and the soft rise and fall of the sea could be distinctly heard whispering from the distant shore.

This young man, being our hero, should now be properly introduced. His name was Edward Keith Hilaire Forster, and he had so many names because he had so many ancestors. His mother was English and was born in the town of Polchester in Glebeshire; her father had been a canon of that town.

Edward's father, now with God, had been a devout Quaker of Dutch origin born in the county of Sussex. There was French, Italian, and Spanish blood in Edward's stock, and a touch of Chinese, owing to his great-grandfather having been a traveller in Chinese embroidery and meeting just for a week a very pretty lady in Peking.

Edward's father had died when he was quite a child, and he and his

HUGH SPENCER WALPOLE

mother had been left in severe poverty. He had neither brothers nor sisters, and his mother and he were everything to one another—indeed, some unkind persons said he was something too much of his mother's darling. He had never enjoyed very robust health, and it was natural that his mother should take the greatest care of him.

He had all the aristocratic pallor and slender figure of his mother's family (she a Carlyon) and he was not in truth suited to the rough usage that he had received during this day's journey.

He had been summoned by his mother to wait upon her in the town of Polchester, where she was staying with some relations. He had reached Drymouth quite easily by coach and had there discovered that the quickest means of transit thence was by another coach that left a village known as Lacy Major early every morning for Polchester. There seemed to be no secure means of reaching Lacy Major save on horseback, and he had therefore hired a horse from "The Green Bull" at Drymouth and started forth on what ought to have been an easy and comfortable journey. Man, however, proposes and God disposes, and one disaster after another accumulated upon his unfortunate head. A cast shoe, a headache, a bad bottle of wine, a misdirection, a mistaken road, all these had prolonged the torture of a wintry journey on an unwilling and halting nag. He had done better to have waited two days at Drymouth for the coach that would have taken him straight to Polchester without the trouble of this intervening ride. Trouble, yes, and dangers too. The darkness now was thickening so fast that it was no marvel that the poor horse stumbled.

The snow was now lying thickly and formed an unearthly series of patches and squares set in the darker atmosphere of the thick trees that seemed with every moment that passed to close more menacingly about the unfortunate traveller.

"If I could but see a light," he sighed aloud, and even as he spoke he fancied that he distinguished a glittering bead like a winking eye that broke the grey chill of the gathering night.

Was there something or no? Was it his disordered fancy?

He halted his old horse and stared.

The wind howled about him, the snow blew like a suffocating garment about his face. Was there a light? Yes, it beckoned to him. He would go forward to meet it.

END OF CHAPTER I

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MRS. GEORGE WEMYSS

WHITE'S LANE

WAR, 1918

She had come down to the country after an illness, and she only wanted to be left alone. She had no wish to go beyond the garden; but she was told she must go to White's Lane. It was no distance; surely she could walk so far? She was persuaded to try, so one morning in May she went to White's Lane, and when she saw it she was glad she had come. White's Lane? Why White's more than hers? It was her lane. Who was White, she asked herself, that he should claim it? Had he given a son to England that he should ask of England a lane? Had he ever loved it, as she was to love it, through the wonderful pageantry of its varying seasons? It seemed to open its arms to her—a stranger—and to offer her of its treasures in handfuls. On either side were things of most rare beauty and exquisite workmanship. The tiny varnished golden celandine; the blue speedwell; the minute forget-me-not; the diminutive dandelion; the little strawberry blossom; the wild geranium; and the lace-like flowers that fairies must wear as veils, so wondrously fine were they. All these in May—England in May! and as the stranger knelt among the treasures she heard the thud of the guns—guns in France, and above her, as she made the tiny bouquets that fairy brides might carry at their weddings, she heard the humming of aeroplanes. In June to her posies were added the buds of the wild rose; and rock roses, pale yellow; and pansies, mauve; and sorrel, ruddy in hue. All these in June—England in June!—and as she picked the flowers she heard the thud, thud of the guns. Guns in France, and overhead the humming of aeroplanes. In July to her nosegays the wild strawberry lent a touch of brilliant colour, the convolvulus a tender pink, the harebell an airy lightness, the wild thyme a fragrance. Delicious nosegays these in July. England in July!—and as she set each tiny flower, as a jeweller sets his gem, she heard the thud, thud of the guns—guns in France—and overhead the humming of aeroplanes. As she gathered the wild flowers in May, in June, in July she thought of her sons; one gone, from France to the Other Side, the other still in France. And she remembered how, as children, they had loved to pick wild flowers for her, and how quickly the flowers had wilted in their little hands. There had been no thud of guns then—guns in France, no humming of aeroplanes overhead. In August she was recovered of her illness and she was going back to London, to work. Latterly, being strong and well, she had wandered farther afield, and for the moment

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had given the lane back to White, whoever he might be. Now she must renew her search for the treasures she had neglected. How rich and varied they might be in August! Would the harebell be there still? the wild thyme? the golden celandine? the forget-me-not? the pansy? It was a glorious morning at the end of August—England in August! Overhead the blue sky; on all sides the gathering in of a splendid harvest. She came down her lane, eager to discover its treasures—and dismayed, she stopped. The reaper had been before her; the sickle among her treasures. From one side of her lane all her treasures were gone. On the other side was left the harebell that rang so softly that only a fairy could hear it; the wild thyme that wafted its scent on the air; the blue scabious that shone, a jewel in the sun; the scarlet leaf of the wild geranium that flared, a beacon on the bank. A man, with a bill-hook in his hand, turned and greeted her. It was a beautiful morning, he said. He was getting along fine—it looked a bit tidier, didn't it? Then he laughed to see her concern—"There's the other side yet," he said, seeking to comfort her; but she could not be comforted and she turned to go back. At the top of White's Lane she met the kindly postmistress. "Is it for me?" she asked, seeing a telegram. "I told you to telephone any telegram that comes for me—it is a hot walk for you." The postmistress nodded—she remembered that; but this one she couldn't have spoken—the words—wouldn't have come; and she put her hand to her throat . . . and the stranger knew—that on this side of Life's lane there was none of her treasure left. It was all on the Other Side. August—August in England! And from France came the thud, thud of the guns, and above, in a cloudless sky, the humming of aeroplanes.

PEACE, 1920

In June 1920 she came again to White's Lane. The lane that two years ago she had claimed as her own. Should she here find the peace the world spoke of? The peace that could never be hers because of the secret hunger in her heart. She remembered the varnished, golden celandine, so exquisite; the blue speedwell; the minute forget-me-not; the diminutive dandelion; the tiny strawberry blossom; the wild geranium; and the white flowers with which the fairies must veil their loveliness.

All this had been hers until destruction had come upon it, robbing it of its treasures as the war had robbed her of all that in her life was most lovely. It would be easier to see those banks again carrying, as they must to this day, the scars of their deep wounding. It would be easier! At the top of the lane she stood and listened. Where, two years ago, there had been the thud, thud of the guns in France, there was now the singing of

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birds; and everywhere the voice of Nature crooning, as it were, to her children; whispering in the trees and laughing in the running water, telling of peace. And overhead, in a cloudless sky, where two years ago there had been the unceasing hum of aeroplanes, there was now the swift flight of swallows.

It was summer, and what was summer to her whose children could never have children of their own? Summer that is made for children; that carpets their little world with buttercups and daisies, and stars the downs with tiny jewels. Summer that demands their playing and the sound of their voices. She came down the lane, and stopped, amazed to see the banks on both sides heaped anew with treasure. Nature had healed the wounds and there were no scars; but only beauty, expressed in the wild roses, pink and white; the rock roses, pale yellow; the mauve pansies and the red sorrel.

Everywhere crept the tiny convolvulus, delicately pink, charmingly friendly; and here and there a harebell that the fairies had not yet set ringing.

It was too early for the ringing of bells. The fairies were but courting, and their lace veils but in the making. She stooped to pick the flowers, and as she picked a wild rose the petals fell and only the crown was left in her hand.

Round it she set each flower as a jeweller sets his gems.

The world still held miracles of treasures. She held them. They were hers. After war—peace.

At the end of the lane she met a little child, and she asked him if the lane were his, and the child nodded. "I have been picking your flowers, then." "You may," he said, "they are all of ours—I've got some too," and he held out a little bunch. "You mean they belong to you all; to your brothers and sisters?" The child nodded. "How many brothers and sisters have you?" "I have got two brothers and only one sister." "Where do you live?" "In there," and he pointed to high gates. "Where do you?" "Live?" The child nodded. "I'm a stranger." "A stranger?" murmured the child, and he held out his little bunch of flowers: "They are for you." And she took them and rejoiced to find their little stalks warm. "They are lovely flowers," she said, "thank you so much." "Do you know what they are really and truly?" The stranger shook her head. "They are really fairy flowers." "That's what I called them when I came before." "When did you?" "Two years ago." "Two years ago—then I was three; why did you?" "Come? because I was tired." "Why were

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you?" "Because I had been nursing poor wounded soldiers." "Did the poor wounded soldiers get well again?" "Some of them got well." "Not all of them didn't?" "No, not all of them." "That was a pity, wasn't it?" "It was very sad." "But it's peace now, so it isn't sad any more." "Yes, it is peace now." "And Mummy says we must thank God." "Yes, we must thank God—have you?" "Oh, yes, I thanked him a thousand times." "What else does your Mummy say? Does she thank God for you, I wonder?" "No, I thank Him for myself . . . I'm old enough to. . ." The stranger held out her hand and the child moved away, just out of reach, and the stranger withdrew her hand. She wanted more than anything that the child should slip his hand into hers. "What else does your Mummy say?" "Mummy? . . . she says . . . we must thank God for our brave Daddy." "And where is your. . .?" "Don't you know he was killed in the War? He was a great soldier." There were tears in the Stranger's eyes.

"Why do you cry? Mummy says we must never do that."

"No, we must never do that; but sometimes we cry because things are so beautiful." "Do we?" The child paused, then he held out his hand. "Would you like to come into our garden? . . . Mummy is sure to be there; she generally always is." And he slipped his hand into hers. She held it, and holding it knew she held England.

A young England, full of the promise of strength and beauty; an England that should rise a pure flame, fanned by faith, from the ashes that lay heaped on the high altars of self-sacrifice.

STANLEY J. WEYMAN

Mr. Weyman has copied out "The Two Pages," a story in *The King's Byways* (1902), with this dedication: "To The Queen's Most Excellent Majesty, this little work is respectfully offered by Her Most Obedient Humble Servant, The Author." On the last leaf the author has written: "Vivat Regina Nostra Maria."

EDITH WHARTON

ELVES' LIBRARY

I

Two elves, one rainy day,
With mischief filled
Said to their parent fay:
"What shall we build?"

THE DOLLS' HOUSE LIBRARY

2

And she, much put about
By the bad weather,
Having to cuff and clout
And keep together

3

Her restless tribe, retorted,
"Ah, what a boon to me
To have a well assorted
Libreree!"

4

Those foolish elves, dismayed,
(For neither knew
How shelves were made,
Nor books thereto)

5

Sought an old Worm sagacious,
Who kept his quarters,
While fires were needed, in a spacious
Copy of Foxe's "Martyrs,"

6

To Nansen's "Pole" back fumbling
Each year in June,
And always grumbling
He'd moved too soon.

7

That Worm instructed them
How books were made,
And which were best to frame
For sun or shade;

8

Then to a Joiner bird
Those grateful elves
Set forth in half a word
Their need for shelves.

EDITH WHARTON

9

Pistils for hammers using
(The noise was horrid),
With toil confusing,
And tools all borrowed,

10

Their shelves they fashioned,
While, in walnut ink,
A lady-Spider wrote impassioned
Novels—only think!

11

But when the work was done,
The Elfin Mother, scanning
Her *Times* at set of Sun,
Learnt of the Dolls' House planning

12

To solve the Housing Problem,
And honour the Good Queen,
And quick thought she:—"My Libraree
Must with the rest be seen!"

13

To that Ideal Home
We'd all so gladly live in,
So comes this humble tome,
Most humbly given.

CHARLES WHIBLEY

Mr. Whibley has extracted a passage on "Brummel and Dandyism" from his book
The Pageantry of Life (1903).

MRS. C. N. WILLIAMSON

DOLL OR FAIRY?

It is well known in Fairy Circles that the Queen of the Fairies ventured to name her only daughter "May" in honour of our Queen Mary of England.

Now, it is supposed to be dangerous to name a Fairy after a Mortal, because a bond is thus created between the Mortal and the Fairy, a bond

THE DOLLS' HOUSE LIBRARY

which may pull one or the other into an alien world. Which is to feel the strain of the invisible cord depends upon the comparative strength of will possessed by the Mortal and Fairy half of the pair.

In this case, as the Mortal Princess grew to womanhood, developing in goodness and beauty, she far outstripped her small, filmy namesake, Fairy Princess May.

The Fairy, drawn by the magic bond, deserted the palace of her parents, in order to hover near her Royal Idol and Mistress. This life would have been joy to her, save for one tragic obstacle to her happiness. Her adored Lady, her Higher Self, her Queen, was never conscious of her presence, not even of her existence.

Years of vain and heartbreaking effort for the little Fairy passed sadly on.

Never could she succeed in making herself visible to the One who was the Star of her World. Then at last, as a reward for much longing, all that a Fairy can know of Prayer, a wonderful boon was granted to the miniature Princess May. Her Fairy Godmother (even Fairies have Fairy godmothers) planted in the minds of certain kind and clever Mortals, who loved Queen Mary of England, the seed of a brilliant idea. This was to construct a marvellous Dolls' House, designed by a famous Architect; a little palace such as Kings and Queens, Princes and Princesses, might delight to live in, if they could go through a diminishing glass. When the Dolls' House was finished, it was to be presented to Queen Mary as a gift of love from some of her subjects.

"Would it make you happy to give up your Fairyhood forever, O May, my child," asked the Fairy Godmother, "and to become instead a doll in the Queen's Dolls' House, where her eyes may dwell upon you often, and her kind heart perhaps feel some small affection for you? In this way your long fulfilled wish would be granted, though at considerable cost to yourself. You must decide at once, as my wand is waiting to change you at your request."

Fairy May hesitated not a moment. She was too grateful and happy. "I do not count the cost," she said, "I will be a Fairy no more. I will be a Doll," she decided, with a smile of rapture. "But make me a pretty one, I pray you, dear Godmother, that the eyes of the Gracious Lady may look upon me with pleasure."

In a twinkling the miracle was accomplished, and never did the face of Queen Mary's Fairy namesake wear such an expression of content and rapture as now, when for love she has been transformed into a Doll.

OWEN WISTER

G. C. WILLIAMSON

Dr. Williamson has made an original contribution in the form of a *A Book of Royal Portraits*, containing minute reproductions of miniatures of Henry VIII, Katherine Howard, Mary I, Elizabeth, Mary Queen of Scots, Charles I, Queen Henrietta Maria, Charles II, Queen Charlotte, George IV, Queen Marie Antoinette and Queen Hortense. The little work is dedicated: "To Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, with respectful and loyal good wishes."

OWEN WISTER

BELINDA THE BOLD: A ROMANCE

CHAPTER I

"Belinda," said Mamma to me at breakfast, "on the 30th you are to wed Sir Moses Morgenroth."

"Sooner death," I replied.

"The invitations are being engraved," she remarked at lunch. "Leave the names blank," I advised her.

At dinner she hissed: "Don't dare to elope with that *canal*."

Canal is French for persons one doesn't wish to know, but has to, like labour members. Mamma is awfully good at French.

"I'll wed no Hebrew prophet—I mean, profiteer," I answered.

"Everybody knows about the boots made of paper that he sold to the Government for our soldiers in France."

At this Mamma bridled haughtily. "That is a *cunard*," she said.

Cunard is, I believe, French for malicious gossip.

Silence was my retort. That night Mamma locked me in my bed-chamber.

CHAPTER II

The sawdust of a hundred belted earls does not flow in my veins for nothing.

After trying my door and thus perceiving how Mamma had seen fit to serve me, I did not lose a moment in hesitation. Knotting all my lace handkerchiefs together, I slid from my turret window, ran over the lawn and so through into the kitchen garden to the cucumber frames, and waked Rupert.

Though for the moment our gardener, Rupert was one of the new poor, and rightful heir of Tour de Force Castle, of which Sir Moses Morgenroth had vulgarly dispossessed him by purchasing the noble pile with his ignoble pile.

THE DOLLS' HOUSE LIBRARY

Since we have had to shut up so much of our own place on account of the income tax, Rupert slept in the cucumber frames.

"Come," I said.

"Darling," whispered Rupert, "where shall we flee?"

"There is but one safe place," I replied; and I took him to Harridge's. While Mamma had Scotland Yard and everybody hunting for us, we passed a month of rapture in the toy department.

Then one day there was a sale on.

"Rupert," said I, "they have marked us down. I will not brook it. And we might be sold. Those who bought us might have no sympathy with our love. That would never do. Quickly find and insult Sir Moses Morgenroth while I haste to the King to sue for pardon and for permission to fight a duel."

In Piccadilly Rupert met Sir Moses Morgenroth and pulled his nose.

"What's this?" said Sir Moses.

"It's a Jew-billee," replied Rupert.

Sir Moses could do nothing but challenge him. Rupert chose hat-pins as the weapon.

CHAPTER III

"Rise, Belinda," said the King, when I asked for pardon on the score of my youth and beauty.

But when I spoke of a duel, he looked doubtful.

"It isn't done," he said.

But when I told him how clever Rupert was about vegetables and roots and that sort of thing, and of his new invention which would save the country millions every year, he said: "Let them fight."

CHAPTER IV

They fought on Tower Green, because that is so exclusive.

Everybody attended the combat, including the King and Queen with the whole Court.

Sir Moses fell, and his low-born Semitic blood, I mean his base sawdust, flowed over the spot where Queens had lost their heads in days of yore.

CHAPTER V

In recompense for his invention of synthetic potatoes, the King gave back Tour de Force to Rupert upon the same day that he made him

OWEN WISTER

Duke of Pince Nez. And all the people shouted: "Vive the Aristocracy. A bas the Shylockracy."

CHAPTER VI

Rupert and I agree about everything but one. He wants me to have my gowns cut lower, in accordance with the fashion of the hour. But I will not do this, because my porcelain only goes down a certain distance. After that you get to stitching and things, and I shouldn't like the stuffed part to show.

Mamma and I speak now; and the Queen is to be Godmother to our little Rupert.

PART SECOND

CHAPTER I

All save one of our children are quite as Rupert and I would have them. They opened and shut their eyes and said nothing but "Mamma" and "Papa" until they attained the proper age to say those other things to which parents do wisely not to listen. Our first boy is master of hounds; our second a rear Admiral; our third a rear General; our fourth a Bishop; our fifth is something in the City and has a house in Belgrave Square, a place in Scotland, a villa at Cannes, a steam yacht, and special trains; our sixth is ambassador to Slavo-Pneumonia. Gladys is in the House of Commons, Muriel in the House of Lords, Mary Edith is a Field-Marshal. After having their fling, both boys and girls fulfilled our wishes by choosing helpmeets from among the rich lower classes—all but Augusta, who was perverse from the cradle. She wouldn't open and shut her eyes and say "Mamma" and "Papa" like the others; she stared fixedly at you, screaming "I won't!" When she could walk she never waited to be wound up, she wound herself up, and wore sandals and Athenian tunics, and sang to the poor in public places. She was constantly seeing Mamma. I understand why now—but I anticipate.

CHAPTER II

One day Augusta came and told me that she was engaged to a tenor at the Opera, a creature with standing hair and a dreadful Mediterranean accent.

Now, being a daughter and being a mother are not at all the same thing. You know how I dealt with Mamma when she locked me in; but when I locked Augusta in, it was she who dealt with me. On both occasions I was perfectly in the right; I have always been in the right;

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and if it hadn't been for Mamma's vindictive nature—but I must not anticipate.

"Mumsie," said Augusta to me, "I love him."

"I forbid it," I replied. "He is conspicuous in the wrong way."

"What's the right way, darling?" inquired Augusta in that irritating tone which she knows so well how to adopt.

"Darling," I answered, "one may fitly be conspicuous in racing, or hunting, or dancing, or gaming, or tennis, or in posing for the cinema, or in not being found out; but one mustn't be conspicuous in poetry, or music, or painting, or in any of those artistic irregularities. I know they made a peer of Tennyson, but I can't say that I ever thought well of it; and then think of Byron!"

"But he loves me," said Augusta.

"What!" I cried, for I was at the end of my patience. "Let me hear no more of this. What! Marry a person who was born in the vicinity of volcanoes and pomegranates and olives and that sort of hot-house oddity! Why, your children might be piebald."

Augusta was silent. I locked her in. Of course, Rupert leaves managing the children to me.

CHAPTER III

Then Mamma had her innings. She had been nursing revenge ever since the cucumber frames. Think of it! Thirty years!

She made a ladder out of fabricated gloves, and she helped Lorenzo Fiasco (such is the tenor's odious name) to climb up, while she held it steady; for he's quite ignorant of all muscular activities, and has never scaled anything except pianos.

He entered the private chamber of Augusta. Oh, the shame of it!

They climbed to the ground, singing that thing at the end of *Trovatore*. Mamma held the fabricated gloves tight with one hand while she played the mechanical piano with the other among the geraniums for which Tour de Force is so justly renowned.

I heard them, but somebody had locked me in.

They took refuge in Mamma's house. She sent out the invitations in her own name. I hoped that nobody would go, but everybody went because Mamma, with subtle cunning, had chosen the toy department at Harridge's for the ceremony, and got them to put a sale on. People were picking up bargains all through the nuptial service. I call it

MARGARET L. WOODS

indecent. The breakfast was served in all the food and wine departments. I went myself, because I always say that one mustn't let oneself drop out of things.

CHAPTER IV

I have forgiven Augusta, and Mamma and I are again upon speaking terms. I go to the opera every night. Dear Lorenzo sends me a box. It costs neither of us anything. That is always so very convenient. Their children are not piebald, after all, and Mamma is Godmother to little Lorenzo.

I always say that a family like ours must seem united at any cost.

MARGARET L. WOODS

Mrs. Woods has selected from her works the following poems: "Rest," "April," "To the Forgotten Dead," "Gaudemus Igitur," "The Mariners Sleep by the Sea," and "The First Battle of Ypres." I quote two:—

APRIL

O come across the hillside! The April month is here,
The lamb-time, the lark-time, the child-time of the year.
The wren sings on the sallow,
The lark above the fallow,
The birds sing everywhere,
With whistle and with holloa
The labourers follow
The shining share,
And sing upon the hillside in the seed-time of the year.

O come into the hollow, for Eastertide is here,
And pale below the hillside the budding palms appear.
The silver buds a-blowing
Their yellow bloom are showing
To woo the bee;
The bee awhile yet drowzes,
But the drunken moth carouses
All night upon the tree,
And dreams there in the dawning of the Spring-time of the year.

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O come into the woodland! The primroses are here,
And down in the woodland beneath the grasses sere,
As in a wide dominion,
How many a pretty minion
Of Spring to-day,
Where warm the sunshine passes
Thro' the forest of the grasses,
Awakes to play,
To sport there in the sun-time, the play-time of the year.

O come across the hillside, for now the Spring is here,
Come child with your laughter, your pretty April cheer!
Your fantasy possesses
The airy wildernesses,
The shrill lark's dower,
The forest and the blossom,
The earth and in her bosom
The mouse's bower;
The sunlight and the starlight of the Spring-time of the year.

O come into the wide world! For you the Spring is here,
The blue heaven is smiling, the young earth carols clear.
Come happy heart to wonder,
Come eager hands to plunder
The wide world's store,
The meadow's golden glory,
The shining towers of story
On dreamland's shore,
To reign there all the song-time, the child-time of the year.

“ THE MARINERS SLEEP BY THE SEA ”

The mariners sleep by the sea.
The wild wind comes up from the sea,
It wails round the tower, and it blows through the grasses,
It scatters the sand o'er the graves where it passes,
And the sound and the scent of the sea.

The white waves beat up from the shore,
They beat on the church by the shore,

MARGARET L. WOODS

They rush round the grave-stones aslant to the leeward,
And the wall and the mariners' graves lying seaward,
That are banked with the stones from the shore.

For the huge sea comes up in the storm,
Like a beast from the lair of the storm,
To claim with its ravenous leap and to mingle
The mariners' bones with the surf and the shingle
That it rolls round the shore in the storm.

There is nothing beyond but the sky,
But the sea and the slow-moving sky,
Where a cloud from the grey lifts the gleam of its edges,
Where the foam flashes white from the shouldering ridges,
As they crowd on the uttermost sky.

The mariners sleep by the sea.
Far away there's a shrine by the sea;
The pale women climb up the path to it slowly,
To pray to Our Lady of Storms ere they wholly
Despair of their men from the sea.

The children at play on the sand,
Where once, from the shell-broidered sand,
They would watch for the sails coming in from far places,
Are forgetting the ships and forgetting the faces
Lying here, lying hid in the sand.

When at night there's a seething of surf,
The grandames look out o'er the surf,
They reckon their dead and their long years of sadness,
And they shake their lean fists at the sea and its madness
And curse the white fangs of the surf.

But the mariners sleep by the sea.
They hear not the sound of the sea,
Nor the hum from the church where the psalm is uplifted,
Nor the crying of birds that above them are drifted.
The mariners sleep by the sea.

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FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG

From the little book of mixed verse and prose which Major Brett Young has prepared I take this loyal poem:—

SONNET TO H.M. QUEEN MARY

1922

Madam, in these bad days, when, like a barque
That has outridden bitter storms, the state
Swings in a troubled afterflood of hate
And violence; when through the night, no spark
Of windy starlight flickers down to mark
The shaken course we steer, nor to abate
The black turmoil through which, predestinate,
We fly before the wind into the dark:
When statesmen all turn tricksters; when the press
Flatters and fawns and slips base passions free;
When duty is a legend, and success
Falls at the feet of mad profusion; we,
Who love our English name, have need to bless
The Throne's devotion and simplicity.

FILSON YOUNG

A TOY PHILOSOPHY

CHAPTER I

TOYS OF THE PAST

I was looking the other day in the British Museum at some of the toys with which little children played in Egypt thousands of years ago, and also at some of those which in a later age enlivened the nurseries of Greece and Rome. And afterwards, wandering through the bewildering galleries of a modern Christmas toy fair, I could not but be struck, not only by the essentially changeless nature of our playthings, but also by the tendency manifested throughout the ages for toys to become over-elaborate and complicated until, like civilisation itself, they defeat their own ends and have to revert to elementary simplicity again. The little Egyptian children had simple things like soft balls or hard ones made of porcelain or papyrus, and the most elaborate toys of theirs which I have seen are two quite simple little figures, one a bronze woman carrying a vessel on her head, and the other, in earthenware, a mother carrying her child. But the little

FILSON YOUNG

Romans and Greeks were much more complicated in their tastes, and there are still in existence dolls of theirs elaborately dressed, with jointed arms and legs, and tiny doll's-house chairs and tables, with little cups and utensils of pottery painted with scenes from the lives of children.

In our own age there have been many developments of elaborateness in toys, which perhaps were brought to their perfection in the workshops of South Germany in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; and we are just now at the culmination of another similar although less noble development, and on the eve of a return, apparently, to simpler and more primitive toys. Certainly, although the childish ambition is to have something which "works" and is "real," it is not these things which abide most securely in our memories and affections; but things which were so unreal as to be mere grotesque symbols of what they were supposed to represent. In fact, it was the toys which gave us most to do, and laid on our imaginations the greatest task of pretence and make-believe, that really won our hearts. How simple are the first things with which a little child learns to play! First something soft that can be taken up into the mouth; then something that rattles or jingles; then the simple ball or sphere that can be rolled or bounced, then the doll in some shape or form; then the wheel, and then, according to the child's inclination or opportunity, the reins that help him to pretend to be a horse, the sword or helmet which makes him into a soldier, the gun for killing enemies or wild beasts, the railway train, the boat, and so on. The most precious toys which I remember were an imperfectly cured cowhorn which gave out, in addition to its wavering note, an overpowering smell; a species of gaily painted wheel mounted on a handle, which I called (quite inaccurately) my "whirligig"; a small boat with black topsides and a salmon-coloured bottom, which has sailed many voyages on the green tablecloth, now bringing up alongside Webster's Dictionary to discharge cargo, and now lying at anchor in the shelter of a promontory of Bibles; and a common iron hoop burnished by friction of its stick to the colour of silver, beside and behind which I ran, over paved footpaths dappled with sunshine filtered through the hawthorn and laburnum of suburban gardens, many a long unwearied mile.

It is strange to me to think that these objects, once so living and crowded upon with poetry and imagination, so clearly associated with all that was lovely and adventurous in the mind of childhood, must long ago have crumbled away and been restored to their chemical

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elements, and that I should still be walking about and looking into toyshop windows, reduced to the sorry business of writing about toys instead of gloriously playing with them. But it is of no use. I made an experiment not very long ago; did actually purchase, for an absurdly small sum, a clockwork railway of a kind that was totally beyond my reach in the days when I would have gloried in it; and carrying it home in a large red cardboard box, and making sure that my servant was well out of the way, did actually set it out on the floor and attempt to play with it. But the glory had departed; I could not become sufficiently like a little child to enter that kingdom. But I knew what to do with the train. I parcelled it up again and bestowed it upon a family of little children into whose wildest dreams the idea of possessing such a thing could never have entered, and I believe it is to this day brought out on a Sunday or a birthday by their father, and played with for their benefit, surrounded in their minds with the same glamour and glory in which it first fell upon them from the skies.

CHAPTER II

TOYS AND IMAGINATION

I am constantly seeing my little friends being deprived of this great pleasure of the rarely used "best" toy. Everything is delivered into their hands—aeroplanes that fly, electric trains with signals and switches that work, toy battleships and motor-cars that are marvels of ingenuity, armies that are patterns of accuracy in their uniforms and equipment. . . . But when you have put into a child's hand an extremely elaborate model it cannot and does not satisfy his imagination. He will play for a whole day with a train made of chairs, because imagination enters into the game; the arm-chair is an engine, the sofa is a sleeping-car, another arm-chair is the luggage-van. But if you give him a perfect thing his imagination is left out in the cold; there is no part for it to take in the game except a destructive part; in short, there is nothing to be done with the mechanical model except to break it open and see how it works. Indeed, more summary methods are quite naturally attractive. I have seen a little boy of four years old, to whom an elaborate working model of a motor-car had been presented, after watching it work for a few minutes, take it up in his hand and hurl it to the ground with a smile of satisfaction. It was the only thing he could think of doing with it. That is why the hoop or the train of chairs or the rough and grotesque toy train will always give more real pleasure than the most elaborate machinery that can be conceived; that is why

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the rag doll or the woolly lamb will always lie nearer the heart's affections than the most wonderfully equipped and elaborately clothed French *poupée*.

As I have said, however, I believe there is some sign of a return to the more primitive kind of toy. I see mysterious objects in toyland with quaint names of which the golliwog and the teddy bear were the precursors. There is one which particularly pleases me called "A dada." I like it first for its name; it is not called "dada" or "the dada," but "a dada"; and it has thus been christened, I suppose, in order to facilitate references to it by the very youngest of its possessors. It is, moreover, a simple doll, of a bright and cheery countenance, and can be made by simple means to assume various postures. It is more natural and purely primitive than the rather affected and artificial type of American invention known as "Billykins"; in fact, it is a charming and attractive toy, which will probably take an abiding place among those "solid joys and lasting pleasures" which happy children should be laying up for themselves in the fragrant cabinet of memory.

A touch of the grotesque is admirable in a toy; it separates it from the common things of life, and gives definition to the memories associated with it; but it should above all things be simple. Do you remember those trains stamped out of tin, with wheels of brass wire, and no resemblance to any known vehicle? Was there ever a red like that of the red carriage, or a yellow and blue like the colours that followed it; or any green to equal the greenness of the engine? Do you remember the fragrant smell of them—yes, and the taste of them when licked? Or do you remember a little *passe-partout* glass box edged with yellow, containing a tortoise that trembled and shook whenever the box was moved?

When the mind is putting out its first feelers towards beauty, it is things like this, vivid, definite and comprehensible, which enchant and satisfy it, yet lead it on to the pursuit of ever finer things. Pray think of this when you are making the choice, so wearisome to you, so momentous to them, of Christmas toys for your little friends.

CHAPTER III

TOYS OF THE GROWN-UP

When people grow up and become possessed of the numerous and elaborate toys for which their ambition has striven, a curious change takes place in their attitude towards those who come to play with them. In the nursery the sentiment inspired by the possession of toys

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is, as a rule, simply selfish. The child desires to enjoy them alone, to exercise his own imagination upon them; and he is apt to look askance at visiting playmates, and to resent the suggestion that they should be allowed to play with the particular toys which are highest in his favour at the moment. But that attitude departs with experience. The most absorbed man soon finds that the amount of pleasure he can by himself extract from any particular possession is limited. If he be of a kind and generous disposition he wishes to share his pleasures; but even if he be selfish he will desire that others shall see him using his toys. In all sports that are enjoyed in association, such as hunting and shooting, this principle is active, although it is entirely subconscious. In addition to enjoying a day's hunting people like to show off their horses, or to have witnesses of their extraordinary and continuous propinquity to hounds. And in addition to the joy of hitting a difficult mark and all the other pleasures of the covert side, there is for the man who shoots well a certain sober joy in having other people to see it and know it. Thus it happens that the man who is possessed of toys constantly invites others who are less fortunate to share his pleasures. And it is in the interest of those who themselves are without luxurious possessions, and who are continually invited to partake of the hospitality of people who have, that I would offer a few words of advice concerning the use of other people's toys.

It not infrequently happens that the man without possessions knows a good deal more about their use than the proud proprietor. Not always, of course, but often.

If that be your case, my poor friend, be careful to conceal your knowledge. There was a time, perhaps, when you had motor-cars and your friend had not; and out of your large experience perhaps you taught him what little he knows about them, and started him on his career as a possessor of them. And here comes a curious instance of the influence of property. If you still possess a motor-car your pupil will, in matters connected with his own, still treat you possibly with deference, and at the least as his equal. But if you should cease, and he continue, to possess, even although your experience increases too, a change will come over his attitude towards you. He will become ever so slightly patronising, and if you differ from him or venture to point out anything in which you think him mistaken, he will immediately take refuge in the fact of possession. He will even explain to you that his car is in some mysterious way different from others of the same class; but really the only difference is that he possesses it, and it belongs to him, that he



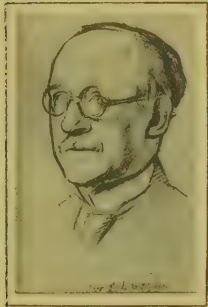
Oswald H. Birley, R.O.I.



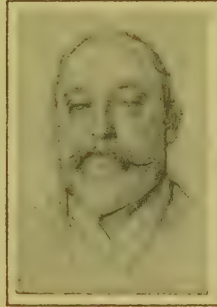
Marianne Stokes.



Malcolm Gavin, A.R.S.A.



Win. Rothenstein.
(SIR EDWIN LUTYENS, R.A.)



Harold Speed.
(KING EDWARD VII)



R. G. Eves, R.O.I.
(RT. HON. E. SHORTT, K.C.)



Gordon Browne, R.I.



Mark Gertler.



Sir Bertram MacKenna
A.R.A., H.R.S.A., M.V.O.

FACSIMILES OF SOME OF THE DRAWINGS MADE FOR THE LIBRARY

FILSON YOUNG

has paid for it, and that even though his ideas about it be wrong, he can afford to act as though they were right.

My advice to you in these circumstances is not to argue with him; to accept the nonsense he talks and let him suppose that you agree with him. Perhaps you are driving his car; you may be an expert and he a blundering, gear-chipping beginner; but when he nervously asks, on your approaching a piece of country such as you have driven through thousands of times, "Would you like me to take her here, as it's a bad piece of road and I know the car?" surrender your place with alacrity. Try not to be irritated or alarmed at the series of mistakes which he proceeds to commit; he really thinks that this particular car is safer in his hands than in yours, although he might admit that any other car would be safer in yours than in his. It belongs to him, you see, it is the only car he knows, and he not unnaturally thinks that its qualities are as peculiar to it as they are unique in his own experience.

CHAPTER IV

OWNING AND LOVING

There is perhaps a certain rough justice in all this, because it often happens that the man who spends the first part of his life making himself expert in the appreciation of luxuries must spend the second part of his life in going without them. The man who has them is the man who was doing something else while you were studying them. He may be a boor and a duffer in his use of them, but he has got them, and you must remember that all your knowledge and experience in their use will be lightly esteemed by him unless you have got them too. It is a nice point for you to consider whether you would rather be cultivated in the knowledge of beautiful or luxurious or amusing things without possessing them, or possess them without knowledge. The combination of both states is rare. How many men who possess a fine cellar of wine have a real palate, or could tell the difference between a Corton and a Romanée? And how many men who have a really discriminating palate possess a cellar of wine? If you have known what it is in youth, when according to copy-book rules you should have been saving money, to spend your whole available capital upon a meal and a bottle of old wine, you are not likely to be rich in your old age. Not rich in money, I mean. You may be rich in knowledge, and must comfort yourself with the reflection that possession does not imply either knowledge or understanding of the things possessed. It is really better, if you have the strength of mind, to abstain altogether from playing

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with other people's toys, and merely to look on at their attempts to enjoy themselves, and applaud. But it is not everyone who can resist the temptation to enjoy the good things which are offered to him. So if you ride on your friend's horse be prepared to learn afterwards, if he commits any fault, that he is a very discriminating animal who knows very well when anyone is on his back with whom he can take liberties. If your friend sails his yacht within a bowsprit's length of someone else's main boom, it is a tricky and expert piece of steering; but remember that if you do it you will be held to have had a narrow and fortuitous escape from disaster. If he takes a long shot in his own deer forest and misses, well, it was a justifiable risk; if you do so, it was an impossible shot which ought not to have been attempted. Do not suppose for a moment, when your friend hideously vamps upon his new Steinway grand, that what he wants is to hear its tone brought out, and that he would enjoy it more if you, with the most exquisite artistic finish, should perform an impromptu of Chopin. He would be merely in a state of fidgets and ill-concealed impatience until you had finished, when he would make haste to take your place as one who should say, "Now let us hear the real tone." He does not want to hear the beautiful tone; he wants to play upon his own piano, and to hear with his own ears the noises which he makes with his own fingers.

Apparently, from all this, the man who understands things without possessing them comes off much worse than the man who possesses them without understanding; the one has all the suffering and the other all the fun. The only consolation for the non-possessor lies in the knowledge that if his friend has the accident of possession, he has the certainty of knowledge; and there are many things which it is better to understand than to possess. The ideal thing is to do both; although sometimes I think it is only the things which we understand that we can be said to possess, and that the only things which we can really understand are the things which we truly love.

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